THE CENTENARY BURNS

[*All rights reserved*]

Painted by Peter Taylor. 1786

(The Scottish National Portrait Gallery)

Copyright by Permission of W. A. Taylor Esq. Campbeltown, Victoria. 8¾ by 8 in.

THE POETRY OF
ROBERT BURNS

EDITED BY

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

AND

THOMAS F. HENDERSON

VOLUME II

POSTHUMOUS
PIECES

EDINBURGH
T. C. AND E. C. JACK
CAUSEWAYSIDE
1901

CONTENTS

*The numbers marked thus * are here printed for the first time from the original MSS.; those marked † have not appeared in earlier Editions of Burns; important changes and additions have been made in the case of many others. For two unpublished numbers received too late for insertion in the text, see pp. 398 and 459-461.*

PAGE

THE JOLLY BEGGARS · A CANTATA . 1

SATIRES AND VERSES

THE TWA HERDS: OR, THE HOLY TULYIE . 20

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER . . . 25

THE KIRK'S ALARM . . . 30

A POET'S WELCOME TO HIS LOVE-BEGOTTEN DAUGHTER 37

THE INVENTORY 39

*A MAUCHLINE WEDDING . . . 42

ADAM ARMOUR'S PRAYER . . . 44

NATURE'S LAW 47

LINES ON MEETING WITH LORD DAER . 49

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE . . . 51

LAMENT FOR THE ABSENCE OF WILLIAM CREECH 53

VERSES IN FRIARS CARSE HERMITAGE . 57

SATIRES AND VERSES

	PAGE
ELEGY ON THE DEPARTED YEAR 1788	58
CASTLE GORDON	60
†ON THE DUCHESS OF GORDON'S REEL DANCING	61
ON CAPTAIN GROSE	62
NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1791	64
FROM ESOPUS TO MARIA	66

NOTES AND EPISTLES

TO JOHN RANKINE	70
TO JOHN GOLDIE	70
TO J. LAPRAIK: THIRD EPISTLE	73
TO THE REV. JOHN M'MATH	76
TO DAVIE: SECOND EPISTLE	81
TO JOHN KENNEDY	83
TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.	85
TO MR. M'ADAM OF CRAIGEN-GILLAN	87
REPLY TO AN INVITATION	88
TO DR. MACKENZIE	89
TO JOHN KENNEDY: A FAREWELL	90
TO WILLIE CHALMERS' SWEETHEART	90
TO AN OLD SWEETHEART	92
EXTEMPORE TO GAVIN HAMILTON	93
REPLY TO A TRIMMING EPISTLE FROM A TAILOR	96
TO MAJOR LOGAN	99
TO THE GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE HOUSE	104
TO WM. TYTLER, ESQ., OF WOODHOUSELEE	107
TO MR. RENTON OF LAMERTON	109
†TO MISS ISABELLA MACLEOD	109

NOTES AND EPISTLES

PAGE

TO SYMON GRAY 110

TO MISS FERRIER 111

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA 112

TO CLARINDA WITH A PAIR OF WINE-GLASSES 115

TO HUGH PARKER 116

TO ALEX. CUNNINGHAM 118

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ., OF FINTRY . 119

IMPROMPTU TO CAPTAIN RIDDELL 123

REPLY TO A NOTE FROM CAPTAIN RIDDELL . 124

TO JAMES TENNANT OF GLENCONNER . 124

TO JOHN M'MURDO 127

SONNET TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ., OF FINTRY 127

TO DR. BLACKLOCK 128

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD SENT A NEWSPAPER 131

TO PETER STUART 133

TO JOHN MAXWELL, ESQ., OF TERRAUGHTIE . 133

†TO WILLIAM STEWART 135

INSCRIPTION TO MISS GRAHAM OF FINTRY . 136

REMORSEFUL APOLOGY 137

TO COLLECTOR MITCHELL 137

TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER 139

TO MISS JESSIE LEWARS 141

INSCRIPTION TO CHLORIS 142

THEATRICAL PIECES

PROLOGUE SPOKEN BY MR. WOODS . . 144

THEATRICAL PIECES

PAGE

PROLOGUE SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE OF DUMFRIES 146
SCOTS PROLOGUE FOR MRS. SUTHERLAND . 147
THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN 150
ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE . 152

POLITICAL PIECES

ADDRESS OF BEELZEBUB . . . 154
BIRTHDAY ODE FOR 31ST DECEMBER 1787 . 157
ODE TO THE DEPARTED REGENCY BILL . 159
A NEW PSALM FOR THE CHAPEL OF KILMARNOCK 162
INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX . 165
ON GLENRIDDELL'S FOX BREAKING HIS CHAIN 168
ON THE COMMEMORATION OF RODNEY'S VICTORY 170
ODE FOR GENERAL WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY 171
THE FÊTE CHAMPETRE 174
THE FIVE CARLINS 177
ELECTION BALLAD FOR WESTERHA' . . 182
ELECTION BALLAD ADDRESSED TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ., OF FINTRY . . 183
BALLADS ON MR. HERON'S ELECTION, 1795:
BALLAD FIRST 191
BALLAD SECOND: THE ELECTION . 193
BALLAD THIRD: JOHN BUSHBY'S LAMENTATION 197
BALLAD FOURTH: THE TROGGER . 201
THE DEAN OF THE FACULTY . . 204

MISCELLANIES

PAGE

THE TARBOLTON LASSES 206

THE RONALDS OF THE BENNALS 207

I'LL GO AND BE A SODGER 211

APOSTROPHE TO FERGUSSON 211

THE BELLES OF MAUCHLINE 212

AH, WOE IS ME, MY MOTHER DEAR 212

INSCRIBED ON A WORK OF HANNAH MORE'S . 213

LINES WRITTEN ON A BANK NOTE 214

THE FAREWELL 215

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RUISSEAUX 216

VERSES INTENDED TO BE WRITTEN BELOW A NOBLE EARL'S PICTURE 217

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR 218

ON THE DEATH OF LORD PRESIDENT DUNDAS 221

ELEGY ON WILLIE NICOL'S MARE 223

LINES ON FERGUSSON 224

ELEGY ON THE LATE MISS BURNET OF MONBODDO 224

PEGASUS AT WANLOCKHEAD 226

ON SOME COMMEMORATIONS OF THOMSON . 227

ON GENERAL DUMOURIER'S DESERTION . 228

ON JOHN M'MURDO 229

ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A MORNING WALK IN JANUARY 229

IMPROMPTU ON MRS. RIDDELL'S BIRTH-DAY 230

MISCELLANIES

PAGE

SONNET ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDELL OF GLENRIDDELL . . . 231

*A SONNET UPON SONNETS . . . 232

FRAGMENTS

TRAGIC FRAGMENT . . . 233

REMORSE . . . 234

RUSTICITY'S UNGAINLY FORM . . . 235

ON WILLIAM CREECH . . . 235

ON WILLIAM SMELLIE . . . 236

*SKETCH FOR AN ELEGY . . . 236

PASSION'S CRY . . . 237

IN VAIN WOULD PRUDENCE . . . 239

*THE CARES O' LOVE . . . 239

EPIGRAMS

EXTEMPORE IN THE COURT OF SESSION . 240

AT ROSLIN INN . . . 241

TO AN ARTIST . . . 241

THE BOOK-WORMS . . . 241

ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATION OF MARTIAL 242

†ON JOHNSON'S OPINION OF HAMPDEN . 242

UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF MISS BURNS . . 242

ON MISS AINSLIE IN CHURCH . . . 243

AT INVERARAY . . . 243

AT CARRON IRONWORKS . . . 243

ON SEEING THE ROYAL PALACE AT STIRLING IN RUINS . . . 244

EPIGRAMS

PAGE

ADDITIONAL LINES AT STIRLING . . 244

REPLY TO THE THREAT OF A CENSORIOUS CRITIC 245

A HIGHLAND WELCOME . . . 245

†AT WHIGHAM'S INN, SANQUHAR . . 245

VERSICLES ON SIGN-POSTS . . . 246

ON MISS JEAN SCOTT . . . 247

ON CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE . . 247

ON BEING APPOINTED TO AN EXCISE DIVISION 247

ON MISS DAVIES 248

ON A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY SEAT . . 248

THE TYRANT WIFE . . . 248

AT BROWNHILL INN . . . 249

THE TOADEATER 249

IN LAMINGTON KIRK . . . 249

THE KEEKIN GLASS . . . 249

AT THE GLOBE TAVERN, DUMFRIES . 250

YE TRUE LOYAL NATIVES . . . 251

ON COMMISSARY GOLDIE'S BRAINS . . 251

IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK . . . 252

AGAINST THE EARL OF GALLOWAY . 252

ON THE SAME 252

ON THE SAME . . . 252

ON THE SAME, ON THE AUTHOR BEING THREATENED WITH VENGEANCE . . 253

ON THE LAIRD OF LAGGAN . . 253

ON MARIA RIDDELL . . . 253

ON MISS FONTENELLE . . . 254

EPIGRAMS

PAGE

KIRK AND STATE EXCISEMEN 254
ON THANKSGIVING FOR A NATIONAL VICTORY 255
PINNED TO MRS. WALTER RIDDELL'S CARRIAGE 255
TO DR. MAXWELL 255
TO THE BEAUTIFUL MISS ELIZA J——N . . . 256
ON CHLORIS 256
*TO THE HON. WM. R. MAULE OF PANMURE . 256
ON SEEING MRS. KEMBLE IN YARICO . 257
ON DR. BABINGTON'S LOOKS 257
ON ANDREW TURNER 257
THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT . 258
TO JOHN SYME OF RYEDALE 258
ON A GOBLET 258
APOLOGY TO JOHN SYME 259
ON MR. JAMES GRACIE 259
AT FRIARS CARSE HERMITAGE 259
FOR AN ALTAR OF INDEPENDENCE 259
VERSICLES TO JESSIE LEWARS 260
*ON MARRIAGE 261

GRACES

A POET'S GRACE 262
AT THE GLOBE TAVERN 263

EPITAPHS

ON JAMES GRIEVE, LAIRD OF BOGHEAD, TARBOLTON 264
ON WM. MUIR IN TARBOLTON MILL . . . 264
ON JOHN RANKINE 264

EPITAPHS

PAGE

ON TAM THE CHAPMAN 265
ON HOLY WILLIE 266
ON JOHN DOVE 267
ON A WAG IN MAUCHLINE 268
ON ROBERT FERGUSSON 268
ADDITIONAL STANZAS ON FERGUSSON . 269
FOR WILLIAM NICOL 269
FOR MR. WILLIAM MICHIE 269
FOR WILLIAM CRUICKSHANK, A.M. . . 270
ON ROBERT MUIR 270
ON A LAP-DOG 270
MONODY ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE 271
FOR MR. WALTER RIDDELL . . . 272
ON A NOTED COXCOMB 273
ON CAPT. LASCELLES 273
ON A GALLOWAY LAIRD 273
ON WM. GRAHAM OF MOSSKNOWE . . 274
ON JOHN BUSHBY OF TINWALD DOWNS . 274
ON A SUICIDE 274
ON A SWEARING COXCOMB 274
ON AN INNKEEPER NICKNAMED 'THE MARQUIS' 275
ON GRIZZEL GRIMME 275
FOR GABRIEL RICHARDSON 275
ON THE AUTHOR 275

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL 279

NOTES :—

THE JOLLY BEGGARS 291

NOTES :—*Continued.*

SATIRES AND VERSES

	PAGE
THE TWA HERDS	314
HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER	320
THE KIRK'S ALARM	324
A POET'S WELCOME	334
THE INVENTORY	336
A MAUCHLINE WEDDING	338
ADAM ARMOUR'S PRAYER	339
NATURE'S LAW	340
LINES ON MEETING WITH LORD DAER	340
ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE	342
LAMENT FOR THE ABSENCE OF WILLIAM CREECH	344
VERSES IN FRIARS CARSE HERMITAGE	347
ELEGY ON THE DEPARTED YEAR 1788	348
CASTLE GORDON	349
ON THE DUCHESS OF GORDON'S REEL DANCING	350
ON CAPTAIN GROSE	352
NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1791	352
FROM ESOPUS TO MARIA	353

NOTES AND EPISTLES

TO JOHN RANKINE	355
TO JOHN GOLDIE	355
TO JOHN LAPRAIK : THIRD EPISTLE	357
TO THE REV. JOHN M'MATH	357
TO DAVIE : SECOND EPISTLE	358
TO JOHN KENNEDY	358

NOTES :—*Continued.*

NOTES AND EPISTLES

	PAGE
TO GAVIN HAMILTON	359
TO MR. M'ADAM OF CRAIGEN-GILLAN	359
REPLY TO AN INVITATION	359
TO DR. MACKENZIE	360
TO JOHN KENNEDY : A FAREWELL	360
TO WILLIE CHALMERS' SWEETHEART	361
TO AN OLD SWEETHEART	361
EXTEMPORE TO GAVIN HAMILTON	362
REPLY TO A TRIMMING EPISTLE FROM A TAILOR	362
TO MAJOR LOGAN	363
TO THE GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE HOUSE	364
TO WILLIAM TYTLER OF WOODHOUSELEE	365
TO MR. RENTON OF LAMERTON	367
TO MISS ISABELLA MACLEOD	367
TO SYMON GRAY	367
TO MISS FERRIER	367
SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA	368
TO CLARINDA	370
TO HUGH PARKER	370
TO ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM	371
TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ. OF FINTRY	371
IMPROMPTU TO CAPTAIN RIDDELL	374
REPLY TO A NOTE FROM CAPTAIN RIDDELL	375
TO JAMES TENNANT OF GLENCONNER	375
TO JOHN M'MURDO	375
SONNET TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ.	376
TO DR. BLACKLOCK	377

NOTES :—*Continued.*

NOTES AND EPISTLES

	PAGE
TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD SENT A NEWSPAPER	378
TO PETER STUART	378
TO JOHN MAXWELL, ESQ.	378
TO WILLIAM STEWART	379
INSCRIPTION TO MISS GRAHAM OF FINTRY	379
REMORSEFUL APOLOGY	380
TO COLLECTOR MITCHELL	380
TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER	380
TO MISS JESSIE LEWARS	380
INSCRIPTION TO CHLORIS	381

THEATRICAL PIECES

PROLOGUE SPOKEN BY MR. WOODS	381
PROLOGUE AT THE THEATRE OF DUMFRIES	383
SCOTS PROLOGUE FOR MRS. SUTHERLAND	384
THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN	386
ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE	387

POLITICAL PIECES

ADDRESS OF BEELZEBUB	388
BIRTHDAY ODE FOR 31ST DECEMBER 1787	388
ODE TO THE DEPARTED REGENCY BILL	389
A NEW PSALM FOR THE CHAPEL OF KILMARNOCK	391
INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX	392
ON GLENRIDDELL'S FOX BREAKING HIS CHAIN	392

NOTES :—*Continued.*

POLITICAL PIECES

PAGE

ON THE COMMEMORATION OF RODNEY'S VICTORY 392
ODE FOR GENERAL WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY 393
THE FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE 394
THE FIVE CARLINS 395
ELECTION BALLAD FOR WESTERHA' . . 397
ELECTION BALLAD ADDRESSED TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ. OF FINTRY . . . 399
HERON ELECTION BALLADS, 1795 :
BALLAD FIRST 401
BALLAD SECOND : THE ELECTION . . 402
BALLAD THIRD : JOHN BUSHBY'S LAMENTATION 405
BALLAD FOURTH : THE TROGGER . 406
THE DEAN OF THE FACULTY . . . 406

MISCELLANIES

THE TARBOLTON LASSES 407
THE RONALDS OF THE BENNALS . . . 408
I'LL GO AND BE A SODGER . . . 408
APOSTROPHE TO FERGUSSON . . . 408
THE BELLES OF MAUCHLINE . . . 410
AH, WOE IS ME, MY MOTHER DEAR . 410
INSCRIBED ON A WORK OF HANNAH MORE'S . 411
LINES WRITTEN ON A BANK NOTE . . 411
THE FAREWELL 411
ELEGY ON ROBERT RUISSEAUX . . . 412

NOTES :—*Continued.*

MISCELLANIES

	PAGE
INTENDED TO BE WRITTEN BELOW A NOBLE EARL'S PICTURE	412
ELEGY ON SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR	413
ON THE DEATH OF LORD PRESIDENT DUNDAS	414
ELEGY ON WILLIE NICOL'S MARE	416
LINES ON FERGUSSON	416
ELEGY ON THE LATE MISS BURNET OF MONBODDO	417
PEGASUS AT WANLOCKHEAD	418
ON SOME COMMEMORATIONS OF THOMSON	418
ON GENERAL DUMOURIER'S DESERTION	419
ON JOHN M'MURDO	419
ON HEARING A THRUSH IN JANUARY	419
IMPROMPTU ON MRS. WALTER RIDDELL'S BIRTHDAY	420
SONNET ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDELL	422
A SONNET UPON SONNETS	422

FRAGMENTS

TRAGIC FRAGMENT	423
REMORSE	424
RUSTICITY'S UNGAINLY FORM	425
ON WILLIAM CREECH	425
ON WILLIAM SMELLIE	425
SKETCH FOR AN ELEGY	427
PASSION'S CRY	427
IN VAIN WOULD PRUDENCE	429
THE CARES O' LOVE	430

NOTES :—*Continued.*

EPIGRAMS

PAGE

IN THE COURT OF SESSION . . . 430
AT ROSLIN INN . . . 430
TO AN ARTIST . . . 431
THE BOOKWORMS . . . 431
ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATION OF MARTIAL . . . 431
ON JOHNSON'S OPINION OF HAMPDEN . . . 432
UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF MISS BURNS . . . 432
ON MISS AINSLIE AT CHURCH . . . 433
AT INVERARAY . . . 433
AT CARRON IRONWORKS . . . 434
ON SEEING THE ROYAL PALACE AT STIRLING IN RUINS . . . 434
ADDITIONAL LINES AT STIRLING . . . 435
REPLY TO THE THREAT OF A CENSORIOUS CRITIC . . . 435
A HIGHLAND WELCOME . . . 436
AT WHIGHAM'S INN, SANQUHAR . . . 436
VERSICLES ON SIGN-POSTS . . . 436
ON MISS JEAN SCOTT . . . 437
ON CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE . . . 437
ON BEING APPOINTED TO AN EXCISE DIVISION . . . 437
ON MISS DAVIES . . . 437
ON A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY SEAT . . . 438
THE TYRANT WIFE . . . 438
AT BROWNHILL INN . . . 438
THE TOADEATER . . . 439
IN LAMINGTON KIRK . . . 439
THE KEEKIN GLASS . . . 439

NOTES :—*Continued.*

EPIGRAMS

	PAGE
AT THE GLOBE TAVERN, DUMFRIES	439
YE TRUE LOYAL NATIVES	440
ON COMMISSARY GOLDIE'S BRAINS	440
IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK	440
AGAINST THE EARL OF GALLOWAY	440
ON THE LAIRD OF LAGGAN	441
ON MARIA RIDDELL	441
ON MISS FONTENELLE	441
KIRK AND STATE EXCISEMEN	442
ON THANKSGIVING FOR A NATIONAL VICTORY	442
PINNED TO MRS. WALTER RIDDELL'S CARRIAGE	442
TO DR. MAXWELL	443
TO THE BEAUTIFUL MISS ELIZA J——N	444
ON CHLORIS	444
TO THE HON. WM. R. MAULE OF PANMURE	444
ON SEEING MRS. KEMBLE IN YARICO	445
ON DR. BABINGTON'S LOOKS	445
ON ANDREW TURNER	446
THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT	446
TO JOHN SYME	446
ON A GOBLET	447
APOLOGY TO JOHN SYME	447
ON MR. JAMES GRACIE	447
AT FRIARS CARSE HERMITAGE	447
FOR AN ALTAR OF INDEPENDENCE	448
VERSICLES TO JESSIE LEWARS	448
ON MARRIAGE	448

NOTES :—*Continued.*

GRACES

PAGE
A POET'S GRACE 449
AT THE GLOBE TAVERN . . . 449

EPITAPHS

ON JAMES GRIEVE 449
ON WILLIAM MUIR 450
ON JOHN RANKINE 450
ON TAM THE CHAPMAN . . . 450
ON HOLY WILLIE 451
ON JOHN DOVE 451
ON A WAG IN MAUCHLINE . . . 451
ON ROBERT FERGUSSON . . . 451
ADDITIONAL STANZAS ON FERGUSSON . 452
FOR WILLIAM NICOL 452
FOR MR. WILLIAM MICHIE . . . 453
FOR WILLIAM CRUICKSHANK, A.M. . . 453
ON ROBERT MUIR 454
ON A LAP-DOG 454
MONODY ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE 455
FOR MR. WALTER RIDDELL . . . 455
ON A NOTED COXCOMB . . . 456
ON CAPTAIN LASCELLES . . . 456
ON A GALLOWAY LAIRD . . . 456
ON WILLIAM GRAHAM OF MOSSKNOWE . 457
ON JOHN BUSHBY 457
ON A SUICIDE 457

NOTES :—*Continued.*

EPITAPHS

PAGE

ON A SWEARING COXCOMB . . . 458

ON AN INNKEEPER NICKNAMED 'THE MARQUIS' 458

ON GRIZZEL GRIMME . . . 458

FOR GABRIEL RICHARDSON . . . 461

ON THE AUTHOR 461

INDEX OF TITLES . . . 462

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

A CANTATA

RECITATIVO

I

When lyart leaves bestrow the yird, — withered; ground
Or, wavering like the bauckie-bird, — [Notes]
Bedim cauld Boreas' blast;
When hailstanes drive wi' bitter skyte, — lash
And infant frosts begin to bite,
In hoary cranreuch drest; — rime
Ae night at e'en a merry core — One; gang
O' randie, gangrel bodies — lawless; vagrant
In Poosie-Nansie's held the splore, — carousal; [Notes]
To drink their orra duddies: — spare rags
Wi' quaffing and laughing
They ranted an' they sang, — roistered
Wi' jumping an' thumping
The vera girdle rang. — [Notes]

II

First, niest the fire, in auld red rags — next
Ane sat, weel brac'd wi' mealy bags — [Notes]

And knapsack a' in order;
His doxy lay within his arm;
whisky — Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm,
leered — She blinket on her sodger.
flushed with drink — An' ay he gies the tozie drab
sounding — The tither skelpin kiss,
mouth — While she held up her greedy gab
alms-dish — Just like an aumous dish:
Each — Ilk smack still did crack still
hawker's — Like onie cadger's whup;
Then, swaggering an' staggering,
He roar'd this ditty up:—

AIR

TUNE: *Soldier's Joy*

I

I am a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come:
This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench
When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.

Lal de daudle, *etc.*

II

My prenticeship I past, where my leader breath'd his last,
When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram;

And I servèd out my trade when the gallant game
was play'd,
And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the
drum.

III

I lastly was with Curtis among the floating batt'ries,
And there I left for witness an arm and a limb ;
Yet let my country need me, with Eliott to head me
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of the
drum.

IV

And now, tho' I must beg with a wooden arm and
leg
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,
I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle, and my
callet trull
As when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum.

V

What tho' with hoary locks I must stand the
winter shocks,
Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a
home ?
When the tother bag I sell, and the tother bottle
tell,
I could meet a troop of Hell at the sound of a
drum.

Lal de daudle, *etc.*

RECITATIVO

rafters shook — He ended; and the kebars sheuk
Over — Aboon the chorus roar;
rats — While frighted rattons backward leuk,
inmost hole — An' seek the benmost bore:
tiny; corner — A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,
squeaked — He skirl'd out *Encore!*
dear — But up arose the martial chuck,
An' laid the loud uproar:—

AIR

Tune: *Sodger Laddie*

I

I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
And still my delight is in proper young men.
Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie:
No wonder I 'm fond of a sodger laddie!
Sing, lal de dal, *etc.*

II

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade:
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade;
His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,
Transported I was with my sodger laddie.

III

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch;
The sword I forsook for the sake of the church;
He riskèd the soul, and I ventur'd the body:
'Twas then I prov'd false to my sodger laddie.

IV

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot;
The regiment at large for a husband I got;
From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready: [Notes]
I askèd no more but a sodger laddie.

V

But the Peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,
Till I met my old boy in a Cunningham Fair;
His rags regimental they flutter'd so gaudy:
My heart it rejoic'd at a sodger laddie.

VI

And now I have liv'd—I know not how long!
But still I can join in a cup and a song;
And whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,
Here 's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie!
Sing, lal de dal, *etc.*

RECITATIVO

Poor Merry-Andrew in the neuk
Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler-hizzie ; (tinker-wench)
They mind't na wha the chorus teuk, (cared not / took)
Between themselves they were sae busy.
At length, wi' drink an' courting dizzy,
He stoiter'd up an' made a face ; (struggled)
Then turn'd an' laid a smack on Grizzie,
Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace :— (Then)

AIR

TUNE : *Auld Sir Symon*

I

Sir Wisdom 's a fool when he 's fou ; (drunk)
Sir Knave is a fool in a session : (court)
He 's there but a prentice I trow,
But I am a fool by profession.

II

My grannie she bought me a beuk, (book)
An' I held awa to the school : (went off)
I fear I my talent misteuk,
But what will ye hae of a fool ?

III

For drink I wad venture my neck ;
A hizzie 's the half of my craft :
But what could ye other expect
Of ane that 's avowedly daft ? cracked

IV

I ance was tyed up like a stirk bullock ; [Notes]
For civilly swearing and quaffing ;
I ance was abus'd i' the kirk rebuked
For towsing a lass i' my daffin. rumpling ; fun

V

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport
Let naebody name wi' a jeer :
There 's even, I 'm tauld, i' the Court
A tumbler ca'd the Premier.

VI

Observ'd ye yon reverend lad
Mak faces to tickle the mob ?
He rails at our mountebank squad—
It 's rivalship just i' the job !

VII

And now my conclusion I 'll tell,
For faith ! I 'm confoundedly dry :
The chiel that 's a fool for himsel, fellow
Guid Lord ! he 's far dafter than I.

RECITATIVO

sturdy beldam — Then niest outspak a raucle carlin,
[Notes] — Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterlin,
[Notes] — For monie a pursie she had hookèd,
ducked — An' had in monie a well been doukèd.
Her love had been a Highland laddie,
plague upon; gallows — But weary fa' the waefu' woodie!
Wi' sighs an' sobs she thus began
[Notes]; fine — To wail her braw John Highlandman:—

AIR

TUNE: *O, An' Ye Were Dead, Guidman*

1

A Highland lad my love was born,
lowland — The lalland laws he held in scorn,
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

Chorus

Sing hey my braw John Highlandman!
Sing ho my braw John Highlandman!
There 's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman!

II

With his philibeg, an' tartan plaid, kilt
An' guid claymore down by his side, [Notes]
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

III

We rangèd a' from Tweed to Spey,
An' liv'd like lords an' ladies gay,
For a lalland face he fearèd none,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

IV

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
But ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman.

V

But, Och! they catch'd him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast.
My curse upon them every one—
They 've hang'd my braw John Highland-
man!

VI

And now a widow I must mourn
The pleasures that will ne'er return;
No comfort but a hearty can
When I think on John Highlandman.

Chorus

Sing hey my braw John Highlandman!
Sing ho my braw John Highlandman!
There's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman!

RECITATIVO

I

A pigmy scraper on a fiddle,
[Notes] Wha us'd to trystes an' fairs to driddle,
buxom Her strappin limb an' gawsie middle
(He reach'd nae higher)
Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,
blown it An' blawn't on fire.

II

hip Wi' hand on hainch and upward e'e,
hummed He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,
Then in an *arioso* key
The weé Apollo
Set off wi' *allegretto* glee
His *giga* solo:—

AIR

TUNE: *Whistle Owre the Lave O't* — rest

I

Let me ryke up to dight that tear; — reach; wipe
An' go wi' me an' be my dear,
An' then your every care an' fear
May whistle owre the lave o't.

Chorus

I am a fiddler to my trade,
An' a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
The sweetest still to wife or maid
Was *Whistle Owre the Lave O't.*

II

At kirns an' weddins we 'se be there, — harvest-homes; we'll
An' O, sae nicely 's we will fare!
We 'll bowse about till Daddie Care
Sing *Whistle Owre the Lave O't.*

III

Sae merrily the banes we 'll pyke, — bones; pick
An' sun oursels about the dyke; — fence
An' at our leisure, when ye like,
We 'll—whistle owre the lave o't!

IV

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,
tickle; catgut — An' while I kittle hair on thairms,
such — Hunger, cauld, an' a' sic harms
May whistle owre the lave o't.

Chorus

I am a fiddler to my trade,
An' a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
The sweetest still to wife or maid
Was *Whistle Owre the Lave O't.*

RECITATIVO

I

tinker — Her charms had struck a sturdy caird
As weel as poor gut-scraper;
He taks the fiddler by the beard,
rusty — An' draws a roosty rapier;
He swoor by a' was swearing worth
plover — To speet him like a pliver,
Unless he would from that time forth
Relinquish her for ever.

II

Wi' ghastly e'e poor Tweedle-Dee
  Upon his hunkers bended, hams
An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face,
  An' sae the quarrel ended. so
But tho' his little heart did grieve
  When round the tinkler prest her,
He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve snigger
  When thus the caird address'd her:—

AIR

TUNE: *Clout the Cauldron* Patch

I

My bonie lass, I work in brass,
  A tinkler is my station;
I 've travell'd round all Christian ground
  In this my occupation;
I 've taen the gold, an' been enrolled
  In many a noble squadron;
But vain they search'd when off I march'd
  To go an' clout the cauldron.

II

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
  With a' his noise an' cap'rin,
An' take a share wi' those that bear
  The budget and the apron! [Notes]

pot — And by that stowp, my faith an' houpe!
[Notes] — And by that dear Kilbaigie!
short commons — If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
wet; throat — May I ne'er weet my craigie!

RECITATIVO

I

The caird prevail'd: th' unblushing fair
In his embraces sunk,
Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,
An' partly she was drunk.
Sir Violino, with an air
spirit — That show'd a man o' spunk,
Wish'd unison between the pair,
[Notes] — An' made the bottle clunk
To their health that night.

II

urchin — But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,
trick — That play'd a dame a shavie:
The fiddler rak'd her fore and aft
hencoop — Behint the chicken cavie;
[Notes] — Her lord, a wight of Homer's craft,
spavin — Tho' limpin' wi' the spavie,
hobbled; leapt like mad — He hirpl'd up, an' lap like daft,
offered [Notes] — An' shor'd them 'Dainty Davie'
Gratis — O' boot that night.

III

He was a care-defying blade
As ever Bacchus listed!
Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
His heart, she ever miss'd it.
He had no wish but—to be glad,
Nor want but—when he thristed,
He hated nought but—to be sad;
An' thus the Muse suggested
His sang that night.

AIR

TUNE: *For A' That, An' A' That*

I

I am a Bard, of no regard
Wi' gentle folks an' a' that,
But Homer-like the glowrin byke, staringcrowd
Frae town to town I draw that.

Chorus

For a' that, an' a' that,
An' twice as muckle 's a' that, much
I 've lost but ane, I 've twa behin',
I 've wife eneugh for a' that.

II

pond — I never drank the Muses' stank,
brook — Castalia's burn, an' a' that;
foams — But there it streams, an' richly reams—
[Notes] — My Helicon I ca' that.

III

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
Their humble slave an' a' that;
But lordly will, I hold it still
thwart — A mortal sin to thraw that.

IV

In raptures sweet this hour we meet
Wi' mutual love an' a' that;
fly; sting — But for how lang the flie may stang,
Let inclination law that!

V

Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft,
They 've taen me in, an' a' that;
But clear your decks, an' here 's the Sex!
I like the jads for a' that.

Chorus

For a' that, an' a' that,
An' twice as muckle 's a' that,
[Notes] — My dearest bluid, to do them guid,
to it — They 're welcome till 't for a' that!

RECITATIVO

So sung the Bard, and Nansie's wa's — walls
Shook with a thunder of applause,
Re-echo'd from each mouth!
They toom'd their pocks, they pawn'd their duds, — emptied their bags
They scarcely left to coor their fuds, — cover; tails
To quench their lowin drouth. — burning
Then owre again the jovial thrang — company
The Poet did request
To lowse his pack, an' wale a sang, — untie; choose
A ballad o' the best:
He rising, rejoicing
Between his twa Deborahs,
Looks round him, an' found them
Impatient for the chorus:—

AIR

TUNE: *Jolly Mortals, Fill Your Glasses*

I

See the smoking bowl before us!
Mark our jovial, ragged ring!
Round and round take up the chorus,
And in raptures let us sing:

Chorus

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast,
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest!

II

What is title, what is treasure,
What is reputation's care?
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter how or where!

III

With the ready trick and fable
Round we wander all the day;
And at night in barn or stable
Hug our doxies on the hay.

IV

Does the train-attended carriage
Thro' the country lighter rove?
Does the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love?

V

Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them prate about decorum,
Who have character to lose.

VI

Here 's to budgets, bags, and wallets!
Here 's to all the wandering train!
Here 's our ragged brats and callets!
One and all, cry out, Amen!

Chorus

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty 's a glorious feast,
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest!

SATIRES AND VERSES

[Notes]

THE TWA HERDS: OR, THE HOLY TULYIE

AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE

Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barbarous civil war.
POPE.

I

O A' ye pious godly flocks,
Weel fed on pastures orthodox,
Wha now will keep you frae the fox
Or worrying tykes?
Or wha will tent the waifs an' crocks
About the dykes?

dogs
tend; stragglers and old ewes
stone fences

II

The twa best herds in a' the wast,
That e'er gae gospel horn a blast

west
gave

These five an' twenty simmers past—
O, dool to tell!— sad
Hae had a bitter, black out-cast quarrel
Atween themsel. Between

III

O Moodie, man, an' wordy Russell,
How could you raise so vile a bustle?
Ye 'll see how New-Light herds will whistle, [Notes]
An' think it fine!
The Lord's cause gat na sic a twistle such a sprain
Sin' I hae min'. can remember

IV

O Sirs! whae'er wad hae expeckit
Your duty ye wad sae negleckit? would have so
Ye wha were no by lairds respeckit [Notes]
To wear the plaid,
But by the brutes themselves eleckit [Notes]
To be their guide!

V

What flock wi' Moodie's flock could rank,
Sae hale an' hearty every shank? sound; leg
Nae poison'd, soor Arminian stank pond
He let them taste;
But Calvin's fountainhead they drank—
O, sic a feast!

VI

polecat, wild-cat, badger and fox

The thummart, wilcat, brock, an' tod
Weel kend his voice thro' a' the wood;
He smell'd their ilka hole an' road,
Baith out and in;
An' weel he lik'd to shed their bluid
An' sell their skin.

VII

What herd like Russell tell'd his tale?
His voice was heard thro' muir and dale;
every He kend the Lord's sheep, ilka tail,
O'er a' the height;
if An' tell'd gin they were sick or hale
At the first sight.

VIII

scabbed He fine a mangy sheep could scrub;
Or nobly swing the gospel club;
Or New-Light herds could nicely drub
And pay their skin;
puddle Or hing them o'er the burning dub
Or heave them in.

IX

Sic twa—O, do I live to see't?—
should have Sic famous twa sud disagree't,

An' names like villain, hypocrite,
Ilk ither gi'en, Each other
While New-Light herds wi' laughin spite
Say neither's liein! lying

X

A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld,
Thee Duncan deep, an' Peebles shaul', shallow
But chiefly great apostle Auld,
We trust in thee,
That thou wilt work them hot an' cauld
Till they agree!

XI

Consider, sirs, how we 're beset:
There 's scarce a new herd that we get
But comes frae 'mang that cursed set
I winna name: will not
I hope frae heav'n to see them yet
In fiery flame!

XII

Dalrymple has been lang our fae,
M'Gill has wrought us meikle wae, much
An' that curs'd rascal ca'd M'Quhae,
An' baith the Shaws,
That aft hae made us black an' blae blue
Wi' vengefu' paws.

XIII

Auld Wodrow lang has hatch'd mischief:
We thought ay death wad bring relief,
But he has gotten to our grief
Ane to succeed him,
fellow; bang A chield wha 'll soundly buff our beef—
I meikle dread him.

XIV

more An' monie mae that I could tell,
Wha fain would openly rebel,
Besides Forby turn-coats amang oursel:
There 's Smith for ane—
[Notes] I doubt he 's but a greyneck still,
An' that ye 'll fin'!

XV

O a' ye flocks o'er a' the hills,
bogs; hill-sides By mosses, meadows, moors, an' fells,
Come, join your counsel and your skills
daunt To cowe the lairds,
An' get the brutes the power themsels
To chuse their herds!

XVI

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
halter An' Learning in a woody dance,

An' that fell cur ca'd Common-sense, formidable; [Notes]
That bites sae sair,
Be banish'd o'er the sea to France—
Let him bark there!

XVII

Then Shaw's an' D'rymple's eloquence,
M'Gill's close, nervous excellence,
M'Quhae's pathetic, manly sense,
An' guid M'Math
Wha thro' the heart can brawly glance,
May a' pack aff!

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER

And send the godly in a pet to pray.
POPE.

I

O Thou that in the Heavens does dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best Thysel,
Sends ane to Heaven an' ten to Hell
A' for Thy glory,
And no for onie guid or ill
They've done before Thee!

II

I bless and praise Thy matchless might,
When thousands Thou hast left in night,
That I am here before Thy sight,
For gifts an' grace
A burning and a shining light
To a' this place.

III

What was I, or my generation,
such That I should get sic exaltation ?
I, wha deserv'd most just damnation
For broken laws
Six Sax thousand years ere my creation,
Thro' Adam's cause !

IV

When from my mither's womb I fell,
Thou might hae plung'd me deep in hell
gums To gnash my gooms, and weep, and wail
In burning lakes,
Whare damnèd devils roar and yell,
Chain'd to their stakes.

V

Yet I am here, a chosen sample,
To show Thy grace is great and ample :

I 'm here a pillar o' Thy temple,
Strong as a rock,
A guide, a buckler, and example
To a' Thy flock !

VI

But yet, O Lord ! confess I must :
At times I 'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust ; irked
An' sometimes, too, in warldly trust,
Vile self gets in ;
But Thou remembers we are dust,
Defiled wi' sin.

VII

O Lord ! yestreen, Thou kens, wi' Meg— last night ; knowest
Thy pardon I sincerely beg—
O, may 't ne'er be a living plague
To my dishonour !
An' I 'll ne'er lift a lawless leg
Again upon her.

VIII

Besides, I farther maun avow— must
Wi' Leezie's lass, three times, I trow—
But, Lord, that Friday I was fou, drunk
When I cam near her,
Or else, Thou kens, Thy servant true
Wad never steer her. would ; meddle with

IX

Maybe Thou lets this fleshly thorn
Buffet Thy servant e'en and morn,
too Lest he owre proud and high should turn
That he 's sae gifted :
If sae, Thy han' maun e'en be borne
Until Thou lift it.

X

Lord, bless Thy chosen in this place,
For here Thou has a chosen race !
But God confound their stubborn face
An' blast their name,
Wha bring Thy elders to disgrace
An' open shame !

XI

Lord, mind Gau'n Hamilton's deserts :
cards He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes,
Yet has sae monie takin arts
Wi' great and sma',
Frae God's ain Priest the people's hearts
He steals awa.

XII

And when we chasten'd him therefore,
row Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,

And set the warld in a roar
O' laughin at us:
Curse Thou his basket and his store,
Kail an' potatoes!

XIII

Lord, hear my earnest cry and pray'r
Against that Presbyt'ry of Ayr!
Thy strong right hand, Lord, mak it bare
Upo' their heads!
Lord, visit them, an' dinna spare, do not
For their misdeeds!

XIV

O Lord, my God! that glib-tongu'd Aiken,
My vera heart and flesh are quakin
To think how we stood sweatin, shakin,
An' pish'd wi' dread,
While he, wi' hingin lip an' snakin, sneering
Held up his head.

XV

Lord, in Thy day o' vengeance try him!
Lord, visit him wha did employ him!
And pass not in Thy mercy by them,
Nor hear their pray'r,
But for Thy people's sake destroy them,
An' dinna spare!

XVI

But, Lord, remember me and mine
Wi' mercies temporal and divine,
wealth That I for grace an' gear may shine
Excell'd by nane;
And a' the glory shall be Thine—
Amen, Amen!

THE KIRK'S ALARM

I

Orthodox! orthodox!—
Wha believe in John Knox—
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience:
A heretic blast
West Has been blawn i' the Wast,
That what is not sense must be nonsense—
Orthodox!
That what is not sense must be nonsense.

II

Dr. Mac! Dr. Mac!
You should stretch on a rack,
To strike wicked Writers wi' terror:
To join faith and sense,
Upon onie pretence,
Was heretic, damnable error—
Dr. Mac!
'Twas heretic, damnable error.

III

Town of Ayr! Town of Ayr!
It was rash, I declare,
To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing: [Notes]
Provost John is still deaf
To the church's relief,
And Orator Bob is its ruin—
Town of Ayr!
And Orator Bob is its ruin.

IV

D'rymple mild! D'rymple mild!
Tho' your heart's like a child,
An' your life like the new-driven snaw,
Yet that winna save ye: will not
Auld Satan must have ye,
For preaching that three's ane and twa—
D'rymple mild!
For preaching that three's ane and twa.

V

Calvin's sons! Calvin's sons!
Seize your sp'ritual guns,
Ammunition you never can need:
Your hearts are the stuff
Will be powther enough,
And your skulls are store-houses o' lead—
Calvin's sons!
Your skulls are store-houses o' lead.

VI

Rumble John! Rumble John!
Mount the steps with a groan,
Cry:—'The book is wi' heresy cramm'd';
Then lug out your ladle,
cow-lant Deal brimstone like adle,
And roar every note o' the damn'd—
Rumble John!
And roar every note o' the damn'd.

VII

Simper James! Simper James!
Kilmarnock Leave the fair Killie dames—
There's a holier chase in your view:
I'll lay on your head
That the pack ye'll soon lead,
For puppies like you there's but few—
Simper James!
For puppies like you there's but few.

VIII

Shrivelled Singet Sawnie! Singet Sawnie!
guarding Are ye herding the penny,
Unconscious what evils await?
Wi' a jump, yell, and howl
Alarm every soul,
the Devil For the Foul Thief is just at your gate—
Singet Sawnie!
The Foul Thief is just at your gate.

IX

Daddie Auld! Daddie Auld!
There's a tod in the fauld, fox
A tod meikle waur than the clerk: much worse; lawyer [Notes]
Tho' ye can do little skaith, damage
Ye'll be in at the death,
And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark— ..
Daddie Auld!
For gif ye canna bite ye may bark.

X

Davie Rant! Davie Rant!
In a face like a saunt
And a heart that would poison a hog,
Raise an impudent roar,
Like a breaker lee-shore,
Or the Kirk will be tint in a bog— lost
Davie Rant!
Or the Kirk will be tint in a bog.

XI

Jamie Goose! Jamie Goose!
Ye hae made but toom roose empty reputation
In hunting the wicked lieutenant;
But the Doctor's your mark,
For the Lord's haly ark,
He has cooper'd, and ca'd a wrang pin in 't— knocked
Jamie Goose!
He has cooper'd and ca'd a wrang pin in 't.

XII

Poet Willie! Poet Willie!
Gie the Doctor a volley,
[Notes] Wi' your 'Liberty's chain' and your wit:
O'er Pegasus' side
Ye ne'er laid a stride,
Ye but smelt, man, the place where he shit—
Poet Willie!
Ye smelt but the place where he shit.

XIII

Cuckoo Andro' Gowk! Andro Gowk!
Ye may slander the Book,
worse And the Book not the waur, let me tell ye:
Ye are rich, and look big,
But lay by hat and wig,
And ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value—
Andro Gowk!
Ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value.

XIV

Barr Steenie! Barr Steenie!
What mean ye? what mean ye?
If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
Ye may hae some pretence
conduct To havins and sense
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better—
Barr Steenie!
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

XV

Irvine-side! Irvine-side!
Wi' your turkey-cock pride,
Of manhood but sma' is your share:
Ye 've the figure, 'tis true,
Even your faes will allow, foes
And your friends daurna say ye hae mair— dare not
Irvine-side!
Your friends daurna say ye hae mair.

XVI

Muirland Jock! Muirland Jock!
Whom the Lord gave a stock
Wad set up a tinkler in brass,
If ill manners were wit,
There 's no mortal so fit
To prove the poor Doctor an ass—
Muirland Jock!
To prove the poor Doctor an ass.

XVII

Holy Will! Holy Will!
There was wit i' your skull,
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor:
The timmer is scant, material
When ye 're taen for a saunt
Wha should swing in a rape for an hour— rope
Holy Will!
Ye should swing in a rape for an hour.

XVIII

Poet Burns! Poet Burns!
-spanking Wi' your priest-skelping turns,
Why desert ye your auld native shire?
Your Muse is a gipsy,
Yet were she ev'n tipsy,
worse She could ca' us nae waur than we are—
Poet Burns!
Ye could ca' us nae waur than we are.

POSTSCRIPTS

1

Afton's Laird! Afton's Laird!
When your pen can be spared,
A copy of this I bequeath,
strict conditions On the same sicker score
As I mention'd before,
To that trusty auld worthy, Clackleith—
Afton's Laird!
To that trusty auld worthy, Clackleith.

2

Factor John! Factor John!
Whom the Lord made alone,

And ne'er made another thy peer,
Thy poor servant, the Bard,
In respectful regard
He presents thee this token sincere—
Factor John!
He presents thee this token sincere.

A POET'S WELCOME TO HIS LOVE-BEGOTTEN DAUGHTER

THE FIRST INSTANCE THAT ENTITLED HIM TO THE VENERABLE APPELLATION OF FATHER

I

THOU 's welcome, wean! Mishanter fa' me, — little one; Mishap befall
If thoughts o' thee or yet thy mammie
Shall ever daunton me or awe me,
My sweet, wee lady,
Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me
Tyta or daddie!

II

What tho' they ca' me fornicator,
An' tease my name in kintra clatter? — country gossip
The mair they talk, I 'm kend the better;
E'en let them clash! — tattle [Notes]
An auld wife's tongue 's a feckless matter — feeble
To gie ane fash. — give one annoyance

III

Welcome, my bonie, sweet, wee dochter!
Tho' ye come here a wee unsought for,
And tho' your comin I hae fought for
Baith kirk and queir;
Yet, by my faith, ye're no unwrought for—
That I shall swear!

IV

Sweet fruit o' monie a merry dint,
My funny toil is no a' tint:
Tho' thou cam to the warl' asklent,
Which fools may scoff at,
In my last plack thy part's be in't
The better half o't.

not all lost
askew

V

Tho' I should be the waur bestead,
Thou's be as braw and bienly clad,
And thy young years as nicely bred
Wi' education,
As onie brat o' wedlock's bed
In a' thy station.

worse
provided
finely; comfortably

VI

Wee image o' my bonie Betty,
As fatherly I kiss and daut thee,

pet

As dear and near my heart I set thee,
Wi' as guid will,
As a' the priests had seen me get thee
That 's out o' Hell.

VII

Gude grant that thou may ay inherit — God
Thy mither's looks an' gracefu' merit,
An' thy poor, worthless daddie's spirit
Without his failins!
'Twill please me mair to see thee heir it
Than stocket mailins. — farms

VIII

And if thou be what I wad hae thee,
An' tak the counsel I shall gie thee,
I 'll never rue my trouble wi' thee—
The cost nor shame o't—
But be a loving father to thee,
And brag the name o't.

THE INVENTORY

IN ANSWER TO A MANDATE BY THE SURVEYOR OF TAXES

Sir, as your mandate did request,
I send you here a faithfu' list
O' guids an' gear an' a' my graith, — chattles
To which I 'm clear to gie my aith.

Imprimis, then, for carriage cattle :—
I hae four brutes o' gallant mettle
plough-staff As ever drew before a pettle :
[Notes] My lan'-afore 's a guid auld 'has been,'
strong An' wight an' wilfu' a' his days been.
well-going My lan'-ahin 's a weel-gaun fillie,
Kilmarnock That aft has borne me hame frae Killie,
Ayr An' your auld borough monie a time
In days when riding was nae crime.
(But ance, when in my wooing pride
must needs I, like a blockhead, boost to ride,
distress'd The wilfu' creature sae I pat to—
Lord, pardon a' my sins, an' that too !—
ill turn I play'd my fillie sic a shavie,
spavin She 's a' bedevil'd wi' the spavie.)
worthy My fur-ahin 's a wordy beast
[Notes] As e'er in tug or tow was traced.
The fourth 's a Highland Donald hastie,
stark-mad; Kilbirnie A damn'd red-wud Kilburnie blastie !
Besides; colt; pick Foreby, a cowte, o' cowtes the wale,
As ever ran afore a tail :
If he be spar'd to be a beast,
fetch; £ stg. He 'll draw me fifteen pund at least.

Wheel-carriages I hae but few :
partly Three carts, an' twa are feckly new ;
An auld wheelbarrow—mair for token,
One; shafts Ae leg an' baith the trams are broken :
axle I made a poker o' the spin'le,
wheel An' my auld mither brunt the trin'le.

For men, I 've three mischievous boys,
Run-deils for fechtin an' for noise: Stark-devils; fighting
A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t' other, [Notes]
Wee Davoc hauds the nowte in fother. David; cattle; fodder
I rule them, as I ought, discreetly,
An' aften labour them completely; make them work their hardest
An' ay on Sundays duly, nightly,
I on the *Questions* tairge them tightly: [Notes]
Till, faith! wee Davoc's grown sae gleg, sharp
Tho' scarcely langer than your leg,
He 'll screed you aff 'Effectual Calling' rattle; [Notes]
As fast as onie in the dwalling.

I 've nane in female servan' station
(Lord keep me ay frae a' temptation!):
I hae nae wife—and that my bliss is—
An' ye hae laid nae tax on misses; mistresses
An' then, if kirk folks dinna clutch me,
I ken the deevils darena touch me.

Wi' weans I 'm mair than weel contented: brats
Heav'n sent me ane mair than I wanted!
My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess, good-natured
She stares the daddie in her face,
Enough of ought ye like but grace:
But her, my bonie, sweet wee lady,
I 've paid enough for her already;
An' gin ye tax her or her mither, if
By the Lord, ye 'se get them a' thegither! ye 'll; altogether

But pray, remember, Mr. Aiken,
Nae kind of licence out I 'm takin:
Frae this time forth, I do declare
wench I 'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair;
mire and slush; wade Thro' dirt and dub for life I 'll paidle,
Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle;
I 've sturdy stumps, the Lord be thankit,
ways And a' my gates on foot I 'll shank it.
The Kirk and you may tak' you that,
pot It puts but little in your pat:
do not Sae dinna put me in your beuk,
Nor for my ten white shillings leuk.

This list, wi' my ain hand I 've wrote it,
The day and date as under notit;
Then know all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsi huic, ROBERT BURNS.

A MAUCHLINE WEDDING

I

WHEN Eighty-five was seven months auld
eight And wearing thro' the aught,
When rolling rains and Boreas bauld
Gave; fight Gied farmer-folks a faught;

Ae morning quondam Mason W . . .,
  Now Merchant Master Miller,
Gaed down to meet wi' Nansie B . . ., Went
  And her Jamaica siller money
    To wed, that day.

II

The rising sun o'er Blacksideen [Notes]
  Was just appearing fairly,
When Nell and Bess got up to dress [Notes]
  Seven lang half-hours o'er early! too
Now presses clink, and drawers jink,
  For linens and for laces:
But modest Muses only *think*
  What ladies' underdress is
    On sic a day! such

III

But we 'll suppose the stays are lac'd,
  And bonie bosoms steekit, covered
Tho' thro' the lawn—but guess the rest!
  An angel scarce durst keek it. spy
Then stockins fine o' silken twine
  Wi' cannie care are drawn up; prudent
An' garten'd tight whare mortal wight— gartered

. . . . . .

As I never wrote it down my recollection does not entirely serve me.

IV

But now the gown wi' rustling sound
[Notes] Its silken pomp displays;
Sure there 's nae sin in being vain
such very O' siccan bonie claes!
Sae jimp the waist, the tail sae vast—
maidens Trouth, they were bonie birdies!
O Mither Eve, ye wad been grieve
posteriors To see their ample hurdies
Sae large that day!

V

with his; [Notes] Then Sandy, wi 's red jacket braw,
Comes whip-jee-woa! about,
And in he gets the bonie twa—
Lord, send them safely out!
[Notes] And auld John Trot wi' sober phiz,
broad; fine as As braid and braw 's a Bailie,
wig His shouthers and his Sunday's jiz
oil Wi' powther and wi' ulzie
Weel smear'd that day. . . .

ADAM ARMOUR'S PRAYER

I

God Gude pity me, because I 'm little!
For though I am an elf o' mettle,

And can like onie wabster's shuttle — weaver's
Jink there or here, — Dodge
Yet, scarce as lang 's a guid kail-whittle, — cabbage-knife
I'm unco queer. — uncommon funny

II

An' now Thou kens our woefu' case: — knows
For Geordie's jurr we 're in disgrace, — maid
Because we stang'd her through the place,
An' hurt her spleuchan; — [Notes]
For whilk we daurna show our face — dare not
Within the clachan. — hamlet

III

An' now we 're dern'd in dens and hollows, — hid; glens
And hunted, as was William Wallace,
Wi' constables—thae blackguard fallows— — those
An' sodgers baith;
But Gude preserve us frae the gallows,
That shamefu' death!

IV

Auld, grim, black-bearded Geordie's sel'—
O, shake him owre the mouth o' Hell!
There let him hing, an' roar, an' yell
Wi' hideous din,
And if he offers to rebel,
Then heave him in!

V

glance — When Death comes in wi' glimmerin blink,
[Notes] — An' tips auld drucken Nanse the wink,
backside — May Sautan gie her doup a clink
gate — Within his yett,
An' fill her up wi' brimstone drink
hot — Red-reekin het.

VI

[Notes] — Though Jock an' hav'rel Jean are merry,
Some devil seize them in a hurry,
An' waft them in th' infernal wherry
Straught through the lake,
An' gie their hides a noble curry
oak — Wi' oil of aik!

VII

creature — As for the jurr—puir worthless body!—
She 's got mischief enough already;
Wi' stanget hips and buttocks bluidy
sorely — She 's suffer'd sair;
wriggle in a rope — But may she wintle in a woody
If she whore mair!

NATURE'S LAW

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQUIRE

Great Nature spoke, observant man obeyed.
POPE.

I

LET other heroes boast their scars,
The marks o' sturt and strife, struggle
But other poets sing of wars,
The plagues o' human life!
Shame fa' the fun: wi' sword and gun befall
To slap mankind like lumber!
I sing his name and nobler fame
Wha multiplies our number.

II

Great Nature spoke, with air benign:—
'Go on, ye human race;
This lower world I you resign;
Be fruitful and increase.
The liquid fire of strong desire,
I've poured it in each bosom;
Here on this hand does Mankind stand.
And there, is Beauty's blossom!'

III

The Hero of these artless strains,
A lowly Bard was he,
Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains
With meikle mirth and glee:
Kind Nature's care had given his share
Large of the flaming current;
And, all devout, he never sought
To stem the sacred torrent.

IV

He felt the powerful, high behest
Thrill vital thro' and thro';
And sought a correspondent breast
To give obedience due.
Propitious Powers screen'd the young flow'rs
From mildews of abortion;
And lo! the Bard—a great reward—
Has got a double portion!

V

Auld cantie Coil may count the day,
As annual it returns,
The third of Libra's equal sway,
That gave another Burns,
With future rhymes an' other times
To emulate his sire,
To sing auld Coil in nobler style
With more poetic fire!

VI

Ye Powers of peace and peaceful song,
Look down with gracious eyes,
And bless auld Coila large and long
With multiplying joys!
Lang may she stand to prop the land,
The flow'r of ancient nations,
And Burnses spring her fame to sing
To endless generations!

LINES ON MEETING WITH LORD DAER

I

This wot ye all whom it concerns: know
I, Rhymer Rab, *alias* Burns,
October twenty-third,
A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day,
Sae far I sprachl'd up the brae
I dinner'd wi' a Lord.

II

I 've been at drucken Writers' feasts, Lawyers'
Nay, been bitch-fou 'mang godly Priests— -drunk
Wi' rev'rence be it spoken!—
I 've even join'd the honor'd jorum,
When mighty Squireships o' the Quorum [Notes]
Their hydra drouth did sloken. slake

III

But wi' a Lord!—stand out my shin!
A Lord, a Peer, an Earl's son!—
Up higher yet, my bonnet!
such; [Notes] An' sic a Lord!—lang Scotch ell twa
Our Peerage he looks o'er them a',
As I look o'er my sonnet.

IV

But O, for Hogarth's magic pow'r
disordered gaze To show Sir Bardie's willyart glow'r,
An' how he star'd an' stammer'd,
looking dazedly as; an ox's bridle When, goavin 's he 'd been led wi' branks,
An' stumpin on his ploughman shanks,
He in the parlour hammer'd!

V

To meet good Stewart little pain is,
[Notes] Or Scotia's sacred Demosthénes:
Thinks I: 'They are but men'!
doddered But 'Burns'!—'My Lord'!—Good God! I doited,
knocked My knees on ane anither knoited
went to the parlour As faultering I gaed ben.

VI

corner I sidling shelter'd in a neuk,
stole An' at his Lordship staw a leuk,

Like some portentous omen:
Except good sense and social glee
An' (what surpris'd me) modesty,
I markèd nought uncommon.

VII

I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great—
The gentle pride, the lordly state,
The arrogant assuming:
The fient a pride, nae pride had he, fiend
Nor sauce, nor state, that I could see,
Mair than an honest ploughman!

VIII

Then from his Lordship I shall learn
Henceforth to meet with unconcern
One rank as well 's another;
Nae honest, worthy man need care be perturbed
To meet with noble youthfu' Daer,
For he but meets a brother.

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE

I

My curse upon your venom'd stang, sting
That shoots my tortur'd gooms alang, gums

ear

An' thro' my lug gies monie a twang
Wi' gnawing vengeance,
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines!

II

A' down my beard the slavers trickle,
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,
cackle While round the fire the giglets keckle
jump To see me loup,
heckling-comb An', raving mad, I wish a heckle
backside Were i' their doup!

III

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or colic squeezes,
Our neebors sympathise to ease us
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee!—thou hell o' a' diseases,
They mock our groan!

IV

woes Of a' the num'rous human dools—
Bad harvests; mad; [Notes] Ill-hairsts, daft bargains, cutty-stools,
crumbling earth Or worthy frien's laid i' the mools,
Sad sight to see!
annoyance The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools—
tak'st the prize Thou bear'st the gree!

V

Whare'er that place be priests ca' Hell,
Whare a' the tones o' misery yell,
An' rankèd plagues their numbers tell
In dreadfu' raw,
Thou, Toothache, surely bear'st the bell
Amang them a' !

VI

O thou grim, mischief-making chiel, chap
That gars the notes o' discord squeel, makes
Till humankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe-thick,
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal Give
A towmond's toothache. twelve-month's

LAMENT FOR THE ABSENCE OF WILLIAM CREECH, PUBLISHER

I

Auld chuckie Reekie 's sair distrest, mother-hen; [Notes]
Down droops her ance weel burnish'd crest,
Nae joy her bonie buskit nest trimmed
Can yield ava : at all
Her darling bird that she lo'es best,
Willie,'s awa.

II

O, Willie was a witty wight,
in; uncommon skill — And had o' things an unco sleight!
in order — Auld Reekie ay he keepit tight
trim; handsome — And trig an' braw;
garb — But now they 'll busk her like a fright—
Willie 's awa!

III

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd;
daunted — The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd;
They durst nae mair than he allow'd—
That was a law:
blade; gold — We 've lost a birkie weel worth gowd—
Willie 's awa!

IV

[Notes] — Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks, and fools
Frae colleges and boarding schools
mushrooms — May sprout like simmer puddock-stools
wood — In glen or shaw:
dust — He wha could brush them down to mools,
Willie, 's awa!

V

The brethren o' the Commerce-Chaumer
woful — May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour:

He was a dictionar and grammar
Amang them a'.
I fear they 'll now mak monie a stammer:
Willie 's awa!

VI

Nae mair we see his levee door
Philosophers and Poets pour,
And toothy Critics by the score
In bloody raw:
The adjutant of a' the core,
Willie, 's awa!

VII

Now worthy Greg'ry's Latin face,
Tytler's and Greenfield's modest grace,
M'Kenzie, Stewart, such a brace
As Rome ne'er saw,
They a' maun meet some ither place— must
Willie 's awa!

VIII

Poor Burns ev'n 'Scotch Drink' canna quicken:
He cheeps like some bewilder'd chicken peeps
Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin mother; brood
By hoodie-craw. carrion-crow
Grief 's gien his heart an unco kickin—
Willie 's awa!

IX

ill-tongued, snarling railer
kill
Each; scullion
finely repel assault

Now ev'ry sour-mou'd, girnin blellum,
And Calvin's folk, are fit to fell him;
Ilk self-conceited critic-skellum
His quill may draw:
He wha could brawlie ward their bellum,
Willie, 's awa!

X

meandering

Up wimpling, stately Tweed I 've sped,
And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,
And Ettrick banks, now roaring red
While tempests blaw;
But every joy and pleasure 's fled:
Willie 's awa!

XI

stretched

May I be Slander's common speech,
A text for Infamy to preach,
And, lastly, streekit out to bleach
In winter snaw,
When I forget thee, Willie Creech,
Tho' far awa!

XII

May never wicked Fortune touzle him,
May never wicked men bamboozle him,

Until a pow as auld 's Methusalem — poll; old as
He canty claw! — cheerfully scratch
Then to the blessed new Jerusalem
Fleet-wing awa!

VERSES IN FRIARS CARSE HERMITAGE

Thou whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these maxims on thy soul:—

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night in darkness lost;
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lour.
Happiness is but a name,
Make content and ease thy aim.
Ambition is a meteor-gleam;
Fame a restless airy dream;
Pleasures, insects on the wing
Round Peace, th' tend'rest flow'r of spring;
Those that sip the dew alone—
Make the butterflies thy own;
Those that would the bloom devour—
Crush the locusts, save the flower.

For the future be prepar'd:
Guard wherever thou can'st guard;
But, thy utmost duly done,
Welcome what thou can'st not shun.
Follies past give thou to air—
Make their consequence thy care.
Keep the name of Man in mind,
And dishonour not thy kind.
Reverence with lowly heart
Him, whose wondrous work thou art;
Keep His Goodness still in view—
Thy trust, and thy example too.

Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide!
Nithside Quod the Beadsman on Nidside.

ELEGY ON THE DEPARTED YEAR 1788

do not For lords or kings I dinna mourn;
E'en let them die—for that they're born;
But O, prodigious to reflect,
Twelvemonth A Towmont, sirs, is gane to wreck!
O Eighty-Eight, in thy sma' space
What dire events hae taken place!
Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us!
In what a pickle thou hast left us!

The Spanish empire 's tint a head, lost
An' my auld teethless Bawtie 's dead ; dog
The tulyie's teugh 'tween Pitt and Fox, conflict ; tough
An' our guidwife's wee birdie cocks :
The tane is game, a bluidie devil, one
But to the hen-birds unco civil ; mighty
The tither 's dour—has nae sic breedin, stubborn ; manners
But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden. scratched ; dunghill

Ye ministers, come mount the poupit, parsons ; pulpit
An' cry till ye be haerse an' roupet, hoarse ; [Notes]
For Eighty-Eight, he wished you weel,
An' gied ye a' baith gear an' meal : gave ; money ; [Notes]
E'en monie a plack and monie a peck, coin
Ye ken yoursels, for little feck ! return

Ye bonie lasses, dight your een, wipe ; eyes
For some o' you hae tint a frien' :
In Eighty-Eight, ye ken, was taen
What ye 'll ne'er hae to gie again.

Observe the yera nowte an' sheep, cattle
How dowff an' dowilie they creep ! dull ; droopingly
Nay, even the yirth itsel does cry, ground
For Embro' wells are grutten dry ! wept ; [Notes]

O Eighty-Nine, thou 's but a bairn, child
An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn ! too
Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care,
Thou now has got thy Daddie's chair :

muzzled Nae hand-cuff'd, mizzl'd, half-shackl'd Regent,
But, like himsel, a full free agent,
Be sure ye follow out the plan
worse Nae waur than he did, honest man!
much As muckle better as ye can.

January 1, 1789.

CASTLE GORDON

I

Streams that glide in Orient plains,
Never bound by Winter's chains;
Glowing here on golden sands,
There immixed with foulest stains
From tyranny's empurpled hands;
These, their richly gleaming waves,
I leave to tyrants and their slaves:
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks by Castle Gordon.

II

Spicy forests ever gay,
Shading from the burning ray
Hapless wretches sold to toil;
Or, the ruthless native's way,
Bent on slaughter, blood and spoil;

Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave:
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms of Castle Gordon.

III

Wildly here without control
Nature reigns, and rules the whole;
In that sober pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,
She plants the forest, pours the flood.
Life's poor day I'll, musing, rave,
And find at night a sheltering cave,
Where waters flow and wild woods wave
By bonie Castle Gordon.

ON THE DUCHESS OF GORDON'S REEL DANCING

I

She kiltit up her kirtle weel	tucked
To show her bonie cutes sae sma',	feet
And wallopèd about the reel,	[Notes]
The lightest louper o' them a'!	leaper

II

bewildered steers
While some, like slav'ring, doited stots
struggling; [Notes]
Stoit'ring out thro' the midden dub,
entangled; skirts
Fankit their heels amang their coats
made
And gart the floor their backsides rub;

III

Gordon, the great, the gay, the gallant,
hare; fence
Skip't like a maukin owre a dyke:
boy
Deil tak me, since I was a callant,
If; eyes
Gif e'er my een beheld the like!

ON CAPTAIN GROSE

WRITTEN ON AN ENVELOPE, ENCLOSING A LETTER TO HIM

I

KEN ye ought o' Captain Grose?
Igo and ago
If he 's among his friends or foes?
Iram, coram, dago

II

Is he south, or is he north?
Igo and ago
Or drownèd in the River Forth?
Iram, coram, dago

III

Is he slain by Hielan' bodies? creatures
Igo and ago
And eaten like a wether-haggis?
Iram, coram, dago

IV

Is he to Abra'm's bosom gane?
Igo and ago
Or haudin Sarah by the wame? holding; belly
Iram, coram, dago

V

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him!
Igo and ago
As for the Deil, he daur na steer him. [Notes]
Iram, coram, dago

VI

But please transmit th' enclosèd letter
Igo and ago
Which will oblige your humble debtor
Iram, coram, dago

VII

So may ye hae auld stanes in store,
Igo and ago
The very stanes that Adam bore!
Iram, coram, dago

VIII

So may ye get in glad possession,
Igo and ago
The coins o' Satan's coronation!
Iram, coram, dago

NEW YEAR'S DAY
1791

This day Time winds th' exhausted chain
To run the twelvemonth's length again:
I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,
Adjust the unimpair'd machine
To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,
In vain assail him with their prayer:
Deaf as my friend, he sees them press,
Nor makes the hour one moment less.
Will you (the Major 's with the hounds;
The happy tenants share his rounds;
Coila 's fair Rachel's care to-day,
And blooming Keith 's engaged with Gray)
From housewife cares a minute borrow
(That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow),
And join with me a-moralizing?
This day 's propitious to be wise in!

First, what did yesternight deliver?
'Another year has gone for ever.'
And what is this day's strong suggestion?
'The passing moment's all we rest on!'
Rest on—for what? what do we here?
Or why regard the passing year?
Will Time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more?
A few days may—a few years must—
Repose us in the silent dust:
Then, is it wise to damp our bliss?
Yes: all such reasonings are amiss!
The voice of Nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies;
That on this frail, uncertain state
Hang matters of eternal weight;
That future life in worlds unknown
Must take its hue from this alone,
Whether as heavenly glory bright
Or dark as Misery's woeful night.

Since, then, my honor'd first of friends,
On this poor being all depends,
Let us th' important Now employ,
And live as those who never die.
Tho' you, with days and honours crown'd,
Witness that filial circle round

(A sight life's sorrows to repulse,
A sight pale Envy to convulse),
Others now claim your chief regard:
Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

FROM ESOPUS TO MARIA

From those drear solitudes and frowsy cells,
Where Infamy with sad Repentance dwells;
Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast,
And deal from iron hands the spare repast;
Where truant 'prentices, yet young in sin,
Blush at the curious stranger peeping in;
Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar,
Resolve to drink, nay half—to whore—no more;
Where tiny thieves, not destin'd yet to swing,
Beat hemp for others riper for the string:
From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,
To tell Maria her Esopus' fate.

'Alas! I feel I am no actor here!'
'Tis real hangmen real scourges bear!
Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale;
Will make thy hair, tho' erst from gipsy poll'd,
By barber woven and by barber sold,
Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,
Like hoary bristles to erect and stare!

The hero of the mimic scene, no more
I start in Hamlet, in Othello roar;
Or, haughty Chieftain, 'mid the din of arms,
In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms:
While sans-culottes stoop up the mountain high,
And steal me from Maria's prying eye.
Blest Highland bonnet! once my proudest dress,
Now, prouder still, Maria's temples press!
I see her wave thy towering plumes afar,
And call each coxcomb to the wordy war!
I see her face the first of Ireland's sons,
And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze!
The crafty Colonel leaves the tartan'd lines
For other wars, where he a hero shines;
The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred,
Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head,
Comes 'mid a string of coxcombs to display
That *Veni, vidi, vici,* is his way;
The shrinking Bard adown the alley skulks,
And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks,
Though there his heresies in Church and State
Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate:
Still she, undaunted, reels and rattles on,
And dares the public like a noontide sun.
What scandal called Maria's jaunty stagger
The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger?
Whose spleen (e'en worse than Burns's venom, when
He dips in gall unmix'd his eager pen,

And pours his vengeance in the burning line),
Who christen'd thus Maria's lyre-divine,
The idiot strum of Vanity bemus'd,
And even th' abuse of Poesy abus'd ?
Who called her verse a Parish Workhouse, made
For motley foundling Fancies, stolen or strayed ?

A Workhouse ! Ah, that sound awakes my woes,
And pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose !
In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
And all my frowsy couch in sorrow steep :
That straw where many a rogue has lain of yore,
And vermin'd gipsies litter'd heretofore.

Why, Lonsdale, thus thy wrath on vagrants pour?
Must earth no rascal save thyself endure ?
Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell,
And make a vast monopoly of Hell ?
Thou know'st the Virtues cannot hate thee worse :
The Vices also, must they club their curse ?
Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
Because thy guilt 's supreme enough for all ?

Maria, send me too thy griefs and cares,
In all of thee sure thy Esopus shares :
As thou at all mankind the flag unfurls,
Who on my fair one Satire's vengeance hurls !

Who calls thee, pert, affected, vain coquette,
A wit in folly, and a fool in wit!
Who says that fool alone is not thy due,
And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true!

Our force united on thy foes we 'll turn,
And dare the war with all of woman born:
For who can write and speak as thou and I?
My periods that decyphering defy,
And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all
reply!

NOTES AND EPISTLES

TO JOHN RANKINE

IN REPLY TO AN ANNOUNCEMENT

I

I AM a keeper of the law
In some sma' points, altho' not a';
if; fall Some people tell me, gin I fa'
one; other Ae way or ither,
The breaking of ae point, tho' sma',
the whole Breaks a' thegither.

II

I hae been in for 't ance or twice,
will not; too surely And winna say o'er far for thrice,
Yet never met wi' that surprise
That broke my rest.
But now a rumour 's like to rise—
curlew; [Notes] A whaup 's i' the nest!

TO JOHN GOLDIE

AUGUST 1785

I

O GOUDIE, terror o' the Whigs,
Dread o' black coats and rev'rend wigs!

Sour Bigotry on her last legs
Girns and looks back, snarls
Wishing the ten Egyptian plagues
May seize you quick.

II

Poor gapin, glowrin Superstition ! staring
Wae 's me, she 's in a sad condition !
Fye ! bring Black Jock, her state physician, [Notes]
To see her water !
Alas ! there 's ground for great suspicion
She 'll ne'er get better.

III

Enthusiasm 's past redemption
Gane in a gallopin consumption :
Not a' her quacks wi' a' their gumption
Can ever mend her ;
Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption
She 'll soon surrender.

IV

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple
For every hole to get a stapple ; stopper
But now she fetches at the thrapple, gurgles ; windpipe
An' fights for breath :
Haste, gie her name up in the chapel, [Notes]
Near unto death !

V

'Tis you an' Taylor are the chief
To blame for a' this black mischief;
if But, gin the Lord's ain folk gat leave,
empty A toom tar barrel
An' twa red peats wad bring relief,
And end the quarrel.

VI

For me, my skill 's but very sma',
at all An' skill in prose I 've nane ava';
in confidence But, quietlenswise between us twa,
Weel may ye speed!
should And, tho' they sud you sair misca',
bother Ne'er fash your head!

VII

sorely E'en swinge the dogs, and thresh them sicker!
strike The mair they squeel ay chap the thicker,
between whiles; glass And still 'mang hands a hearty bicker
O' something stout!
makes; author's It gars an owthor's pulse beat quicker,
An' helps his wit.

VIII

liquor There 's naething like the honest nappy:
Whare 'll ye e'er see men sae happy,

Or women sonsie, saft, and sappy — pleasant
'Tween morn and morn,
As them wha like to taste the drappie
In glass or horn?

IX

I 've seen me daez't upon a time, — dazed
I scarce could wink or see a styme; — faintest outline
Just ae hauf-mutchkin does me prime — one half-pint
(Ought less is little);
Then back I rattle on the rhyme
As gleg 's a whittle. — keen; knife

TO J. LAPRAIK

(THIRD EPISTLE)

I

Guid speed and furder to you, Johnie,
Guid health, hale han's, an' weather bonie! — whole hands
Now, when ye 're nickin down fu' cannie — cutting; expertly
The staff o' bread, — corn
May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y — cup
To clear your head!

II

ridges
ricklets
broken bogs

May Boreas never thresh your rigs,
Nor kick your rickles aff their legs,
Sendin the stuff o'er muirs an' haggs
Like drivin wrack !
But may the tapmost grain that wags
Come to the sack !

III

busy; driving
pelting; wetted

I'm bizzie, too, an' skelpin at it ;
But bitter, daudin showers hae wat it ;
Sae my auld stumpie-pen, I gat it,

After long search
clasp-knife; whittled [Notes]

Wi' muckle wark,
An' took my jocteleg, an' whatt it
Like onie clark.

IV

It 's now twa month that I 'm your debtor
fine
For your braw, nameless, dateless letter,
Abusin me for harsh ill-nature
On holy men,
devil a bit
While deil a hair yoursel ye 're better,
But mair profane !

V

But let the kirk-folk ring their bells !
Let 's sing about our noble sel's :

We 'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills — call
To help or roose us, — inspire
But browster wives an' whisky stills— — [Notes]
They are the Muses!

VI

Your friendship, sir, I winna quat it; — will not give it up
An' if ye mak' objections at it, — to
Then hand in nieve some day we 'll knot it, — fist
An' witness take;
An', when wi' usquabae we 've wat it, — whisky
It winna break.

VII

But if the beast and branks be spar'd — horse and bridle
Till kye be gaun without the herd, — kine; going; keeper; [Notes]
And a' the vittel in the yard — grain; rick yard
An' theckit right, — thatched
I mean your ingle-side to guard — fire-
Ae winter night. — Some

VIII

Then Muse-inspirin aqua-vitæ
Shall mak us baith sae blythe an' witty,
Till ye forget ye 're auld an' gatty, — enervated
And be as canty — jolly
As ye were nine year less than thretty—
Sweet ane an' twenty!

IX

shocks; tumbled by
sun; peeps; west
must run
leave; song
[Notes]

But stooks are cowpet wi' the blast,
And now the sinn keeks in the wast;
Then I maun rin amang the rest,
An' quat my chanter;
Sae I subscribe mysel in haste,
Yours, Rab the Ranter.

Sept. 13, 1785

TO THE REV. JOHN M'MATH

INCLOSING A COPY OF *HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER* WHICH HE HAD REQUESTED, SEPT. 17, 1785

I

shock; reapers stoop
driving
horseplay running, scour

While at the stook the shearers cow'r
To shun the bitter blaudin show'r,
Or, in gulravage rinnin, scowr:
To pass the time,
To you I dedicate the hour
In idle rhyme.

II

sedate; [Notes]

My Musie, tir'd wi' monie a sonnet
On gown an' ban' an' douse black-bonnet,

Is grown right eerie now she 's done it, fearful
Lest they should blame her,
An' rouse their holy thunder on it,
And anathém her.

III

I own 'twas rash, an' rather hardy,
That I, a simple, countra Bardie,
Should meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy,
Wha, if they ken me,
Can easy wi' a single wordie easily
Louse Hell upon me.

IV

But I gae mad at their grimaces, furious
Their sighin, cantin, grace-proud faces,
Their three-mile prayers an' hauf-mile graces,
Their raxin conscience, elastic
Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces
Waur nor their nonsense. Worse than

V

There 's Gau'n, misca'd waur than a beast,
Wha has mair honor in his breast
Than monie scores as guid 's the priest
Wha sae abus't him :
And may a Bard no crack his jest
What way they 've use't him ?

VI

[Notes] See him, the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word an' deed—
An' shall his fame an' honor bleed
railers By worthless skellums,
An' not a Muse erect her head
daunt; blusterers To cowe the blellums?

VII

O Pope, had I thy satire's darts
To gie the rascals their deserts,
I 'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,
An' tell aloud
Their jugglin, hocus-pocus arts
To cheat the crowd!

VIII

God knows, I 'm no the thing I should be,
Nor am I even the thing I could be,
But twenty times I rather would be
An atheist clean
Than under gospel colors hid be
Just for a screen.

IX

An honest man may like a glass,
An honest man may like a lass;

But mean revenge an' malice fause — false
He 'll still disdain
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws
Like some we ken.

X

They take Religion in their mouth,
They talk o' Mercy, Grace, an' Truth:
For what? To gie their malice skouth — play
On some puir wight;
An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth, — against
To ruin streight.

XI

All hail, Religion! Maid divine,
Pardon a Muse sae mean as mine,
Who in her rough imperfect line
Thus daurs to name thee.
To stigmatise false friends of thine
Can ne'er defame thee.

XII

Tho' blotch't and foul wi' monie a stain
An' far unworthy of thy train,
With trembling voice I tune my strain
To join with those
Who boldly dare thy cause maintain
In spite of foes:

XIII

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,
In spite of undermining jobs,
In spite o' dark banditti stabs
At worth an' merit,
By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes
But hellish spirit!

XIV

O Ayr! my dear, my native ground,
Within thy presbyterial bound
A candid lib'ral band is found
Of public teachers,
As men, as Christians too, renown'd,
An' manly preachers.

XV

Sir, in that circle you are nam'd;
Sir, in that circle you are fam'd;
An' some, by whom your doctrine 's blam'd
(Which gies ye honor),
Even, Sir, by them your heart 's esteem'd,
An' winning manner.

XVI

Pardon this freedom I have taen,
An' if impertinent I 've been,

Impute it not, good sir, in ane
Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye,
But to his utmost would befriend
Ought that belang'd ye. was yours

TO DAVIE

SECOND EPISTLE

I

AULD NEEBOR,
I 'm three times doubly o'er your debtor
For your auld-farrant, frien'ly letter ; old-fashioned
Tho' I maun say 't, I doubt ye flatter, must
Ye speak sae fair :
For my puir, silly, rhymin clatter babble
Some less maun sair. serve

II

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle ! Whole
Lang may your elbuck jink an' diddle elbow; dance and shake
To cheer you thro' the weary widdle wriggle
O' war'ly cares, worldly
Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle grand-children ; fondle
Your auld grey hairs ! [Notes]

III

But Davie, lad, I 'm red ye 're glaikit : afraid ; foolish
I 'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit ;

should; whipt	An' gif it's sae, ye sud be lickit
fidget	Until ye fyke;
Such hands; let off	Sic han's as you sud ne'er be faiket,
spared	Be hain't wha like.

IV

	For me, I 'm on Parnassus' brink,
Tearing; make; rhyme	Rivin the words to gar them clink;
Now dazed	Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink
Freemasons	Wi' jads or Masons,
too	An' whyles, but ay owre late I think,
Fine	Braw sober lessons.

V

	Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man
	Commen' me to the Bardie clan:
	Except it be some idle plan
	O' rhymin clink—
-have it;	The devil-haet that I sud ban!—
	They never think.

VI

	Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin,
	Nae cares to gie us joy or grievin,
pocket; fist	But just the pouchie put the nieve in,
	An' while ought 's there,
careering	Then, hiltie-skiltie, we gae scrievin,
worry	An' fash nae mair.

VII

Leeze me on rhyme! It 's ay a treasure, Blessings
My chief, amaist my only pleasure; almost
At hame, a-fiel', at wark or leisure, a-field
The Muse, poor hizzie! girl
Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure, homespun; [Notes]
She 's seldom lazy.

VIII

Haud to the Muse, my dainty Davie: Stick
The warl' may play you monie a shavie, world; ill-turn
But for the Muse, she 'll never leave ye,
Tho' e'er sae puir;
Na, even tho' limpin wi' the spavie spavin
Frae door to door!

TO JOHN KENNEDY, DUMFRIES HOUSE

I

Now, Kennedy, if foot or horse
E'er bring you in by Mauchlin Corss Cross
(Lord, man, there 's lasses there wad force would
A hermit's fancy;
And down the gate in faith! they 're worse way
An' mair unchancy): dangerous

II

But as I 'm sayin, please step to Dow's,
stuff — An' taste sic gear as Johnie brews,
small boy — Till some bit callan bring me news
That ye are there;
An' if we dinna hae a bowse,
I 'll — I 'se ne'er drink mair.

III

not that — It 's no I like to sit an' swallow,
Then like a swine to puke an' wallow;
But gie me just a true guid fallow
wit — Wi' right ingíne,
liquor enough — And spunkie ance to mak us mellow,
An' then we 'll shine!

IV

the world's — Now if ye 're ane o' warl's folk,
Wha rate the wearer by the cloak,
squint — An' sklent on poverty their joke
Wi' bitter sneer,
barter — Wi' you nae friendship I will troke,
Nor cheap nor dear.

V

But if, as I 'm informèd weel,
Ye hate as ill 's the vera Deil

The flinty heart that canna feel—
Come, sir, here's tae you! to
Hae, there 's my han', I wiss you weel, Take; wish
An' Gude be wi' you! God; [Notes]

ROBT. BURNESS.

MOSSGIEL, *3rd March* 1786.

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ., MAUCHLINE

RECOMMENDING A BOY

MOSSGAVILLE, *May* 3, 1786

I HOLD it, Sir, my bounden duty
To warn you how that Master Tootie,
Alias Laird M'Gaun,
Was here to hire yon lad away
'Bout whom ye spak the tither day,
An' wad hae don't aff han'; would; out of hand
But lest he learn the callan tricks— youngster
As faith! I muckle doubt him— much
Like scrapin out auld Crummie's nicks, [Notes]
An' tellin lies about them,
As lieve then, I 'd have then
Your clerkship he should sair, attorneyship; serve
If sae be ye may be
Not fitted otherwhere.

sharp — Altho' I say 't, he 's gleg enough,
An' bout a house that 's rude an' rough
The boy might learn to swear;
But then wi' *you* he 'll be sae taught,
such — An' get sic fair example straught,
not — I hae na onie fear:
Ye 'll catechise him every quirk,
menace — An' shore him weel wi' 'Hell';
make — An' gar him follow to the kirk—
go; [Notes] — Ay when ye gang yoursel!
must — If ye, then, maun be then
Frae hame this comin Friday,
leave — Then please, Sir, to lea'e, Sir,
The orders wi' your lady.

My word of honour I hae gien,
The Whitefoord Arms; [Notes] — In Paisley John's that night at e'en
miserly reptile — To meet the 'warld's worm,'
To try to get the twa to gree,
handsel — An' name the airles an' the fee
In legal mode an' form:
latch; [Notes] — I ken he weel a snick can draw,
When simple bodies let him;
An' if a Devil be at a',
In faith he 's sure to get him.
To phrase you an' praise you,
Ye ken, your Laureat scorns:
The pray'r still you share still
Of grateful Minstrel Burns.

TO MR. M'ADAM OF CRAIGEN-GILLAN

IN ANSWER TO AN OBLIGING LETTER HE SENT IN THE COMMENCEMENT OF MY POETIC CAREER

I

Sir, o'er a gill I gat your card, drink
I trow it made me proud.
'See wha taks notice o' the Bard!'
I lap, and cry'd fu' loud. danced

II

Now deil-ma-care about their jaw,
The senseless, gawky million! cuckooing
I 'll cock my nose aboon them a': above
I 'm roos'd by Craigen-Gillan! praised

III

'Twas noble, sir; 'twas like yoursel,
To grant your high protection:
A great man's smile, ye ken fu' well,
Is ay a blest infection.

IV

Tho', by his banes wha in a tub Diogenes
Match'd Macedonian Sandy! Alexander Magnus
On my ain legs thro' dirt and dub puddle
I independent stand ay;

V

broth

And when those legs to guid warm kail
Wi' welcome canna bear me,

stone fence; onion.

A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail,
An' barley-scone shall cheer me.

VI

Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
O' monie flow'ry simmers,
An' bless your bonie lasses baith

lovable girls

(I 'm tauld they 're loosome kimmers)!

VII

An' God bless young Dunaskin's laird,
The blossom of our gentry,
An' may he wear an auld man's beard,
A credit to his country!

REPLY TO AN INVITATION

Sir,

Yours this moment I unseal,
And faith! I 'm gay and hearty.
To tell the truth and shame the Deil,

drunk; the Devil

I am as fou as Bartie.

But Foorsday, Sir, my promise leal, Thursday; true
Expect me o' your partie,
If on a beastie I can speel climb
Or hurl in a cartie. trundle

Yours,—Robert Burns.

Machlin,
Monday Night, 10 *o'clock*

TO DR. MACKENZIE

An Invitation to a Masonic Gathering

Friday first 's the day appointed
By our Right Worshipful Anointed
To hold our grand procession,
To get a blaud o' Johnie's morals, screed
An' taste a swatch o' Manson's barrels sample
I' th' way of our profession.
Our Master and the Brotherhood
Wad a' be glad to see you. would
For me, I wad be mair than proud
To share the mercies wi' you.
If Death, then, wi' skaith then danger
Some mortal heart is hechtin, menacing
Inform him, an' storm him, bully
That Saturday ye 'll fecht him. fight

Robert Burns, D.M.

Mossgiel, 14*th June*, A.M. 5790

TO JOHN KENNEDY

A Farewell

FAREWELL, dear friend! may guid luck hit you,
And 'mong her favourites admit you!
threaten; smite If e'er Detraction shore to smit you,
May nane believe him!
And onie deil that thinks to get you,
Good Lord, deceive him!

TO WILLIE CHALMERS' SWEETHEART

I

fine; bridle Wi' braw new branks in mickle pride,
collar And eke a braw new brechan,
My Pegasus I 'm got astride,
blowing And up Parnassus pechin;
Whyles owre a bush wi' downward crush
stupid The doited beastie stammers;
Then up he gets, and off he sets
For sake o' Willie Chalmers.

II

I doubt na, lass, that weel kend name
May cost a pair o' blushes:
I am nae stranger to your fame,
Nor his warm-urgèd wishes:
Your bonie face, sae mild and sweet,
His honest heart enamours;
And faith! ye'll no be lost a whit,
Tho' wair'd on Willie Chalmers. bestowed

III

Auld Truth hersel might swear ye're fair,
And Honor safely back her;
And Modesty assume your air,
And ne'er a ane mistak her;
And sic twa love-inspiring een eyes
Might fire even holy palmers:
Nae wonder then they've fatal been
To honest Willie Chalmers!

IV

I doubt na Fortune may you shore offer
Some mim-mou'd, pouther'd priestie, prim-lipped, powdered
Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore Much
And band upon his breastie;
But O, what signifies to you
His lexicons and grammars?
The feeling heart's the royal blue,
And that's wi' Willie Chalmers.

V

staring — Some gapin, glowrin countra laird
struggle — May warsle for your favour:
scratch; ear; stroke — May claw his lug, and straik his beard,
cough — And hoast up some palaver.
My bonie maid, before ye wed
Such; dunces — Sic clumsy-witted hammers,
spank — Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp
Awa wi' Willie Chalmers.

VI

Forgive the Bard! My fond regard
For ane that shares my bosom
Inspires my Muse to gie 'm his dues,
devil a bit; flatter — For deil a hair I roose him.
above — May Powers aboon unite you soon,
And fructify your amours,
And every year come in mair dear
To you and Willie Chalmers!

TO AN OLD SWEETHEART

WRITTEN ON A COPY OF HIS POEMS

I

Once fondly lov'd and still remember'd dear,
Sweet early object of my youthful vows,
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere—
(Friendship! 'tis all cold duty now allows);

II

And when you read the simple artless rhymes,
One friendly sigh for him—he asks no more—
Who, distant, burns in flaming torrid climes,
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar.

EXTEMPORE TO GAVIN HAMILTON

STANZAS ON NAETHING

I

To you, Sir, this summons I 've sent
(Pray, whip till the pownie is fraething !) ; foaming
But if you demand what I want,
I honestly answer you—naething.

II

Ne'er scorn a poor Poet like me
For idly just living and breathing,
While people of every degree
Are busy employed about—naething.

III

Poor Centum-per-Centum may fast,
And grumble his hurdies their claithing ; grudge ; buttocks ; clothing
He 'll find, when the balance is cast,
He 's gane to the Devil for—naething.

IV

The courtier cringes and bows;
Ambition has likewise its plaything—
A coronet beams on his brows;
And what is a coronet?—Naething.

V

rail at — Some quarrel the Presbyter gown,
gearing — Some quarrel Episcopal graithing;
But every good fellow will own
The quarrel is a' about—naething.

VI

The lover may sparkle and glow,
little — Approaching his bonie bit gay thing;
But marriage will soon let him know
tricked-out — He 's gotten—a buskit-up naething.

VII

The Poet may jingle and rhyme
In hopes of a laureate wreathing,
And when he has wasted his time,
He 's kindly rewarded with—naething.

VIII

The thundering bully may rage,
And swagger and swear like a heathen;
But collar him fast, I 'll engage,
You 'll find that his courage is—naething.

IX

Last night with a feminine Whig—
A poet she couldna put faith in!
But soon we grew lovingly big,
I taught her, her terrors were—naething.

X

Her Whigship was wonderful pleased,
But charmingly tickled wi' ae thing; one
Her fingers I lovingly squeezed,
And kissed her, and promised her—naething.

XI

The priest anathèmas may threat—
Predicament, sir, that we 're baith in;
But when Honor's reveillé is beat,
The holy artillery 's—naething.

XII

And now I must mount on the wave:
My voyage perhaps there is death in;
But what is a watery grave?
The drowning a Poet is—naething.

XIII

And now, as grim Death 's in my thought,
To you, Sir, I make this bequeathing:
My service as long as ye 've ought,
And my friendship, by God, when ye 've—
naething.

REPLY TO A TRIMMING EPISTLE RECEIVED FROM A TAILOR

I

What ails ye now, ye lousie bitch,
punish; such — To thresh my back at sic a pitch?
Lord; notching weapon — Losh, man, hae mercy wi' your natch!
needle — Your bodkin 's bauld:
I didna suffer half sae much
[Notes] — Frae Daddie Auld.

II

set — What tho' at times, when I grow crouse,
[Notes] — I gie their wames a random pouse,
Is that enough for you to souse
Your servant sae?
Gae mind your seam, ye prick-the-louse
flea — An' jag-the-flae!

III

writ — King David o' poetic brief
Wrocht 'mang the lassies sic mischief
As fill'd his after-life with grief
rows — An' bloody rants;
An' yet he 's rank'd amang the chief
old-time saints — O' lang-syne saunts.

IV

And maybe, Tam, for a' my cants, — canters
My wicked rhymes an' drucken rants, — sprees
I 'll gie auld Cloven-Clootie's haunts — -Hoofie's
An unco slip yet, — wondrous
An' snugly sit amang the saunts
At Davie's hip yet!

V

But, fegs! the Session says I maun — faith; Kirk-Session; must
Gae fa' upo' anither plan
Than garrin lasses coup the cran, — making; capsize the pot
Clean heels owre body,
An' sairly thole their mither's ban — suffer
Afore the howdy. — midwife

VI

This leads me on to tell for sport
How I did wi' the Session sort:
Auld Clinkum at the inner port — The Bellman
Cried three times:—'Robin!
Come hither lad, and answer for 't,
Ye 're blam'd for jobbin!'

VII

Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on,
An' snoov'd awa' before the Session: — toddled off

I made an open, fair confession—
I scorn'd to lie—
then; [Notes] An' syne Mess John, beyond expression,
Fell foul o' me.

VIII

A fornicator-loun he call'd me,
fault An' said my faut frae bliss expell'd me.
I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me,
'But, what the matter?'
(Quo' I) 'I fear unless ye geld me,
I'll ne'er be better!'

IX

why not 'Geld you!' (quo' he) 'an' what for no?
If that your right hand, leg, or toe
Should ever prove your sp'ritual foe,
You should remember
To cut it aff; an' what for no
Your dearest member?

X

'Na, na' (quo' I), 'I'm no for that,
Gelding's nae better than 'tis ca't;
I'd rather suffer for my faut
stripe A hearty flewit,
As sair owre hip as ye can draw't,
Tho' I should rue it.

XI

'Or, gin ye like to end the bother,
To please us a'—I 've just ae ither: one other
When next wi' yon lass I forgather, meet
Whate'er betide it,
I 'll frankly gie her 't a' thegither,
An' let her guide it.'

XII

But, Sir, this pleas'd them warst of a',
An' therefore, Tam, when that I saw,
I said 'Guid-night,' an' cam awa,
An' left the Session:
I saw they were resolvèd a'
On my oppression.

TO MAJOR LOGAN

I

Hail, thairm-inspirin, rattlin Willie! string.
Tho' Fortune's road be rough an' hilly
To every fiddling, rhyming billie, brother
We never heed,
But take it like the unbrack'd filly unbroken
Proud o' her speed.

II

mooning; sometimes — When, idly goavin, whyles we saunter,
Yirr! Fancy barks, awa we canter,
mishap — Up hill, down brae, till some mishanter,
Some black bog-hole,
Arrests us; then the scathe an' banter
endure — We 're forced to thole.

III

Whole — Hale be your heart! hale be your fiddle!
elbow dance and shake — Lang may your elbuck jink an' diddle,
wriggle — To cheer you through the weary widdle
O' this vile warl',
[Notes] — Until you on a cummock driddle,
old man — A grey-hair'd carl.

IV

poverty — Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon,
Heaven send your heart-strings ay in tune,
fiddle-pegs above — And screw your temper-pins aboon
(A fifth or mair)
sorrowful note — The melancholious, sairie croon
crabbed — O' cankrie Care.

V

May still your life from day to day,
Nae *lente largo* in the play

But *allegretto forte* gay,
Harmonious flow,
A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey— bold
Encore ! Bravo !

VI

A' blessings on the cheery gang,
Wha dearly like a jig or sang,
An' never think o' right an' wrang
By square an' rule,
But as the clegs o' feeling stang gadflies; sting
Are wise or fool.

VII

My hand-wal'd curse keep hard in chase hand-picked (*i.e.* choicest)
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, grasping
Wha count on poortith as disgrace !
Their tuneless hearts,
May fireside discords jar a bass
To a' their parts !

VIII

But come, your hand, my careless brither !
I' th' ither warl', if there 's anither— world
An' that there is, I 've little swither doubt
About the matter—
We, cheek for chow, shall jog thegither— cheek by jowl; together
I 'se ne'er bid better ! I'll; ask

IX

We 've faults and failins—granted clearly!
We 're frail, backsliding mortals merely;
blame; wholly Eve's bonie squad, priests wyte them sheerly
For our grand fa';
But still, but still—I like them dearly . . .
God bless them a'!

X

Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers,
gamesters When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers!
oglers The witching, curs'd, delicious blinkers
furious Hae put me hyte,
made; wet; wakeful eyes An' gart me weet my waukrife winkers
snarling Wi' girnin spite.

XI

But by yon moon—and that 's high swearin!—
An' every star within my hearin,
eyes; [Notes] An' by her een wha was a dear ane
I 'll ne'er forget,
jades I hope to gie the jads a clearin
In fair play yet!

XII

My loss I mourn, but not repent it;
lost I 'll seek my pursie whare I tint it;

Ance to the Indies I were wonted, escaped
Some cantraip hour witching
By some sweet elf I 'll yet be dinted :
Then *vive l'amour !*

XIII

Faites mes baissemains respectueusè
To sentimental sister Susie [Notes]
And honest Lucky : no to roose you, [Notes]; flatter
Ye may be proud,
That sic a couple Fate allows ye such
To grace your blood.

XIV

Nae mair at present can I measure,
An' trowth ! my rhymin ware 's nae treasure ;
But when in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure,
Be 't light, be 't dark,
Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure
To call at Park.

ROBERT BURNS.

MOSSGIEL, 30*th October*, 1786

TO THE GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE HOUSE

(MRS. SCOTT)

I

Guid Wife,
remember — I mind it weel, in early date,
bashful — When I was beardless, young, and blate,
An' first could thresh the barn,
hold; a day's work — Or haud a yokin at the pleugh,
exhausted — An', tho' forfoughten sair eneugh,
mighty — Yet unco proud to learn;
When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was,
others each — An' wi' the lave ilk merry morn
ridge — Could rank my rig and lass:
reaping — Still shearing, and clearing
row of shocks — The tither stookèd raw,
gossip; nonsense — Wi' clavers an' havers
away — Wearing the day awa.

II

E'en then, a wish (I mind its pow'r),
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least.

The rough burr-thistle spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear, barley
I turn'd the weeder-clips aside, -shears
An' spar'd the symbol dear.
No nation, no station
My envy e'er could raise;
A Scot still, but blot still, without
I knew nae higher praise.

III

But still the elements o' sang
In formless jumble, right an' wrang,
Wild floated in my brain;
Till on that hairst I said before, harvest; mentioned
My partner in the merry core, [Notes]; band
She rous'd the forming strain.
I see her yet, the sonsie quean pleasant lass
That lighted up my jingle,
Her witching smile, her pauky een artful eyes
That gart my heart-strings tingle! made
I fir'd, inspir'd,
At ev'ry kindling keek, glance
But, bashing and dashing, abashing; peacocking
I fear'd ay to speak.

IV

Hale to the sex! (ilk guid chiel says): Health; each; fellow
Wi' merry dance on winter days,

An' we to share in common!
The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,
soul The saul o' life, the heav'n below
Is rapture-giving Woman.
churls Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
Be mindfu' o' your mither:
She, honest woman, may think shame
That ye're connected with her!
sad Ye're wae men, ye're nae men
That slight the lovely dears;
To shame ye, disclaim ye,
fellow Ilk honest birkie swears.

V

not; cowhouse For you, no bred to barn and byre,
Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
Thanks to you for your line!
[Notes] The marl'd plaid ye kindly spare,
worn By me should gratefully be ware;
perfection 'Twad please me to the nine.
proud; wrap I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,
sedately hanging; crupper Douce hingin owre my curple,
folded Than onie ermine ever lap,
Or proud imperial purple.
long health Farewell, then! lang hale, then,
lot An' plenty be your fa'!
May losses and crosses
porch Ne'er at your hallan ca'!

R. BURNS.

March, 1787

TO WM. TYTLER, ESQ., OF WOODHOUSELEE

WITH AN IMPRESSION OF THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT

I

Reverèd defender of beauteous Stuart,
Of Stuart!—a name once respected,
A name which to love was once mark of a true heart,
But now 'tis despis'd and neglected!

II

Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye—
Let no one misdeem me disloyal!
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh—
Still more, if that wand'rer were royal.

III

My Fathers that name have rever'd on a throne;
My Fathers have fallen to right it:
Those Fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name, should he scoffingly slight it.

IV

Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join,
The Queen, and the rest of the gentry;
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine:
Their title 's avow'd by my country.

V

But why of that epocha make such a fuss
That gave us the Hanover stem?
If bringing them over was lucky for us,
I 'm sure 'twas as lucky for them.

VI

But loyalty—truce! we 're on dangerous ground:
Who knows how the fashions may alter?
The doctrine, to-day that is loyalty sound,
To-morrow may bring us a halter!

VII

I send you a trifle, a head of a Bard,
A trifle scarce worthy your care;
But accept it, good Sir, as a mark of regard,
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

VIII

Now Life's chilly evening dim-shades on your eye,
And ushers the long dreary night;
But you, like the star that athwart gilds the sky,
Your course to the latest is bright.

TO MR. RENTON OF LAMERTON

Your billet, Sir, I grant receipt;
Wi' you I 'll canter onie gate, anywhere
Tho' 'twere a trip to yon blue warl' world
Where birkies march on burning marl: fellows
Then, Sir, God willing, I 'll attend ye,
And to His goodness I commend ye.

R. Burns.

TO MISS ISABELLA MACLEOD

Edinburgh, *March* 16, 1787

I

The crimson blossom charms the bee,
The summer sun the swallow:
So dear this tuneful gift to me
From lovely Isabella.

II

Her portrait fair upon my mind
Revolving time shall mellow,
And mem'ry's latest effort find
The lovely Isabella.

III

No Bard nor lover's rapture this
In fancies vain and shallow!
She is, so come my soul to bliss,
The Lovely Isabella!

TO SYMON GRAY

I

Symon Gray, you 're dull to-day!
Dullness with redoubled sway
Has seized the wits of Symon Gray.

II

Dear Symon Gray, the other day
When you sent me some rhyme,
I could not then just ascertain
Its worth for want of time;

III

But now to-day, good Mr. Gray,
I 've read it o'er and o'er:
Tried all my skill, but find I 'm still
Just where I was before.

IV

We auld wives' minions gie our opinions,
  Solicited or no;
Then of its fauts my honest thoughts
  I 'll give—and here they go:

V

Such damn'd bombást no age that 's past
  Can show, nor time to come;
So, Symon dear, your song I 'll tear,
  And with it wipe my bum.

TO MISS FERRIER

I

Nae heathen name shall I prefix
  Frae Pindus or Parnassus;
Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks — Edinburgh knocks
  For rhyme-inspiring lasses.

II

Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three — daughters
  Made Homer deep their debtor;
But gien the body half an e'e, — given; fellow
  Nine Ferriers wad done better! — would have

III

Yesterday Last day my mind was in a bog;
stumbled Down George's Street I stoited;
A creeping, cauld, prosaic fog
muddled My very senses doited;

IV

could Do what I dought to set her free,
soul My saul lay in the mire:
corner Ye turned a neuk, I saw your e'e,
She took the wing like fire!

V

[Notes] The mournfu' sang I here enclose,
In gratitude I send you,
And pray, in rhyme as weel as prose,
A' guid things may attend you!

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA

I

When dear Clarinda, matchless fair,
First struck Sylvander's raptur'd view,
He gaz'd, he listened to despair—
Alas! 'twas all he dared to do.

II

Love from Clarinda's heavenly eyes
Transfix'd his bosom thro' and thro,
But still in Friendship's guarded guise—
For more the demon fear'd to do.

III

That heart, already more than lost,
The imp beleaguer'd all *perdu*;
For frowning Honor kept his post—
To meet that frown he shrunk to do.

IV

His pangs the Bard refus'd to own,
Tho' half he wish'd Clarinda knew;
But Anguish wrung the unweeting groan—
Who blames what frantic Pain must do?

V

That heart, where motley follies blend,
Was sternly still to Honor true:
To prove Clarinda's fondest friend
Was what a lover, sure, might do!

VI

The Muse his ready quill employ'd;
No nearer bliss he could pursue;
That bliss Clarinda cold deny'd—
'Send word by Charles how you do!'

VII

The chill behest disarm'd his Muse,
Till Passion all impatient grew:
He wrote, and hinted for excuse,
'Twas 'cause he 'd nothing else to do.'

VIII

But by those hopes I have above!
And by those faults I dearly rue!
The deed, the boldest mark of love,
For thee that deed I dare to do!

IX

O, could the Fates but name the price
Would bless me with your charms and you,
With frantic joy I 'd pay it thrice,
If human art or power could do!

X

Then take, Clarinda, friendship's hand
(Friendship, at least, I may avow),
And lay no more your chill command—
I 'll write, whatever I 've to do.

SYLVANDER.

Wednesday night

TO CLARINDA

WITH A PAIR OF WINE-GLASSES

I

Fair Empress of the Poet's soul
And Queen of Poetesses,
Clarinda, take this little boon,
This humble pair of glasses;

II

And fill them up with generous juice,
As generous as your mind;
And pledge them to the generous toast:
'The whole of human kind!'

III

'To those who love us!' second fill;
But not to those whom *we* love,
Lest we love those who love not us!
A third:—'To thee and me, love!'

TO HUGH PARKER

In this strange land, this uncouth clime,
A land unknown to prose or rhyme;
hackles Where words ne'er cros't the Muse's heckles,
Nor limpit in poetic shackles:
A land that Prose did never view it,
staggered Except when drunk he stacher't thro' it:
chimney corner Here, ambush'd by the chimla cheek,
smoke Hid in an atmosphere of reek,
[Notes] I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk,
I hear it—for in vain I leuk:
The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel
Enhuskèd by a fog infernal.
Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures,
I sit and count my sins by chapters;
spirit For life and spunk like ither Christians,
I'm dwindled down to mere existence;
creatures Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies,
Wi' nae kend face but Jenny Geddes.
Jenny, my Pegasean pride,
Drooping Dowie she saunters down Nithside,
westerly look And ay a westlin leuk she throws,
hop While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose!

Was it for this wi' cannie care — prudent
Thou bure the Bard through many a shire? — bore
At howes or hillocks never stumbled, — hollows
And late or early never grumbled?
O, had I power like inclination,
I 'd heeze thee up a constellation! — hoist
To canter with the Sagitarre, — Centaur
Or loup the Ecliptic like a bar, — leap
Or turn the Pole like any arrow;
Or, when auld Phœbus bids good-morrow,
Down the Zodíac urge the race,
And cast dirt on his godship's face:
For I could lay my bread and kail — bet; broth
He 'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail! . . . — salt
Wi' a' this care and a' this grief,
And sma', sma' prospect of relief,
And nought but peat reek i' my head,
How can I write what ye can read?—
Tarbolton, twenty-fourth o' June,
Ye 'll find me in a better tune;
But till we meet and weet our whistle,
Tak this excuse for nae epistle.

ROBERT BURNS.

TO ALEX. CUNNINGHAM

ELLISLAND IN NITHSDALE,
July 27th, 1788

I

My godlike friend—nay, do not stare:
You think the praise is odd-like?
But 'God is Love,' the saints declare;
Then surely thou art god-like!

II

And is thy ardour still the same,
And kindled still in Anna?
Others may boast a partial flame,
But thou art a volcano!

III

Even Wedlock asks not love beyond
Death's tie-dissolving portal;
But thou, omnipotently fond,
May'st promise love immortal!

IV

Thy wounds such healing powers defy,
Such symptoms dire attend them,
That last great antihectic try—
Marriage perhaps may mend them.

V

Sweet Anna has an air—a grace,
Divine, magnetic, touching!
She takes, she charms—but who can trace
The process of bewitching?

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ., OF FINTRY

REQUESTING A FAVOUR

When Nature her great master-piece design'd,
And fram'd her last, best work, the human mind,
Her eye intent on all the wondrous plan,
She form'd of various stuff the various Man.

The useful many first, she calls them forth—
Plain plodding Industry and sober Worth:
Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
And merchandise' whole genus take their birth;
Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
And all mechanics' many-apron'd kinds.
Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet—
The lead and buoy are needful to the net:
The *caput mortuum* of gross desires
Makes a material for mere knights and squires;
The martial phosphorus is taught to flow;
She kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,

Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs—
Law, physic, politics, and deep divines;
Last, she sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,
The flashing elements of female souls.

The order'd system fair before her stood;
Nature, well pleas'd, pronounc'd it very good;
Yet ere she gave creating labour o'er,
Half-jest, she tried one curious labour more.
Some spumy, fiery, *ignis fatuus* matter,
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter;
With arch-alacrity and conscious glee
(Nature may have her whim as well as we:
Her Hogarth-art, perhaps she meant to show it),
She forms the thing, and christens it—a Poet:
Creature, tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow,
When blest to-day, unmindful of to-morrow;
A being form'd t' amuse his graver friends;
Admir'd and prais'd—and there the wages ends;
A mortal quite unfit for Fortune's strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life;
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live;
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.

But honest Nature is not quite a Turk:
She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work.

Viewing the propless climber of mankind,
She cast about a standard tree to find;
In pity for his helpless woodbine state,
She clasp'd his tendrils round the truly great:
A title, and the only one I claim,
To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.

Pity the hapless Muses' tuneful train!
Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main,
Their hearts no selfish, stern, absorbent stuff,
That never gives—tho' humbly takes—enough:
The little Fate allows, they share as soon,
Unlike sage, proverb'd Wisdom's hard-wrung boon.
The world were blest did bliss on them depend—
Ah, that 'the friendly e'er should want a friend!'
Let Prudence number o'er each sturdy son
Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
Who feel by reason, and who give by rule
(Instinct's a brute, and Sentiment a fool!),
Who make poor 'will do' wait upon 'I should'—
We own they're prudent, but who owns they're good?
Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye,
God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy!
But come ye who the godlike pleasure know,
Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow!
Whose arms of love would grasp all human race:
Come thou who giv'st with all a courtier's grace—
Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes,
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times!

Why shrinks my soul, half blushing, half afraid,
Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid?
I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
I tax thy friendship at thy kind command.
But there are such who court the tuneful Nine
(Heavens! should the branded character be mine!),
Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
Mark, how their lofty independent spirit
Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit!
Seek you the proofs in private life to find?
Pity the best of words should be but wind!
So to Heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.
In all the clam'rous cry of starving want,
They dun Benevolence with shameless front;
Oblige them, patronise their tinsel lays—
They persecute you all your future days!

Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
My horny fist assume the plough again!
The pie-bald jacket let me patch once more!
On eighteenpence a week I've liv'd before.
Tho', thanks to Heaven, I dare even that last shift,
I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift:
That, plac'd by thee upon the wish'd-for height,
With man and nature fairer in her sight,
My Muse may imp her wing for some sublimer
flight.

IMPROMPTU TO CAPTAIN RIDDELL

ON RETURNING A NEWSPAPER

ELLISLAND, *Monday Evening*

I

Your News and Review, Sir,
I've read through and through, Sir,
With little admiring or blaming:
The Papers are barren
Of home-news or foreign—
No murders or rapes worth the naming.

II

Our friends, the Reviewers,
Those chippers and hewers,
Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir;
But of meet or unmeet
In a fabric complete
I'll boldly pronounce they are none, Sir.

III

My goose-quill too rude is
To tell all your goodness
Bestow'd on your servant, the Poet;
Would to God I had one
Like a beam of the sun,
And then all the world, Sir, should know it!

REPLY TO A NOTE FROM CAPTAIN RIDDELL

ELLISLAND

DEAR Sir, at onie time or tide
I 'd rather sit wi' you than ride,
Tho' 'twere wi' royal Geordie:
And trowth! your kindness soon and late
makes; sheepish Aft gars me to mysel look blate—
The Lord in Heaven reward ye!

R. BURNS.

TO JAMES TENNANT OF GLENCONNER

AULD comrade dear and brither sinner,
How 's a' the folk about Glenconner?
livid; easterly How do you this blae eastlin wind,
That 's like to blaw a body blind?
For me, my faculties are frozen,
torpid My dearest member nearly dozen'd.
I 've sent you here, by Johnie Simson,
Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on:
Smith wi' his sympathetic feeling,
An' Reid to common sense appealing.
Philosophers have fought and wrangled,
much An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled,
Till, wi' their logic-jargon tir'd
And in the depth of science mir'd,
To common sense they now appeal—
women; weavers What wives and wabsters see and feel!

But, hark ye, friend! I charge you strictly,
Peruse them, an' return them quickly:
For now I 'm grown sae cursed douse — serious
I pray and ponder butt the house; — in the kitchen
My shins my lane I there sit roastin, — alone
Perusing Bunyan, Brown, an' Boston; — [Notes]
Till by an' by, if I haud on, — hold
I 'll grunt a reàl gospel groan.
Already I begin to try it,
To cast my een up like a pyet, — eyes; magpie
When by the gun she tumbles o'er,
Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore:
Sae shortly you shall see me bright, — So
A burning an' a shining light.

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,
The ace an' wale of honest men: — pick
When bending down wi' auld grey hairs
Beneath the load of years and cares,
May He who made him still support him,
An' views beyond the grave comfórt him!
His worthy fam'ly far and near,
God bless them a' wi' grace and gear! — wealth

My auld schoolfellow, preacher Willie,
The manly tar, my Mason-billie, — -brother
And Auchenbay, I wish him joy;
If he 's a parent, lass or boy,
May he be dad and Meg the mither
Just five-and-forty years thegither!

And no forgetting wabster Charlie,
promises — I'm tauld he offers very fairly.
Sandie — An', Lord, remember singing Sannock
whole; [Notes] — Wi' hale breeks, saxpence, an' a bannock!
And next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy,
Since she is fitted to her fancy,
directed to — An' her kind stars hae airted till her
chap; little — A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller!
My kindest, best respects, I sen' it,
To cousin Kate, an' sister Janet:
Tell them, frae me, wi' chiels be cautious,
may be; troublesome — For, faith! they'll aiblins fin' them fashious;
To grant a heart is fairly civil,
But to grant a maidenhead 's the devil!
An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel,
May guardian angels tak a spell,
An' steer you seven miles south o' Hell!
But first, before you see Heaven's glory,
May ye get monie a merry story,
Monie a laugh and monie a drink,
coin — And ay eneugh o' needfu' clink!

Now fare ye weel, an' joy be wi' you!
For my sake, this I beg it o' you:
Assist poor Simson a' ye can;
Ye 'll fin' him just an honest man.
leave; song — Sae I conclude, and quat my chanter,
Yours, saint or sinner,

RAB THE RANTER.

TO JOHN M'MURDO

WITH SOME OF THE AUTHOR'S POEMS

I

O, could I give thee India's wealth,
As I this trifle send!
Because thy Joy in both would be
To share them with a friend!

II

But golden sands did never grace
The Heliconian stream;
Then take what gold could never buy—
An honest Bard's esteem.

SONNET TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ. OF FINTRY

ON RECEIVING A FAVOUR, 19TH AUGUST 1789

I call no Goddess to inspire my strains:
A fabled Muse may suit a Bard that feigns.
Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns,
And all the tribute of my heart returns,
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
The gift still dearer, as the giver you.

Thou orb of day! thou other paler light!
And all ye many sparkling stars of night!
If aught that giver from my mind efface,
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace,
Then roll to me along your wand'ring spheres
Only to number out a villain's years!

I lay my hand upon my swelling breast,
And grateful would, but cannot, speak the rest.

EPISTLE TO DR. BLACKLOCK

ELLISLAND, 21*st Oct.*, 1789.

I

proud
in health; jolly
little excursion
set you up

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie!
And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie?
I kend it still, your wee bit jauntie
Wad bring ye to:
Lord send you ay as weel's I want ye,
And then ye'll do!

II

Devil

The Ill-Thief blaw the Heron south,
And never drink be near his drouth!

He tauld mysel by word o' mouth,
He 'd tak my letter:
I lippen'd to the chiel in trowth, trusted; chap
And bade nae better. asked

III

But aiblins honest Master Heron may be
Had at the time some dainty fair one
To ware his theologic care on spend
And holy study,
And, tired o' sauls to waste his lear on, souls; learning
E'en tried the body.

IV

But what d'ye think, my trusty fier? companion
I 'm turned a gauger—Peace be here!
Parnassian queires, I fear, I fear,
Ye 'll now disdain me,
And then my fifty pounds a year
Will little gain me!

V

Ye glaikit, gleesome, dainty damies, giddy
Wha by Castalia's wimplin streamies winding
Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies, Dance
Ye ken, ye ken,
That strang necessity supreme is
'Mang sons o' men.

VI

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies;
must; [Notes]; scraps of clothes They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies:
Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is—
I need na vaunt—
prune; weave willow twigs But I 'll sned besoms, thraw saugh woodies,
Before they want.

VII

Lord help me thro' this warld o' care!
early I 'm weary—sick o't late and air!
Not but I hae a richer share
Than monie ithers;
one But why should ae man better fare,
And a' men brithers?

VIII

Come, firm Resolve, take thou the van,
male-hemp Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man!
remember And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair:
Wha does the utmost that he can
sometimes Will whyles do mair.

IX

But to conclude my silly rhyme
(I 'm scant o' verse and scant o' time):

To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife, children
That 's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

X

My compliments to sister Beckie,
And eke the same to honest Lucky: [Notes]
I wat she is a daintie chuckie hen
As e'er tread clay: trod
And gratefully, my guid auld cockie,
I 'm yours for ay.

ROBERT BURNS.

TO A GENTLEMAN

WHO HAD SENT A NEWSPAPER, AND OFFERED TO CONTINUE IT FREE OF EXPENSE

KIND SIR, I 've read your paper through,
And faith, to me 'twas really new!
How guessed ye, Sir, what maist I wanted?
This monie a day I 've grain'd and gaunted, groaned; gaped
To ken what French mischief was brewin;
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; muddy
That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph, bottom-smacker; [Notes]
If Venus yet had got his nose off;
Or how the collieshangie works squabble
Atween the Russians and the Turks; Between

[Notes]
Twelfth
spoke of it
lease
hanging
castrate

Or if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the Twalt;
If Denmark, any body spak o't;
Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't;
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin;
How libbet Italy was singing;
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss
Were sayin or takin aught amiss;
Or how our merry lads at hame
In Britain's court kept up the game:
How royal George—the Lord leuk o'er him!—

assembly
crafty
giddy; fist

Was managing St. Stephen's quorum;
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin,
Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in;

itching
assessments; dues in kind; extended

How Daddie Burke the plea was cookin;
If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin;
How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd,
Or if bare arses yet were tax'd;
The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-girls;

mad younker
wenches'
aught sedater
country stallion

If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,
Was threshin still at hizzies' tails;
Or if he was grown oughtlins douser,
And no a perfect kintra cooser:
A' this and mair I never heard of,
And, but for you, I might despair'd of.
So, gratefu', back your news I send you,
And pray a' guid things may attend you!

ELLISLAND, *Monday Morning*

TO PETER STUART

Dear Peter, dear Peter,
We poor sons of metre
Are often negleckit, ye ken·
For instance your sheet, man
(Tho' glad I 'm to see 't, man),
I get it no ae day in ten. not one

TO JOHN MAXWELL, ESQ. OF TERRAUGHTIE

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY

I

Health to the Maxwells' vet'ran Chief!
Health ay unsour'd by care or grief!
Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf
This natal morn:
I see thy life is stuff o' prief, stuff of proof
Scarce quite half-worn.

II

This day thou metes threescore eleven,
And I can tell that bounteous Heaven

(The second-sight, ye ken, is given
every To ilka Poet)
lease On thee a tack o' seven times seven,
Will yet bestow it.

III

younkers If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
Thy lengthen'd days on thy blest morrow,
May Desolation's lang-teeth'd harrow,
Nine miles an' hour,
Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
dust In brunstane stoure!

IV

But for thy friends, and they are monie,
Baith honest men and lasses bonie,
loving; quiet May couthie Fortune, kind and cannie
In social glee,
Wi' mornings blythe and e'enings funny
Bless them and thee!

V

fellow Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye,
touch And then the Deil, he daurna steer ye!
Your friends ay love, your foes ay fear ye!
befall For me, shame fa' me,
next; do not If neist my heart I dinna wear ye,
While Burns they ca' me!

TO WILLIAM STEWART

In honest Bacon's ingle-neuk — chimney-corner
Here maun I sit and think, — must
Sick o' the warld and warld's folk,
An' sick, damn'd sick, o' drink!
I see, I see there is nae help,
But still doun I maun sink,
Till some day laigh enough I yelp:— — low
'Wae worth that cursed drink!' — Alas
Yestreen, alas! I was sae fu' — Last night; drunk
I could but yisk and wink; — hiccup
And now, this day, sair, sair I rue — sorely
The weary, weary drink.
Satan, I fear thy sooty claws,
I hate thy brunstane stink,
And ay I curse the luckless cause—
The wicked soup o' drink. — sup
In vain I would forget my woes
In idle rhyming clink,
For, past redemption damn'd in prose,
I can do nought but drink.
To you my trusty, well-tried friend,
May heaven still on you blink! — smile
And may your life flow to the end,
Sweet as a dry man's drink!

INSCRIPTION TO MISS GRAHAM OF FINTRY

I

Here, where the Scottish Muse immortal lives
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
Accept the gift! Though humble he who gives,
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

II

So may no ruffian feeling in thy breast,
Discordant, jar thy bosom-chords among!
But Peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
Or Love ecstatic wake his seraph song!

III

Or Pity's notes in luxury of tears,
As modest Want the tale of woe reveals;
While conscious Virtue all the strain endears,
And heaven-born Piety her sanction seals!

Robert Burns.

Dumfries, 31*st January* 1794

REMORSEFUL APOLOGY

I

THE friend whom, wild from Wisdom's way,
The fumes of wine infuriate send
(Not moony madness more astray),
Who but deplores that hapless friend?

II

Mine was th' insensate, frenzied part—
Ah! why should I such scenes outlive?
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!
'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

TO COLLECTOR MITCHELL

I

FRIEND of the Poet tried and leal, true
Wha wanting thee might beg or steal;
Alake, alake, the meikle Deil big
Wi' a' his witches
Are at it, skelpin jig an' reel dancing
In my poor pouches! pockets

II

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it, would
That One-pound-one, I sairly want it;

maid — If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
It would be kind;
throbbed — And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted,
I 'd bear 't in mind!

III

go — So may the Auld Year gang out moanin
To see the New come laden, groanin
down the road — Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin
To thee and thine:
Domestic peace and comforts crownin
whole — The hale design!

POSTSCRIPT

IV

beaten — Ye 've heard this while how I 've been licket,
nailed — And by fell Death was nearly nicket:
sleeve-waistcoat — Grim loon! He got me by the fecket,
And sair me sheuk;
leapt — But by guid luck I lap a wicket,
corner — And turn'd a neuk.

V

But by that health, I 've got a share o't,
And by that life, I 'm promis'd mair o't,
health; welfare — My hale and weel, I 'll tak a care o't
more watchful — A tentier way;
Then farewell Folly, hide and hair o't,
For ance and ay!

TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER

I

My honor'd Colonel, deep I feel
Your interest in the Poet's weal:
Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel — climb
The steep Parnassus,
Surrounded thus by bolus pill
And potion glasses.

II

O, what a canty warld were it, — jolly
Would pain and care and sickness spare it,
And Fortune favor worth and merit
As they deserve,
And ay a rowth—roast-beef and claret!— — plenty
Syne, wha wad starve? — Then; would

III

Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her,
And in paste gems and frippery deck her,
Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker — uncertain
I 've found her still:
Ay wavering, like the willow-wicker,
'Tween good and ill!

IV

[Notes]
Then that curst carmagnole, Auld Satan,
the cat; rat
Watches, like baudrons by a ratton,
soul; clutch
Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on
Wi' felon ire;
salt
Syne, whip! his tail ye 'll ne'er cast saut on—
He 's aff like fire.

V

Ah Nick! Ah Nick! it is na fair,
First showing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonie lasses rare,
send us wild
To put us daft;
Then
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare
weft
O' Hell's damned waft!

VI

Poor Man, the flie, aft bizzes by,
And aft, as chance he comes thee nigh,
itches
Thy damn'd auld elbow yeuks wi' joy
And hellish pleasure
Already in thy fancy's eye
certain
Thy sicker treasure!

VII

topsy-turvy
Soon, heels o'er gowdie, in he gangs,
tongs [for singeing]
And, like a sheep-head on a tangs,

Thy girnin laugh enjoys his pangs grinning
And murdering wrestle,
As, dangling in the wind, he hangs
A gibbét's tassle.

VIII

But lest you think I am uncivil
To plague you with this draunting drivel, tedious
Abjuring a' intentions evil,
I quat my pen: quit
The Lord preserve us frae the Devil!
Amen! Amen!

TO MISS JESSIE LEWARS

THINE be the volumes, Jessie fair,
And with them take the Poet's prayer:
That Fate may in her fairest page,
With ev'ry kindliest, best presage
Of future bliss enrol thy name;
With native worth, and spotless fame,
And wakeful caution, still aware
Of ill—but chief Man's felon snare!
All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind—
These be thy guardian and reward!
So prays thy faithful friend, the Bard.

ROBERT BURNS.

June 26th, 1796

INSCRIPTION

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A COPY OF THE LAST EDITION OF MY POEMS, PRESENTED TO THE LADY WHOM, IN SO MANY FICTITIOUS REVERIES OF PASSION, BUT WITH THE MOST ARDENT SENTIMENTS OF REAL FRIENDSHIP, I HAVE SO OFTEN SUNG UNDER THE NAME OF CHLORIS

I

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair Friend,
Nor thou the gift refuse;
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralising Muse.

II

Since thou in all thy youth and charms
Must bid the world adieu
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms),
To join the friendly few;

III

Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lour
(And ne'er Misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower);

IV

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more:
  Still much is left behind,
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store—
  The comforts of the mind!

V

Thine is the self-approving glow
  Of conscious honor's part;
And (dearest gift of Heaven below)
  Thine Friendship's truest heart;

VI

The joys refin'd of sense and taste,
  With every Muse to rove:
And doubly were the Poet blest,
  These joys could he improve.

Une Bagatelle de l'Amitié

COILA

THEATRICAL PIECES

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODS ON HIS BENEFIT NIGHT, MONDAY, 16TH APRIL, 1787

When by a generous Public's kind acclaim
That dearest need is granted—honest fame;
When here your favour is the actor's lot,
Nor even the man in private life forgot;
What breast so dead to heavenly Virtue's glow
But heaves impassion'd with the grateful throe?

Poor is the task to please a barb'rous throng:
It needs no Siddons's powers in Southern's song.
But here an ancient nation, fam'd afar
For genius, learning high, as great in war.
Hail, Caledonia, name for ever dear!
Before whose sons I 'm honor'd to appear!
Where every science, every nobler art,
That can inform the mind or mend the heart,
Is known (as grateful nations oft have found),
Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound!

Philosophy, no idle pedant dream,
Here holds her search by heaven-taught Reason's beam;
Here History paints with elegance and force
The tide of Empire's fluctuating course;
Here *Douglas* forms wild Shakspeare into plan,
And Harley rouses all the God in man.
When well-form'd taste and sparkling wit unite
With manly lore, or female beauty bright
(Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace
Can only charm us in the second place),
Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear,
As on this night, I 've met these judges here!
But still the hope Experience taught to live:
Equal to judge, you 're candid to forgive.
No hundred-headed Riot here we meet,
With Decency and Law beneath his feet;
Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name:
Like Caledonians you applaud or blame!

O Thou, dread Power, Whose empire-giving hand
Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honor'd land!
Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire;
May every son be worthy of his sire;
Firm may she rise, with generous disdain
At Tyranny's, or direr Pleasure's chain;
Still self-dependent in her native shore,
Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar,
Till Fate the curtain drop on worlds to be no more!

PROLOGUE SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE OF DUMFRIES

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY EVENING, 1790

No song nor dance I bring from yon great city
That queens it o'er our taste—the more 's the pity!
Tho', by the bye, abroad why will you roam?
Good sense and taste are natives here at home.
But not for panegýric I appear:
I come to wish you all a good New Year!
Old Father Time deputes me here before ye,
Not for to preach, but tell his simple story.
The sage, grave Ancient cough'd, and bade me say:
'You're one year older this important day.'
If wiser too—he hinted some suggestion,
But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question;
And with a would-be-roguish leer and wink
He bade me on you press this one word—Think!

Ye sprightly youths, quite flush with hope and spirit,
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
To you the dotard has a deal to say,
In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way!
He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle;

That, tho' some by the skirt may try to snatch him,
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him;
That, whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
You may do miracles by persevering.

Last, tho' not least in love, ye youthful fair,
Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care!
To you old Bald-Pate smoothes his wrinkled brow,
And humbly begs you'll mind the important—Now!
To crown your happiness he asks your leave,
And offers bliss to give and to receive.

For our sincere, tho' haply weak endeavours,
With grateful pride we own your many favours;
And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it,
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.

SCOTS PROLOGUE FOR MRS. SUTHERLAND

ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES
MARCH 3RD, 1790

What needs this din about the town o' Lon'on,
How this new play an' that new song is comin?
Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted? much
Does Nonsense mend like brandy—when imported?

Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
Will bauldly try to gie us plays at hame?
For Comedy abroad he need na toil:
A knave and fool are plants of every soil.
Nor need he stray as far as Rome or Greece
To gather matter for a serious piece:
There's themes enow in Caledonian story
Would show the tragic Muse in a' her glory.

Is there no daring Bard will rise and tell
How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell?
Where are the Muses fled that could produce
A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce?
How here, even here, he first unsheath'd the sword
'Gainst mighty England and her guilty lord,
And after monie a bloody, deathless doing,
Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of Ruin!
O, for a Shakespeare, or an Otway scene
To paint the lovely, hapless Scottish Queen!
Vain all th' omnipotence of female charms
'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms!
She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,
To glut the vengeance of a rival woman:
A woman (tho' the phrase may seem uncivil)
As able—and as cruel—as the Devil!
One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
But Douglasses were heroes every age;

And tho' your fathers, prodigal of life,
A Douglas followed to the martial strife,
Perhaps, if bowls row right, and Right succeeds, roll
Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads!

As ye hae generous done, if a' the land
Would take the Muses' servants by the hand;
Not only hear, but patronize, befriend them,
And where ye justly can commend, commend them;
And aiblins, when they winna stand the test, perhaps; will not
Wink hard, and say: 'The folks hae done their best!'
Would a' the land do this, then I'll be caition go bail
Ye'll soon hae Poets o' the Scottish nation
Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack, make
And warsle Time, an' lay him on his back! grapple

For us and for our stage, should onie spier:— ask
'Whase aught thae chiels maks a' this bustle here?' Who owns those fellows
My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow:—
'We have the honor to belong to you!'
We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,
But like good mithers, shore before ye strike; warn
And gratefu' still, I trust ye'll ever find us
For gen'rous patronage and meikle kindness
We've got frae a' professions, setts an' ranks:
God help us! we're but poor—ye'se get but ye'll
thanks!

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN

An Occasional Address

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT
NOVEMBER 26, 1792

While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
The fate of empires and the fall of kings;
While quacks of State must each produce his plan,
And even children lisp the Rights of Man;
Amid this mighty fuss just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First, in the sexes' intermix'd connexion
One sacred Right of Woman is Protection:
The tender flower, that lifts its head elate,
Helpless must fall before the blasts of fate,
Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.

Our second Right—but needless here is caution—
To keep that right inviolate 's the fashion:

Each man of sense has it so full before him,
He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis Decorum!
There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,
A time, when rough rude Man had naughty ways:
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot, [Notes]
Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet!
Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled;
Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred—
Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest:
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
Which even the Rights of Kings, in low prostration,
Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear Admiration!
In that blest sphere alone we live and move;
There taste that life of life—Immortal Love.
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs—
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares?
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions;
Let Majesty your first attention summon:
Ah! ça ira! the Majesty of Woman!

ADDRESS

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT, DECEMBER 4TH, 1793, AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES

Still anxious to secure your partial favor,
And not less anxious, sure, this night than ever.
A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better:
So sought a Poet roosted near the skies;
Told him I came to feast my curious eyes;
Said, nothing like his works was ever printed;
And last, my prologue-business slily hinted.
'Ma'am, let me tell you,' quoth my man of rhymes,
'I know your bent—these are no laughing times:
Can you—but, Miss, I own I have my fears—
Dissolve in pause, and sentimental tears?
With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance?
Paint Vengeance, as he takes his horrid stand,
Waving on high the desolating brand,
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land?'

I could no more! Askance the creature eyeing:—
'D'ye think,' said I, 'this face was made for crying?
I'll laugh, that's poz—nay more, the world shall know it;
And so, your servant! gloomy Master Poet!'

Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief
That Misery's another word for Grief.
I also think (so may I be a bride !)
That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye ;
Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—
To make three guineas do the work of five ;
Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch—
Say, you 'll be merry, tho' you can't be rich !

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love !
Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove ;
Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck—
Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
Peerest to meditate the healing leap :
Would'st thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf ?
Laugh at her follies, laugh e'en at thyself ;
Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
And love a kinder : that 's your grand specific.

To sum up all : be merry, I advise ;
And as we 're merry, may we still be wise !

POLITICAL PIECES

ADDRESS OF BEELZEBUB

To the Right Honorable the Earl of Breadalbane, President of the Right Honorable the Highland Society, which met on the 23rd of May last, at the *Shakespeare*, Covent Garden, to concert ways and means to frustrate the designs of five hundred Highlanders who, as the Society were informed by Mr. M'Kenzie of Applecross, were so audacious as to attempt an escape from their lawful lords and masters whose property they were, by emigrating from the lands of Mr. Macdonald of Glengary to the wilds of Canada, in search of that fantastic thing—Liberty.

Long life, my lord, an' health be yours,
Unharmed Unskaith'd by hunger'd Highland boors!
ragged Lord grant nae duddie, desperate beggar,
Wi' dirk, claymore, or rusty trigger,
rob May twin auld Scotland o' a life
She likes—as lambkins like a knife!

Faith! you and Applecross were right
To keep the Highland hounds in sight!
offer I doubt na! they wad bid nae better
Than let them ance out owre the water!

Then up amang thae lakes and seas, — those
They 'll mak what rules and laws they please:
Some daring Hancock, or a Franklin,
May set their Highland bluid a-ranklin;
Some Washington again may head them,
Or some Montgomerie, fearless, lead them;
Till (God knows what may be effected
When by such heads and hearts directed)
Poor dunghill sons of dirt an' mire
May to Patrician rights aspire!
Nae sage North now, nor sager Sackville,
To watch and premier owre the pack vile!
An' whare will ye get Howes and Clintons
To bring them to a right repentance?
To cowe the rebel generation, — scare
An' save the honor o' the nation?
They, an' be damn'd! what right hae they
To meat or sleep or light o' day,
Far less to riches, pow'r, or freedom,
But what your lordship likes to gie them?

But hear, my lord! Glengary, hear!
Your hand 's owre light on them, I fear: — too
Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bailies,
I canna say but they do gaylies: — gaily
They lay aside a' tender mercies,
An' tirl the hullions to the birses. — strip; slovens; bristles;
Yet while they 're only poind and herriet, — distrained; robbed
They 'll keep their stubborn Highland spirit.

chips — But smash them! crush them a' to spails,
bankrupts — An' rot the dyvors i' the jails!
The young dogs, swinge them to the labour:
Let wark an' hunger mak them sober!
girls; at all good-looking — The hizzies, if they 're aughtlins fawsont,
Let them in Drury Lane be lesson'd!
An' if the wives an' dirty brats
begging; gates — Come thiggin at your doors an' yetts,
flapping with rags; vermin — Flaffin wi' duds an' grey wi' beas',
ducks — Frightin awa your deuks an' geese,
bull dog — Get out a horsewhip or a jowler,
The langest thong, the fiercest growler,
make — An' gar the tatter'd gypsies pack
Wi' a' their bastards on their back!

long — Go on, my Lord! I lang to meet you,
An' in my 'house at hame' to greet you.
shall not — Wi' common lords ye shanna mingle:
inmost corner; fireside — The benmost neuk beside the ingle,
At my right han' assigned your seat
'Tween Herod's hip an' Polycrate,
weary — Or (if you on your station tarrow)
Between Almagro and Pizarro,
A seat, I 'm sure ye 're weel deservin 't;
An' till ye come—your humble servant,

BEELZEBUB.

HELL,
1*st June, Anno Mundi* 5790

BIRTHDAY ODE FOR 31ST DECEMBER 1787

AFAR the illustrious Exile roams,
Whom kingdoms on this day should hail,
An inmate in the casual shed,
On transient pity's bounty fed,
Haunted by busy Memory's bitter tale!
Beasts of the forest have their savage homes,
But He, who should imperial purple wear,
Owns not the lap of earth where rests his royal head:
His wretched refuge dark despair,
While ravening wrongs and woes pursue,
And distant far the faithful few
Who would his sorrows share!

False flatterer, Hope, away,
Nor think to lure us as in days of yore!
We solemnize this sorrowing natal day,
To prove our loyal truth—we can no more—
And, owning Heaven's mysterious sway,
Submissive, low, adore.
Ye honor'd, mighty Dead,
Who nobly perish'd in the glorious cause,
Your King, your Country, and her laws:
From great Dundee, who smiling Victory led

And fell a Martyr in her arms
(What breast of northern ice but warms!),
To bold Balmerino's undying name,
Whose soul of fire, lighted at Heaven's high flame,
Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim!

Not unrevenged your fate shall lie,
It only lags, the fatal hour:
Your blood shall with incessant cry
Awake at last th' unsparing Power.
As from the cliff, with thundering course,
The snowy ruin smokes along
With doubling speed and gathering force,
Till deep it, crushing, whelms the cottage in the vale,
So Vengeance' arm, ensanguin'd, strong,
Shall with resistless might assail,
Usurping Brunswick's pride shall lay,
And Stewart's wrongs and yours with tenfold weight
repay.

Perdition, baleful child of night,
Rise and revenge the injured right
Of Stewart's royal race!
Lead on the unmuzzled hounds of Hell,
Till all the frighted echoes tell
The blood-notes of the chase!
Full on the quarry point their view,
Full on the base usurping crew,
The tools of faction and the nation's curse!

Hark how the cry grows on the wind;
They leave the lagging gale behind;
Their savage fury, pityless, they pour;
With murdering eyes already they devour!
See Brunswick spent, a wretched prey,
His life one poor despairing day,
Where each avenging hour still ushers in a worse!
Such Havoc, howling all abroad,
Their utter ruin bring,
The base apostates to their God
Or rebels to their King!

ODE TO THE DEPARTED REGENCY BILL

Daughter of Chaos' doting years,
Nurse of ten thousand hopes and fears!
Whether thy airy, unsubstantial shade
(The rights of sepulture now duly paid)
Spread abroad its hideous form
On the roaring civil storm,
Deafening din and warring rage
Factions wild with factions wage;
Or Underground
Deep-sunk, profound

Among the demons of the earth,
With groans that make
The mountains shake
Thou mourn thy ill-starr'd blighted birth ;
Or in the uncreated Void,
Where seeds of future being fight,
With lighten'd step thou wander wide
To greet thy mother—Ancient Night—
And as each jarring monster-mass is past,
Fond recollect what once thou wast :
In manner due, beneath this sacred oak,
Hear, Spirit, hear ! thy presence I invoke !

By a Monarch's heaven-struck fate ;
By a disunited State ;
By a generous Prince's wrongs ;
By a Senate's war of tongues ;
By a Premier's sullen pride
Louring on the changing tide ;
By dread Thurlow's powers to awe—
Rhetoric, blasphemy and law ;
By the turbulent ocean,
A Nation's commotion ;
By the harlot-caresses
Of Borough addresses ;
By days few and evil ;
(Thy portion, poor devil !),

By Power, Wealth, and Show—the Gods by
men adored;
By nameless Poverty their Hell abhorred;
By all they hope, by all they fear,
Hear! and Appear!

Stare not on me, thou ghostly Power,
Nor, grim with chain'd defiance, lour!
No Babel-structure would I build
Where, Order exil'd from his native sway,
Confusion might the Regent-sceptre wield,
While all would rule and none obey.
Go, to the world of Man relate
The story of thy sad, eventful fate;
And call presumptuous Hope to hear
And bid him check his blind career;
And tell the sore-prest sons of Care
Never, never to despair!

Paint Charles's speed on wings of fire,
The object of his fond desire,
Beyond his boldest hopes, at hand.
Paint all the triumph of the Portland Band
(Hark! how they lift the joy-exulting voice,
And how their num'rous creditors rejoice!);
But just as hopes to warm enjoyment rise,
Cry 'Convalescence!' and the vision flies.

Then next pourtray a dark'ning twilight gloom
  Eclipsing sad a gay, rejoicing morn,
While proud Ambition to th' untimely tomb
  By gnashing, grim, despairing fiends is borne!
Paint Ruin, in the shape of high Dundas
  Gaping with giddy terror o'er the brow:
In vain he struggles, the Fates behind him press,
  And clamorous Hell yawns for her prey below!
How fallen That, whose pride late scaled the skies!
And This, like Lucifer, no more to rise!
  Again pronounce the powerful word:
See Day, triumphant from the night, restored!

  Then know this truth, ye Sons of Men
    (Thus ends thy moral tale):
  Your darkest terrors may be vain,
    Your brightest hopes may fail!

A NEW PSALM FOR THE CHAPEL OF KILMARNOCK

ON THE THANKSGIVING-DAY FOR HIS MAJESTY'S RECOVERY

I

O, SING a new song to the Lord!
  Make, all and every one,
A joyful noise, ev'n for the King
  His restoration!

II

The sons of Belial in the land
Did set their heads together.
'Come, let us sweep them off,' said they,
'Like an o'erflowing river!'

III

They set their heads together, I say,
They set their heads together:
On right, and left, and every hand,
We saw none to deliver.

IV

Thou madest strong two chosen ones,
To quell the Wicked's pride:
That Young Man, great in Issachar, [Notes]
The burden-bearing tribe;

V

And him, among the Princes, chief
In our Jerusalem,
The Judge that 's mighty in Thy law, [Notes]
The man that fears Thy name.

VI

Yet they, even they with all their strength,
Began to faint and fail;
Even as two howling, rav'ning wolves
To dogs do turn their tail.

VII

Th' ungodly o'er the just prevail'd ;
For so Thou hadst appointed,
That Thou might'st greater glory give
Unto Thine own anointed !

VIII

And now Thou hast restored our State,
Pity our Kirk also ;
For she by tribulations
Is now brought very low !

IX

Consume that high-place, Patronage,
From off Thy holy hill ;
And in Thy fury burn the book
Even of that man M'Gill !

X

Now hear our prayer, accept our song,
And fight Thy chosen's battle !
We seek but little, Lord, from Thee :
Thou kens we get as little !

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX

How Wisdom and Folly meet, mix, and unite,
How Virtue and Vice blend their black and their white,
How Genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,
Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction,
I sing. If these mortals, the critics, should bustle,
I care not, not I: let the critics go whistle!

But now for a Patron, whose name and whose glory
At once may illústrate and honor my story:—

Thou first of our orators, first of our wits,
Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits;
With knowledge so vast and with judgment so strong,
No man with the half of 'em e'er could go wrong;
With passions so potent and fancies so bright,
No man with the half of 'em e'er could go right;
A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses,
For using thy name, offers fifty excuses.

Good Lord, what is Man! For as simple he looks,
Do but try to develop his hooks and his crooks!
With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil,
All in all he's a problem must puzzle the Devil.

On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labors,
That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up its neighbours.
Human Nature's his show-box—your friend, would you know him?
Pull the string, Ruling Passion—the picture will show him.
What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
One trifling particular—Truth—should have miss'd him!
For, spite of his fine theoretic positions,
Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
And think Human Nature they truly describe:
Have you found this, or t'other? There's more in the wind,
As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find.

But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan
In the make of that wonderful creature called Man,
No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,
Nor even two different shades of the same,
Though like as was ever twin brother to brother,
Possessing the one shall imply you 've the other.

But truce with abstraction, and truce with a Muse
Whose rhymes you 'll perhaps, Sir, ne'er deign to peruse !
Will you leave your justings, your jars, and your quarrels,
Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels ?
My much-honour'd Patron, believe your poor Poet,
Your courage much more than your prudence, you show it.
In vain with Squire Billy for laurels you struggle:
He 'll have them by fair trade—if not, he will smuggle ;
Nor cabinets even of kings would conceal 'em,
He 'd up the back-stairs, and by God he would steal 'em !
Then feats like Squire Billy's, you ne'er can achieve 'em ;
It is not, out-do him—the task is, out-thieve him!

ON GLENRIDDELL'S FOX BREAKING HIS CHAIN

A FRAGMENT, 1791

THOU, Liberty, thou art my theme:
Not such as idle poets dream,
Who trick thee up a heathen goddess
That a fantastic cap and rod has!
Such stale conceits are poor and silly:
I paint thee out a Highland filly,
A sturdy, stubborn, handsome dapple,
As sleek 's a mouse, as round 's an apple,
That, when thou pleasest, can do wonders,
But when thy luckless rider blunders,
Or if thy fancy should demur there,
Wilt break thy neck ere thou go further.

These things premis'd, I sing a Fox—
Was caught among his native rocks,
And to a dirty kennel chained—
How he his liberty regained.

Glenriddell! a Whig without a stain,
A Whig in principle and grain,
Could'st thou enslave a free-born creature,
A native denizen of Nature?

How could'st thou, with a heart so good
(A better ne'er was sluiced with blood),
Nail a poor devil to a tree,
That ne'er did harm to thine or thee?

The staunchest Whig Glenriddell was,
Quite frantic in his country's cause;
And oft was Reynard's prison passing,
And with his brother-Whigs canvássing
The rights of men, the powers of women,
With all the dignity of Freemen.

Sir Reynard daily heard debates
Of princes', kings', and nations' fates,
With many rueful, bloody stories
Of tyrants, Jacobites, and Tories:
From liberty how angels fell,
That now are galley-slaves in Hell;
How Nimrod first the trade began
Of binding Slavery's chains on man;
How fell Semiramis—God damn her!—
Did first, with sacrilegious hammer
(All ills till then were trivial matters)
For Man dethron'd forge hen-peck fetters;
How Xerxes, that abandoned Tory,
Thought cutting throats was reaping glory,
Until the stubborn Whigs of Sparta
Taught him great Nature's Magna Charta;
How mighty Rome her fiat hurl'd
Resistless o'er a bowing world,

And, kinder than they did desire,
Polish'd mankind with sword and fire:
With much too tedious to relate
Of ancient and of modern date,
But ending still how Billy Pitt
(Unlucky boy!) with wicked wit
Has gagg'd old Britain, drained her coffer,
As butchers bind and bleed a heifer.

Thus wily Reynard, by degrees
In kennel listening at his ease,
Suck'd in a mighty stock of knowledge,
As much as some folks at a college;
Knew Britain's rights and constitution,
Her aggrandisement, diminution;
How Fortune wrought us good from evil:
Let no man, then, despise the Devil,
As who should say: 'I ne'er can need him,'
Since we to scoundrels owe our Freedom.

ON THE COMMEMORATION OF RODNEY'S VICTORY

KING'S ARMS, DUMFRIES, 12TH APRIL 1793

INSTEAD of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast:
Here's the Mem'ry of those on the Twelfth that we lost!—

We lost, did I say?—No, by Heav'n, that we found!
For their fame it shall live while the world goes round.
The next in succession I 'll give you: the King!
And who would betray him, on high may he swing!
And here 's the grand fabric, our Free Constitution
As built on the base of the great Revolution!
And, longer with Politics not to be cramm'd,
Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd!
And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
May his son be a hangman—and he his first trial!

ODE FOR GENERAL WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

No Spartan tube, no Attic shell,
No lyre Æolian I awake.
'Tis Liberty's bold note I swell:
Thy harp, Columbia, let me take!
See gathering thousands, while I sing,
A broken chain, exulting, bring
And dash it in a tyrant's face,
And dare him to his very beard,
And tell him he no more is fear'd,
No more the despot of Columbia's race!
A tyrant's proudest insults brav'd,
They shout a People freed! They hail an Empire sav'd!

Where is man's godlike form?
Where is that brow erect and bold,
That eye that can unmov'd behold
The wildest rage, the loudest storm
That e'er created Fury dared to raise?
Avaunt! thou caitiff, servile, base,
That tremblest at a despot's nod,
Yet, crouching under the iron rod,
Canst laud the arm that struck th' insulting blow!
Art thou of man's Imperial line?
Dost boast that countenance divine?
Each skulking feature answers: No!
But come, ye sons of Liberty,
Columbia's offspring, brave as free,
In danger's hour still flaming in the van,
Ye know, and dare maintain the Royalty of Man!

Alfred, on thy starry throne
Surrounded by the tuneful choir,
The Bards that erst have struck the patriot lyre,
And rous'd the freeborn Briton's soul of fire,
No more thy England own!
Dare injured nations form the great design
To make detested tyrants bleed?
Thy England execrates the glorious deed!
Beneath her hostile banners waving,
Every pang of honour braving,
England in thunder calls: 'The Tyrant's cause is mine!'

That hour accurst how did the fiends rejoice,
And Hell thro' all her confines raise th' exulting voice!
That hour which saw the generous English name
Link't with such damnèd deeds of everlasting shame!

Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
Fam'd for the martial deed, the heaven-taught song,
To thee I turn with swimming eyes!
Where is that soul of Freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty dead
Beneath that hallow'd turf where Wallace lies!
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death!
Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep!
Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath!
Is this the ancient Caledonian form,
Firm as her rock, resistless as her storm?
Show me that eye which shot immortal hate,
Blasting the Despot's proudest bearing!
Show me that arm which, nerv'd with thundering fate,
Crush'd Usurpation's boldest daring!
Dark-quench'd as yonder sinking star,
No more that glance lightens afar,
That palsied arm no more whirls on the waste of war.

THE FÊTE CHAMPETRE

TUNE: *Killiecrankie*

I

O, WHA will to Saint Stephen's House,
To do our errands there, man?
O, wha will to Saint Stephen's House
O' th' merry lads of Ayr, man?
Or will ye send a man o' law?
Or will ye send a sodger?
Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'
big The meikle Ursa-Major?

II

Come, will ye court a noble lord,
Or buy a score o' lairds, man?
For Worth and Honour pawn their word,
Their vote shall be Glencaird's, man.
Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine,
talk Anither gies them clatter;
Annbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste,
He gies a Fête Champetre.

III

When Love and Beauty heard the news
The gay green-woods amang, man,
Where, gathering flowers and busking bowers, dressing
They heard the blackbird's sang, man
A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss,
Sir Politics to fetter:
As theirs alone the patent bliss
To hold a Fête Champetre.

IV

Then mounted Mirth on gleesome wing,
O'er hill and dale she flew, man;
Ilk wimpling burn, ilk crystal spring, Each winding
Ilk glen and shaw she knew, man. wood
She summon'd every social sprite,
That sports by wood or water,
On th' bonie banks of Ayr to meet
And keep this Fête Champetre.

V

Cauld Boreas wi' his boisterous crew
Were bound to stakes like kye, man; cows
And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu', full
Clamb up the starry sky, man: Climbed

Reflected beams dwell in the streams,
Or down the current shatter;
The western breeze steals through the trees
To view this Fête Champetre.

VI

How many a robe sae gaily floats,
What sparkling jewels glance, man,
To Harmony's enchanting notes,
As moves the mazy dance, man!
The echoing wood, the winding flood
Like Paradise did glitter,
gate When angels met at Adam's yett
To hold their Fête Champetre.

VII

When Politics came there to mix
[Notes] And make his ether-stane, man,
He circled round the magic ground,
But entrance found he nane, man:
left He blush'd for shame, he quat his name,
Forswore it every letter,
Wi' humble prayer to join and share
This festive Fête Champetre.

THE FIVE CARLINS

TUNE: *Chevy Chase*

I

THERE was five carlins in the South: matrons
They fell upon a scheme
To send a lad to Lon'on town
To bring them tidings hame:

II

Nor only bring them tidings hame,
But do their errands there:
And aiblins gowd and honor baith maybe gold; both
Might be that laddie's share.

III

There was Maggie by the banks o' Nith,
A dame wi' pride eneugh;
And Marjorie o' the Monie Lochs,
A carlin auld and teugh;

IV

smirking

And Blinkin Bess of Annandale,
That dwelt near Solway-side;
And Brandy Jean, that took her gill
In Galloway sae wide;

V

And Black Joán, frae Crichton Peel,
O' gipsy kith an' kin:
more influential
Five wighter carlins were na found
The South countrie within.

VI

To send a lad to London town
They met upon a day;
And monie a knight and monie a laird
would go
This errand fain wad gae.

VII

O, monie a knight and monie a laird
This errand fain wad gae;
But nae ane could their fancy please,
two
O, ne'er a ane but tway!

VIII

The first ane was a belted Knight,
Bred of a Border band;
And he wad gae to London Town,
Might nae man him withstand;

IX

And he wad do their errands weel,
  And meikle he wad say; — much
And ilka ane at London court — every
  Wad bid to him guid-day.

X

The neist cam in, a Soger boy, — next
  And spak wi' modest grace;
And he wad gae to London Town,
  If sae their pleasure was.

XI

He wad na hecht them courtly gifts, — promise
  Nor meikle speech pretend;
But he wad hecht an honest heart
  Wad ne'er desert his friend.

XII

Now wham to chuse and wham refuse
  At strife thae carlins fell; — those
For some had gentle folk to please,
  And some wad please themsel. — themselves

XIII

Then out spak mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith, — -mouthed
  And she spak up wi' pride,
And she wad send the Soger lad,
  Whatever might betide.

XIV

the King For the auld Guidman o' London court
She didna care a pin;
But she wad send the Soger lad
To greet his eldest son.

XV

Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale,
oath And swore a deadly aith,
Says:—'I will send the belted Knight,
Spite of you carlins baith!

XVI

'For far-aff fowls hae feathers fair,
fond And fools o' change are fain;
But I hae tried this Border Knight:
I 'll try him yet again.'

XVII

Then Brandy Jean spak owre her drink:—
gossips 'Ye weel ken, kimmers a',
The auld Guidman o' London court,
His back 's been at the wa';

XVIII

cup 'And monie a friend that kiss'd his caup
hostile Is now a fremit wight;
But it 's ne'er be sae wi' Brandy Jean—
I 'll send the Border Knight.'

XIX

Says Black Joán frae Crichton Peel,
A carlin stoor and grim :— stern
'The auld Guidman or the young Guidman the Prince
For me may sink or swim!

XX

'For fools will prate o' right or wrang,
While knaves laugh in their slieve ;
But wha blaws best the horn shall win—
I 'll spier nae courtier's leave!' ask

XXI

Then slow raise Marjorie o' the Lochs,
And wrinkled was her brow,
Her ancient weed was russet gray,
Her auld Scots heart was true:—

XXII

'There 's some great folk set light by me,
I set as light by them ;
But I will send to London town
Wham I lo'e best at hame.'

XXIII

Sae how this sturt and strife may end, turmoil
There 's naebody can tell.
God grant the King and ilka man
May look weel to themsel!

ELECTION BALLAD FOR WESTERHA'

[Notes]

Up and waur them a', Jamie,
Up and waur them a' !
The Johnstones hae the guidin o't :
Ye turncoat Whigs, awa !

I

The Laddies by the banks o' Nith
Would Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie ;
But he 'll sair them as he sair'd the King—
run Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie.

II

stood The day he stude his country's friend,
scratch Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie,
won Or frae puir man a blessin wan—
That day the Duke ne'er saw, Jamie.

III

But wha is he, his country's boast ?
Like him there is na twa, Jamie !
youngster herds ; cows There 's no a callant tents the kye
But kens o' Westerha', Jamie.

IV

To end the wark, here 's Whistlebirk—
Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie !—
And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue,
And we 'll be Johnstones a', Jamie.

Up and waur them a', Jamie,
Up and waur them a' !
The Johnstones hae the guidin o't:
Ye turncoat Whigs, awa !

ELECTION BALLAD

AT CLOSE OF THE CONTEST FOR REPRESENTING THE DUMFRIES BURGHS, 1790

Addressed to Robert Graham of Fintry

I

Fintry, my stay in worldly strife,
Friend o' my Muse, friend o' my life,
Are ye as idle 's I am ?
Come, then ! Wi' uncouth kintra fleg country action
O'er Pegasus I 'll fling my leg,
And ye shall see me try him !

II

go run — But where shall I gae rin or ride,
splash — That I may splatter nane beside?
would not — I wad na be uncivil:
In mankind's various paths and ways
doddering creature — There 's ay some doytin body strays,
And I ride like a devil.

III

force — Thus I break aff wi' a' my birr,
An' down yon dark, deep alley spur,
saunter — Where Theologics dander:
Alas! curst wi' eternal fogs,
And damn'd in everlasting bogs,
As sure 's the Creed I 'll blunder!

IV

splash — I 'll stain a band, or jaup a gown,
Or rin my reckless, guilty crown
Against the haly door!
Sore — Sair do I rue my luckless fate,
When, as the Muse an' Deil wad hae 't,
I rade that road before!

V

Suppose I take a spurt, and mix
Amang the wilds o' Politics—

Electors and elected—
Where dogs at Court (sad sons o' bitches!)
Septennially a madness touches,
Till all the land's infected?

VI

All hail, Drumlanrig's haughty Grace,
Discarded remnant of a race
Once godlike—great in story!
Thy fathers' virtues all contrasted,
The very name of Douglas blasted,
Thine that inverted glory!

VII

Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore;
But thou hast superadded more,
And sunk them in contempt!
Follies and crimes have stain'd the name;
But, Queensberry, thine the virgin claim,
From aught that's good exempt!

VIII

I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears,
Who left the all-important cares
Of fiddlers, whores, and hunters,
And, bent on buying Borough Towns,
Came shaking hands wi' wabster-loons, weaver
And kissing barefit bunters. rascals harlots

IX

Combustion thro' our boroughs rode,
Whistling his roaring pack abroad
Of mad unmuzzled lions,
As Queensberry buff-and-blue unfurl'd,
And Westerha' and Hopeton hurl'd
To every Whig defiance.

X

But cautious Queensberry left the war
(Th' unmanner'd dust might soil his star;
Besides, he hated bleeding),
But left behind him heroes bright,
Heroes in Cæsarean fight
Or Ciceronian pleading.

XI

[Notes]

O, for a throat like huge Mons-Meg,
To muster o'er each ardent Whig
Beneath Drumlanrig's banner!
Heroes and heroines commix,
All in the field of politics,
To win immortal honor!

XII

M'Murdo and his lovely spouse
(Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her brows!)

Led on the Loves and Graces:
She won each gaping burgess' heart,
While he, *sub rosâ*, played his part
Among their wives and lasses.

XIII

Craigdarroch led a light-arm'd core: company
Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,
Like Hecla streaming thunder.
Glenriddell, skill'd in rusty coins,
Blew up each Tory's dark designs
And bared the treason under.

XIV

In either wing two champions fought:
Redoubted Staig, who set at nought
The wildest savage Tory;
And Welsh, who ne'er yet flinch'd his ground,
High-wav'd his magnum-bonum round double-quart
With Cyclopean fury.

XV

Miller brought up th' artillery ranks,
The many-pounders of the Banks,
Resistless desolation!
While Maxwelton, that baron bold,
'Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold
And threaten'd worse damnation.

XVI

To these what Tory hosts oppos'd,
With these what Tory warriors clos'd,
Surpasses my describing:
Squadrons, extended long and large,
With furious speed rush to the charge,
Like furious devils driving.

XVII

What verse can sing, what prose narrate
The butcher deeds of bloody Fate
tussle Amid this mighty tulyie?
snarled Grim Horror girn'd, pale Terror roar'd,
weasand threatened As Murther at his thrapple shor'd,
brangle And Hell mix'd in the brulyie.

XVIII

crags As Highland craigs by thunder cleft,
sky When lightnings fire the stormy lift,
Hurl down with crashing rattle,
As flames among a hundred woods,
As headlong foam a hundred floods—
Such is the rage of Battle!

XIX

The stubborn Tories dare to die:
As soon the rooted oaks would fly

Before th' approaching fellers!
The Whigs come on like Ocean's roar,
When all his wintry billows pour
Against the Buchan Bullers. [Notes]

XX

Lo, from the shades of Death's deep night
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
And think on former daring!
The muffled murtherer of Charles [Notes]
The Magna Charter flag unfurls,
All deadly gules its bearing.

XXI

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame:
Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Graham, [Notes]
Auld Covenanters shiver . . .
Forgive! forgive! much-wrong'd Montrose!
Now Death and Hell engulph thy foes,
Thou liv'st on high for ever!

XXII

Still o'er the field the combat burns;
The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns;
But Fate the word has spoken;
For woman's wit and strength o' man,
Alas! can do but what they can:
The Tory ranks are broken.

XXIII

eyes; brooks — O, that my een were flowing burns!
My voice a lioness that mourns
Her darling cubs' undoing
weep — That I might greet, that I might cry,
While Tories fall, while Tories fly
From furious Whigs pursuing!

XXIV

What Whig but melts for good Sir James,
Dear to his country by the names,
Friend, Patron, Benefactor?
Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save;
And Hopeton falls—the generous, brave!—
And Stewart bold as Hector.

XXV

Thou, Pitt, shalt rue this overthrow,
And Thurlow growl this curse of woe,
And Melville melt in wailing!
Now Fox and Sheridan rejoice,
And Burke shall sing:—'O Prince, arise!
Thy power is all prevailing!'

XXVI

For your poor friend, the Bard, afar
He sees and hears the distant war,

A cool spectator purely:
So, when the storm the forest rends,
The robin in the hedge descends,
And, patient, chirps securely.

XXVII

Now, for my friends' and brethren's sakes,
And for my dear-lov'd Land o' Cakes,
I pray with holy fire:—
Lord, send a rough-shod troop o' Hell
O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell, would
To grind them in the mire!

BALLADS ON MR. HERON'S ELECTION, 1795

BALLAD FIRST

I

WHAM will we send to London town,
To Parliament and a' that?
Or wha in a' the country round
The best deserves to fa' that? have
For a' that, and a' that,
Thro' Galloway and a' that,
Where is the Laird or belted Knight
That best deserves to fa' that?

II

gate

Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett—
And wha is 't never saw that?—
Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree met,
And has a doubt of a' that?
For a' that, and a' that,
Here 's Heron yet for a' that!
The independent patriot,
The honest man, and a' that!

III

Tho' wit and worth, in either sex,
Saint Mary's Isle can shaw that,
Wi' Lords and Dukes let Selkirk mix,
well; suit
And weel does Selkirk fa' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Here 's Heron yet for a' that!
An independent commoner
Shall be the man for a' that.

IV

bend

But why should we to Nobles jeuk,
And it against the law, that,
cuckoo (*i.e.* dolt)
And even a Lord may be a gowk,
Wi' ribban, star, and a' that?
For a' that, and a' that,
Here 's Heron yet for a' that!
A Lord may be a lousy loon,
Wi' ribban, star, and a' that.

V

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills
  Wi 's uncle's purse and a' that; With his
But we 'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels, from among
  A man we ken, and a' that.
    For a' that, and a' that,
    Here 's Heron yet for a' that!
  We are na to be bought and sold,
    Like nowte, and naigs, and a' that. cattle; nags

VI

Then let us drink:—'The Stewartry,
  Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that,
Our representative to be':
  For weel he 's worthy a' that!
    For a' that, and a' that,
    Here 's Heron yet for a' that!
  A House of Commons such as he,
    They wad be blest that saw that.

BALLAD SECOND: THE ELECTION

TUNE: *Fy, Let Us A' to The Bridal*

I

Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright,
  For there will be bickerin there;
For Murray's light horse are to muster,
  An' O, how the heroes will swear!

And there will be Murray commander,
An' Gordon the battle to win:
Like brothers, they 'll stan' by each other,
Sae knit in alliance and kin.

II

-beaked
Jew's-harp
inheritance
at all
younker
bone

An' there 'll be black-nebbit Johnie,
The tongue o' the trump to them a':
Gin he get na Hell for his haddin,
The Deil gets nae justice ava!
And there 'll be Kempleton's birkie,
A boy no sae black at the bane;
But as to his fine nabob fortune—
We 'll e'en let the subject alane!

III

finely

An' there 'll be Wigton's new sheriff—
Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped:
She 's gotten the heart of a Bushby,
But Lord! what 's become o' the head?
An' there 'll be Cardoness, Esquire,
Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes:
A wight that will weather damnation,
For the Devil the prey would despise.

IV

An' there 'll be Douglasses doughty,
New christening towns far and near:
Abjuring their democrat doings
An' kissing the arse of a peer!

An' there 'll be Kenmure sae generous,
  Wha's honor is proof to the storm:
To save them from stark reprobation
  He lent them his name to the firm!

V

But we winna mention Redcastle, — will not
  The body—e'en let him escape! — creature
He 'd venture the gallows for siller, — money
  An' 'twere na the cost o' the rape! — rope
An' whare is our King's Lord Lieutenant,
  Sae famed for his gratefu' return?
The billie is getting his Questions — fellow; Catechism
  To say at St. Stephen's the morn! — to-morrow

VI

An' there 'll be lads o' the gospel:
  Muirhead, wha 's as guid as he 's true;
An' there 'll be Buittle's Apostle,
  Wha 's mair o' the black than the blue;
An' there 'll be folk frae St. Mary's,
  A house o' great merit and note:
The Deil ane but honors them highly, — The Devil a one
  The Deil ane will gie them his vote!

VII

An' there 'll be wealthy young Richard,
  Dame Fortune should hang by the neck:
But for prodigal thriftless bestowing,
  His merit had won him respect.

An' there 'll be rich brither nabobs;
Tho' nabobs, yet men o' the first!
An' there 'll be Collieston's whiskers,
An' Quinton—o' lads no the warst!

VIII

An' there 'll be Stamp-Office Johnie:
Take heed — Tak tent how ye purchase a dram!
An' there 'll be gay Cassencarry,
An' there 'll be Colonel Tam;
An' there 'll be trusty Kerroughtree,
Wha 's honour was ever his law:
If the virtues were pack't in a parcel,
His worth might be sample for a'!

IX

An' can we forget the auld Major,
Scots Greys — Wha 'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys?
Our flatt'ry we 'll keep for some other:
Him only it 's justice to praise!
An' there 'll be maiden Kilkerran,
An' also Barskimming's guid Knight.
An' there 'll be roaring Birtwhistle—
Yet luckily roars in the right!

X

An' there frae the Niddlesdale border
Will mingle the Maxwells in droves:
Tough — Teuch Johnie, Staunch Geordie, and Wattie
gapes — That girns for the fishes an' loaves!

An' there 'll be Logan's M'Doual—
Sculdudd'ry an' he will be there! Bawdry
An' also the wild Scot o' Galloway,
Sogering, gunpowther Blair!

XI

Then hey the chaste interest of Broughton.
An' hey for the blessings 'twill bring!
It may send Balmaghie to the Commons—
In Sodom 'twould mak him a King!
An' hey for the sanctified Murray
Our land wha wi' chapels has stor'd;
He founder'd his horse among harlots,
But gie'd the auld naig to the Lord!

BALLAD THIRD

JOHN BUSHBY'S LAMENTATION

TUNE: *Babes In the Wood*

I

'TWAS in the Seventeen Hunder year
O' grace, and Ninety-Five,
That year I was the wae'est man saddest
Of onie man alive.

II

In March the three-an'-twentieth morn,
The sun raise clear an' bright;
But O, I was a waefu' man,
Ere to-fa' o' the night! the fall

III

Earl — Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land
Wi' equal right and fame,
Fast knit in chaste and holy bands
With Broughton's noble name.

IV

Yerl Galloway's man o' men was I,
And chief o' Broughton's host:
So twa blind beggars, on a string,
dog — The faithfu' tyke will trust!

V

But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre 's broke,
And Broughton's wi' the slain,
And I my ancient craft may try,
Sin' honesty is gane.

VI

'Twas by the banks o' bonie Dee,
Beside Kirkcudbright's towers,
The Stewart and the Murray there
Did muster a' their powers.

VII

Then Murray on the auld grey yaud
Wi' wingèd spurs did ride:
That auld grey yaud a' Nidsdale rade,
stole — He staw upon Nidside.

VIII

An' there had na been the Yerl himsel,
O, there had been nae play!
But Garlies was to London gane,
And sae the kye might stray. cattle

IX

And there was Balmaghie, I ween—
In front rank he wad shine;
But Balmaghie had better been
Drinkin' Madeira wine.

X

And frae Glenkens cam to our aid
A chief o' doughty deed:
In case that worth should wanted be,
O' Kenmure we had need.

XI

And by our banners march'd Muirhead,
And Buittle was na slack;
Whase haly priesthood nane could stain,
For wha could dye the black?

XII

And there was grave Squire Cardoness,
Look'd on till a' was done:
Sae in the tower o' Cardoness
A howlet sits at noon. owl

XIII

And there led I the Bushby clan:
My gamesome billie, Will,
And my son Maitland, wise as brave,
My footsteps follow'd still.

XIV

The Douglas and the Heron's name,
We set nought to their score;
The Douglas and the Heron's name
Had felt our weight before.

XV

But Douglasses o' weight had we:
The pair o' lusty lairds,
For building cot-houses sae fam'd,
And christenin kail-yards.

kitchen-gardens

XVI

And then Redcastle drew his sword
That ne'er was stain'd wi' gore
Save on a wand'rer lame and blind,
To drive him frae his door.

XVII

And last cam creepin Collieston,
Was mair in fear than wrath;
Ae knave was constant in his mind—
To keep that knave frae scaith.

One

harm

BALLAD FOURTH: THE TROGGER

packman

TUNE: *Buy Broom Besoms*

Chorus

Buy braw troggin — fine wares
Frae the banks o' Dee!
Wha wants troggin
Let him come to me!

I

Wha will buy my troggin,
Fine election ware,
Broken trade o' Broughton,
A' in high repair?

II

There 's a noble Earl's
Fame and high renown,
For an auld sang—it 's thought
The guids were stown. — goods; stolen

III

Here 's the worth o' Broughton
In a needle's e'e. — eye
Here 's a reputation
Tint by Balmaghie. — Lost

IV

Here 's its stuff and lining,
Cardoness's head—
Fine for a soger,
A' the wale o' lead.

pick

V

Here 's a little wadset—
Buittle's scrap o' truth,
Pawn'd in a gin-shop,
Quenching holy drouth.

mortgage

VI

Here 's an honest conscience
Might a prince adorn,
Frae the downs o' Tinwald—
So was never worn!

Bushby's residence

VII

Here 's armorial bearings
Frae the manse o' Urr:
The crest, a sour crab-apple
Rotten at the core.

VIII

Here is Satan's picture,
Like a bizzard gled
Pouncing poor Redcastle,
Sprawlin like a taed.

buzzard hawk

toad

IX

Here 's the font where Douglas
  Stane and mortar names,
Lately used at Caily
  Christening Murray's crimes.

X

Here 's the worth and wisdom
  Collieston can boast:
By a thievish midge
  They had been nearly lost.

XI

Here is Murray's fragments
  O' the Ten Commands,
Gifted by Black Jock — Bushby
  To get them aff his hands.

XII

Saw ye e'er sic troggin?— — such
  If to buy ye 're slack,
Hornie 's turnin chapman: — The Devil
  He 'll buy a' the pack!

Chorus

Buy braw troggin
  Frae the banks o' Dee!
Wha wants troggin
  Let him come to me!

THE DEAN OF THE FACULTY

A NEW BALLAD

TUNE: *The Dragon of Wantley*

I

DIRE was the hate at Old Harlaw
That Scot to Scot did carry;
And dire the discord Langside saw
For beauteous, hapless Mary.
But Scot to Scot ne'er met so hot,
Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job,
Who should be the Faculty's Dean, Sir.

II

This Hal for genius, wit, and lore
Among the first was number'd;
But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store
Commandment the Tenth remember'd.
Yet simple Bob the victory got,
And won his heart's desire:
Which shows that Heaven can boil the pot,
Tho' the Deil piss in the fire.

III

Squire Hal, besides, had in this case
Pretensions rather brassy;
For talents, to deserve a place,
Are qualifications saucy.
So their worships of the Faculty,
Quite sick of Merit's rudeness,
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
To their gratis grace and goodness.

IV

As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight
Of a son of Circumcision,
So, may be, on this Pisgah height
Bob's purblind mental vision.
Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet,
Till for eloquence you hail him,
And swear that he has the Angel met
That met the Ass of Balaam.

V

In your heretic sins may ye live and die,
Ye heretic Eight-and-Thirty!
But accept, ye sublime majority,
My congratulations hearty!
With your honors, as with a certain King,
In your servants this is striking,
The more incapacity they bring
The more they're to your liking.

MISCELLANIES

THE TARBOLTON LASSES

I

If ye gae up to yon hill-tap,
  Ye 'll there see bonie Peggy:
She kens her father is a laird,
  And she forsooth 's a leddy.

pretty

lady

II

There 's Sophy tight, a lassie bright,
  Besides a handsome fortune:
Wha canna win her in a night
  Has little art in courtin.

III

Gae down by Faile, and taste the ale,
  And tak a look o' Mysie:
She 's dour and din, a deil within,
  But aiblins she may please ye.

stubborn; muddy of complexion

perhaps

IV

If she be shy, her sister try,
Ye 'll may be fancy Jenny:
If ye 'll dispense wi' want o' sense,
She kens hersel she 's bonie.

V

As ye gae up by yon hillside, that
Spier in for bonie Bessy: Call
She 'll gie ye a beck, and bid ye light,
And handsomely address ye.

VI

There 's few sae bonie, nane sae guid
In a' King George' dominion:
If ye should doubt the truth of this,
It 's Bessy's ain opinion.

THE RONALDS OF THE BENNALS

I

In Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men,
And proper young lasses and a', man:
But ken ye the Ronalds that live in the Bennals?
They carry the gree frae them a', man. bear the bell

II

Their father 's a laird, and weel he can spare 't :
Broad; to dower — Braid money to tocher them a', man ;
chink — To proper young men, he 'll clink in the hand
Gold — Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man.

III

There 's ane they ca' Jean, I 'll warrant ye 've seen
well-dressed — As bonie a lass or as braw, man ;
But for sense and guid taste she 'll vie wi' the best,
And a conduct that beautifies a', man.

IV

The charms o' the min', the langer they shine
The mair admiration they draw, man ;
While peaches and cherries, and roses and lilies,
They fade and they wither awa, man.

V

If ye be for Miss Jean, tak this frae a frien',
A hint o' a rival or twa, man :
would go — The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire,
If that wad entice her awa, man.

VI

The Laird o' Braehead has been on his speed
twelvemonth — For mair than a towmond or twa, man :
stretch — The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a board,
If he canna get her at a', man.

VII

Then Anna comes in, the pride o' her kin,
The boast of our bachelors a', man:
Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete, pleasant
She steals our affections awa, man.

VIII

If I should detail the pick and the wale choice
O' lasses that live here awa, man, about
The faut wad be mine, if they didna shine fault
The sweetest and best o' them a', man.

IX

I lo'e her mysel, but darena weel tell,
My poverty keeps me in awe, man;
For making o' rhymes, and working at times,
Does little or naething at a', man.

X

Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse would not
Nor hae 't in her power to say na, man:
For though I be poor, unnoticed, obscure,
My stomach 's as proud as them a', man.

XI

Though I canna ride in well-booted pride,
And flee o'er the hills like a craw, man,
I can haud up my head wi' the best o' the breed, hold
Though fluttering ever so braw, man. fine

XII

My coat and my vest, they are Scotch o' the best;
trousers O' pairs o' guid breeks I hae twa, man,
And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps,
stitch And ne'er a wrang steek in them a', man.

XIII

shirts My sarks they are few, but five o' them new—
[Notes] Twal' hundred, as white as the snaw, man!
A ten-shillings hat, a Holland cravat—
well-dressed There are no monie Poets sae braw, man!

XIV

I never had frien's weel stockit in means,
To leave me a hundred or twa, man;
-dowered; prosings Nae weel-tocher'd aunts, to wait on their drants
And wish them in hell for it a', man.

XV

careful I never was cannie for hoarding o' money,
grasping it Or claughtin 't together at a', man;
I 've little to spend and naething to lend,
owe But devil a shilling I awe, man.

I'LL GO AND BE A SODGER

I

O, WHY the deuce should I repine,
And be an ill foreboder?
I'm twenty-three and five feet nine,
I'll go and be a sodger.

II

I gat some gear wi' meikle care, wealth; much
I held it weel thegither; together
But now it's gane—and something mair:
I'll go and be a sodger.

APOSTROPHE TO FERGUSSON

INSCRIBED ABOVE AND BELOW HIS PORTRAIT

CURSE on ungrateful man, that can be pleas'd
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure!

O thou, my elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the Muse,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!
Why is the Bard unfitted for the world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures?

THE BELLES OF MAUCHLINE

I

In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,
The pride of the place and its neighbourhood a',
Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
In Lon'on or Paris they 'd gotten it a'.

II

Miss Millar is fine, Miss Markland 's divine,
handsomely dressed
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw,
There 's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton;
But Armour 's the jewel for me o' them a'.

AH, WOE IS ME, MY MOTHER DEAR

Jeremiah, chap. xv. verse 10

I

Ah, woe is me, my Mother dear!
A man of strife ye 've born me:
must
For sair contention I maun bear;
They hate, revile, and scorn me.

II

I ne'er could lend on bill or band,
That five per cent. might blest me ; might have blest
And borrowing, on the tither hand, other
The deil a ane wad trust me. would

III

Yet I, a coin-denyèd wight,
By Fortune quite discarded,
Ye see how I am day and night
By lad and lass blackguarded!

INSCRIBED ON A WORK OF HANNAH MORE'S

PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR BY A LADY

Thou flatt'ring mark of friendship kind,
Still may thy pages call to mind
The dear, the beauteous donor!
Tho' sweetly female ev'ry part,
Yet such a head and—more—the heart
Does both the sexes honor :

She show'd her taste refin'd and just,
When she selected thee,
Yet deviating, own I must,
For so approving me:
remember But, kind still, I mind still
The giver in the gift;
wish I'll bless her, and wiss her
in the heavens A Friend aboon the lift.

LINES WRITTEN ON A BANK NOTE

Woe befall Wae worth thy power, thou cursed leaf!
Deadly Fell source of a' my woe and grief,
For lack o' thee I've lost my lass,
For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass!
I see the children of affliction
Unaided, through thy curs'd restriction.
I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile
Amid his hapless victims' spoil;
And for thy potence vainly wish'd
To crush the villain in the dust.
For lack o' thee I leave this much-lov'd shore,
Never, perhaps, to greet old Scotland more.

R. B.

Kyle

THE FAREWELL

The valiant, in himself, what can he suffer?
Or what does he regard his single woes?
But when, alas! he multiplies himself,
To dearer selves, to the lov'd tender fair,
To those whose bliss, whose beings hang upon him,
To helpless children,—then, Oh then he feels
The point of misery festering in his heart,
And weakly weeps his fortunes like a coward:
Such, such am I!—undone!
THOMSON'S Edward and Eleanora

I

FAREWELL, old Scotia's bleak domains,
Far dearer than the torrid plains,
Where rich ananas blow!
Farewell, a mother's blessing dear
A brother's sigh, a sister's tear,
My Jean's heart-rending throe!
Farewell, my Bess! Tho' thou 'rt bereft
Of my paternal care,
A faithful brother I have left,
My part in him thou 'lt share!
Adieu too, to you too,
My Smith, my bosom frien';
When kindly you mind me, remember
O, then befriend my Jean!

II

What bursting anguish tears my heart?
From thee, my Jeany, must I part?
Thou, weeping, answ'rest: 'No!'
Alas! misfortune stares my face,
And points to ruin and disgrace—
I for thy sake must go!
Thee, Hamilton, and Aiken dear,
A grateful, warm adieu:
I with a much-indebted tear
Shall still remember you!
All-hail, then, the gale then
Wafts me from thee, dear shore!
It rustles, and whistles—
I 'll never see thee more!

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RUISSEAUX

I

Now Robin lies in his last lair,
He 'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair;
Cauld Poverty wi' hungry stare
terrify Nae mair shall fear him;
crabbed Nor anxious Fear, nor cankert Care,
E'er mair come near him.

II

To tell the truth, they seldom fash'd him, bothered
Except the moment that they crush'd him;
For sune as Chance or Fate had hush'd 'em, soon
Tho' e'er sae short,
Then wi' a rhyme or sang he lash'd 'em,
And thought it sport.

III

Tho' he was bred to kintra-wark, country-
And counted was baith wight and stark, both stout; strong
Yet that was never Robin's mark
To mak a man;
But tell him, he was learned and clark, scholarly
Ye roos'd him then! flattered

VERSES INTENDED TO BE WRITTEN BELOW A NOBLE EARL'S PICTURE

I

Whose is that noble, dauntless brow?
And whose that eye of fire?
And whose that generous princely mien,
Ev'n rooted foes admire?

II

Stranger! to justly show that brow
And mark that eye of fire,
Would take His hand, whose vernal tints
His other works admire!

III

Bright as a cloudless summer sun,
With stately port he moves;
His guardian Seraph eyes with awe
The noble Ward he loves.

IV

Among the illustrious Scottish sons
That Chief thou may'st discern:
Mark Scotia's fond-returning eye—
It dwells upon Glencairn.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR

I

The lamp of day with ill-presaging glare,
Dim, cloudy, sank beneath the western wave;
Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening air,
And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.

II

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train;
Or mus'd where limpid streams, once hallow'd, well, bubble up
Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred Fane. [Notes]

III

Th' increasing blast roared round the beetling rocks,
The clouds, swift-wing'd, flew o'er the starry sky,
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.

IV

The paly moon rose in the livid east,
And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately form
In weeds of woe, that frantic beat her breast,
And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm.

V

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow:
'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd,
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,
The lightning of her eye in tears imbued;

VI

Revers'd that spear redoubtable in war,
Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,
And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world.

VII

'My patriot son fills an untimely grave!'
With accents wild and lifted arms, she cried;
'Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,
Low lies the heart that swell'd with honor's pride

VIII

'A weeping country joins a widow's tear;
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;
The drooping Arts surround their patron's bier;
And grateful Science heaves the heart-felt sigh.

IX

'I saw my sons resume their ancient fire;
I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow.
But ah! how hope is born but to expire!
Relentless fate has laid their guardian low.

X

'My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung,
While empty greatness saves a worthless name?
No: every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
And future ages hear his growing fame.

XI

'And I will join a mother's tender cares
Thro' future times to make his virtues last,
That distant years may boast of other Blairs!'—
She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD PRESIDENT DUNDAS

Lone on the bleaky hills, the straying flocks
Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks;
Down foam the rivulets, red with dashing rains;
The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains;
Beneath the blast the leafless forests groan;
The hollow caves return a hollow moan.
Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves,
Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves,
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,
Sad to your sympathetic glooms I fly,
Where to the whistling blast and water's roar
Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore!
O heavy loss, thy country ill could bear!
A loss these evil days can ne'er repair!
Justice, the high vicegerent of her God,
Her doubtful balance eyed, and sway'd her rod;
Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow,
She sank, abandon'd to the wildest woe.

Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,
Now gay in hope explore the paths of men.
See from his cavern grim Oppression rise,
And throw on Poverty his cruel eyes!
Keen on the helpless victim let him fly,
And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry!
Mark Ruffian Violence, distained with crimes,
Rousing elate in these degenerate times!
View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,
As guileful Fraud points out the erring way;
While subtile Litigation's pliant tongue
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong!
Hark, injur'd Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale,
And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours th' unpitied wail!

Ye dark, waste hills, ye brown, unsightly plains,
Congenial scenes, ye soothe my mournful strains.
Ye tempests, rage! ye turbid torrents, roll!
Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul.
Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign;
Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine,
To mourn the woes my country must endure:
That wound degenerate ages cannot cure.

ELEGY ON WILLIE NICOL'S MARE

I

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare
As ever trod on airn; iron
But now she 's floating down the Nith,
And past the mouth o' Cairn.

II

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
An' rode thro' thick an' thin;
But now she 's floating down the Nith,
And wanting even the skin.

III

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
And ance she bore a priest;
But now she 's floating down the Nith,
For Solway fish a feast.

IV

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
An' the priest he rode her sair; hard
And much oppress'd, and bruis'd she was,
As priest-rid cattle are.

LINES ON FERGUSSON

I

Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson!
What heart that feels, and will not yield a tear
To think Life's sun did set, e'er well begun
To shed its influence on thy bright career!

II

O, why should truest Worth and Genius pine
Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe,
While titled knaves and idiot-greatness shine
In all the splendour Fortune can bestow?

ELEGY ON THE LATE MISS BURNET OF MONBODDO

I

Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies;
Nor envious Death so triumph'd in a blow
As that which laid th' accomplish'd Burnet low.

II

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget?
In richest ore the brightest jewel set!
In thee high Heaven above was truest shown,
For by His noblest work the Godhead best is known.

III

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves!
Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
Ye woodland choir that chaunt your idle loves,
Ye cease to charm: Eliza is no more.

IV

Ye heathy wastes immix'd with reedy fens,
Ye mossy streams with sedge and rushes stor'd,
Ye rugged cliffs o'erhanging dreary glens,
To you I fly: ye with my soul accord.

V

Princes whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth,
Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail,
And thou, sweet Excellence! forsake our earth,
And not a Muse with honest grief bewail?

VI

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride
And Virtue's light, that beams beyond the spheres;
But, like the sun eclips'd at morning tide,
Thou left us darkling in a world of tears.

VII

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care!
So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged tree,
So, rudely ravish'd, left it bleak and bare.

PEGASUS AT WANLOCKHEAD

I

With Pegasus upon a day
Apollo, weary flying
(Through frosty hills the journey lay).
On foot the way was plying.

II

Poor slip-shod, giddy Pegasus
Was but a sorry walker;
To Vulcan then Apollo goes
To get a frosty caulker.

III

Obliging Vulcan fell to work,
Threw by his coat and bonnet,
And did Sol's business in a crack—
Sol paid him in a sonnet.

IV

Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead,
Pity my sad disaster!
My Pegasus is poorly shod—
I'll pay you like my master!

Ramage's, 3 *o'clock*

ON SOME COMMEMORATIONS OF THOMSON

I

Dost thou not rise, indignant Shade,
And smile wi' spurning scorn,
When they wha wad hae starved thy life
Thy senseless turf adorn?

II

They wha about thee mak sic fuss — such
Now thou art but a name,
Wad seen thee damn'd ere they had spar'd — would have
Ae plack to fill thy wame. — One farthing

III

Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae — climbed; hill
Wi' meikle honest toil,
And claucht th' unfading garland there, — clutched
Thy sair-won, rightful spoil. — hard-

IV

And wear it there! and call aloud
This axiom undoubted:—
Would thou hae Nobles' patronage?
First learn to live without it!

V

those that have

'To whom hae much, more shall be given'
Is every great man's faith;
But he, the helpless, needful wretch,
Shall lose the mite he hath.

ON GENERAL DUMOURIER'S DESERTION

FROM THE FRENCH REPUBLICAN ARMY

I

You're welcome to Despots,
Dumourier!
You're welcome to Despots,
Dumourier!
How does Dampiere do?
Ay, and Bournonville too?
Why did they not come along with you,
Dumourier?

II

I will fight France with you,
Dumourier,
I will fight France with you,
Dumourier;
I will fight France with you,
I will take my chance with you;
By my soul, I'll dance with you,
Dumourier!

III

Then let us fight about,
Dumourier!
Then let us fight about,
Dumourier!
Then let us fight about
Till Freedom's spark be out,
Then we 'll be damn'd, no doubt,
Dumourier.

ON JOHN M'MURDO

Blest be M'Murdo to his latest day!
No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray!
No wrinkle furrow'd by the hand of care,
Nor ever sorrow, add one silver hair!
O may no son the father's honor stain,
Nor ever daughter give the mother pain!

ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A MORNING WALK IN JANUARY

Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain:
See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blythe carol clears his furrowed brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear
Sits meek Content with light, unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear.
I thank Thee, Author of this opening day,
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Riches denied, Thy boon was purer joys:
What wealth could never give nor take away!
Yet come, thou child of Poverty and Care,
The mite high Heav'n bestow'd, that mite with thee I'll share.

IMPROMPTU ON MRS. RIDDELL'S BIRTHDAY

4TH NOVEMBER 1793

I

Old Winter, with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferred:—
'What have I done of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?
My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
Night's horrid car drags dreary slow;
My dismal months no joys are crowning,
But spleeny, English hanging, drowning.

II

Now Jove, for once be mighty civil:
To counterbalance all this evil
Give me, and I've no more to say,
Give me Maria's natal day!
That brilliant gift shall so enrich me,
Spring, Summer, Autumn, cannot match me.'
'Tis done!' says Jove; so ends my story,
And Winter once rejoiced in glory.

SONNET ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDELL OF GLENRIDDELL

No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more,
Nor pour your descant grating on my soul!
Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant stole,
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar!
How can ye charm, ye flowers, with all your dyes?
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend.
How can I to the tuneful strain attend?
That strain flows round the untimely tomb where
Riddell lies.
Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe,
And sooth the Virtues weeping o'er his bier!
The man of worth—and 'hath not left his peer'!—
Is in his 'narrow house' for ever darkly low.
Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet;
Me, memory of my loss will only meet.

A SONNET UPON SONNETS

Fourteen, a sonneteer thy praises sings;
What magic myst'ries in that number lie!
Your hen hath fourteen eggs beneath her wings
That fourteen chickens to the roost may fly.
Fourteen full pounds the jockey's stone must be;
His age fourteen—a horse's prime is past.
Fourteen long hours too oft the Bard must fast;
Fourteen bright bumpers—bliss he ne'er must see!
Before fourteen, a dozen yields the strife;
Before fourteen—e'en thirteen's strength is vain.
Fourteen good years—a woman gives us life;
Fourteen good men—we lose that life again.
What lucubrations can be more upon it?
Fourteen good measur'd verses make a sonnet.

FRAGMENTS

TRAGIC FRAGMENT

All villain as I am—a damnèd wretch,
A hardened, stubborn, unrepenting sinner—
Still my heart melts at human wretchedness,
And with sincere, tho' unavailing, sighs
I view the helpless children of distress.
With tears indignant I behold the oppressor
Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction,
Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime.
Ev'n you, ye hapless crew! I pity you;
Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity:
Ye poor, despised, abandoned vagabonds,
Whom Vice, as usual, has turn'd o'er to ruin.
Oh! but for friends and interposing Heaven,
I had been driven forth, like you forlorn,
The most detested, worthless wretch among you!
O injured God! Thy goodness has endow'd me
With talents passing most of my compeers,
Which I in just proportion have abused,
As far surpassing other common villains
As Thou in natural parts has given me more.

REMORSE

Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,
That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish,
Beyond comparison the worst are those
By our own folly, or our guilt brought on:
In ev'ry other circumstance, the mind
Has this to say:—'It was no deed of mine.'
But, when to all the evil of misfortune
This sting is added:—'Blame thy foolish self!'
Or, worser far, the pangs of keen remorse,
The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt,
Of guilt, perhaps, where we've involvèd others,
The young, the innocent, who fondly lov'd us;
Nay, more, that very love their cause of ruin!
O burning Hell! in all thy store of torments
There's not a keener lash!
Lives there a man so firm, who, while his heart
Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime,
Can reason down its agonizing throbs,
And, after proper purpose of amendment,
Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace?
O happy, happy, enviable man!
O glorious magnanimity of soul!

RUSTICITY'S UNGAINLY FORM

I

Rusticity's ungainly form
May cloud the highest mind;
But when the heart is nobly warm,
The good excuse will find.

II

Propriety's cold, cautious rules
Warm Fervour may o'erlook;
But spare poor Sensibility
Th' ungentle, harsh rebuke.

ON WILLIAM CREECH

A little upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
And still his precious self his dear delight;
Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets
Better than e'er the fairest She he meets.
Much specious lore, but little understood
(Veneering oft outshines the solid wood),
His solid sense by inches you must tell,
But mete his subtle cunning by the ell!
A man of fashion, too, he made his tour,
Learn'd 'Vive la bagatelle et vive l'amour':
So travell'd monkies their grimace improve,
Polish their grin—nay, sigh for ladies' love!
His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
Still making work his selfish craft must mend.

ON WILLIAM SMELLIE

CROCHALLAN came:
THE old cock'd hat, the brown surtout the same;
His grisly beard just bristling in its might
('Twas four long nights and days to shaving-night);
His uncomb'd, hoary locks, wild-staring, thatch'd
A head for thought profound and clear unmatch'd;
Yet, tho' his caustic wit was biting rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

SKETCH FOR AN ELEGY

I

CRAIGDARROCH, fam'd for speaking art
And every virtue of the heart,
Stops short, nor can a word impart
To end his sentence,
When mem'ry strikes him like a dart
With auld acquaintance.

II

loth
which had lost

Black James—whase wit was never laith,
But, like a sword had tint the sheath,
Ay ready for the work o' death—
He turns aside,
And strains wi' suffocating breath
His grief to hide.

III

Even Philosophic Smellie tries
To choak the stream that floods his eyes: choke
So Moses wi' a hazel-rice -rod
Came o'er the stane;
But, tho' it cost him speaking twice,
It gush'd amain.

IV

Go to your marble graffs, ye great, vaults
In a' the tinkler-trash of state!
But by thy honest turf I 'll wait,
Thou man of worth,
And weep the ae best fallow's fate one
E'er lay in earth!

PASSION'S CRY

Mild zephyrs waft thee to life's farthest shore,
Nor think of me and my distresses more!
Falsehood accurst! No! Still I beg a place,
Still near thy heart some little, little trace!
For that dear trace the world I would resign:
O, let me live, and die, and think it mine!

By all I lov'd, neglected, and forgot,
No friendly face e'er lights my squalid cot.

Shunn'd, hated, wrong'd, unpitied, unredrest
The mock'd quotation of the scorner's jest;
Ev'n the poor support of my wretched life,
Snatched by the violence of legal strife;
Oft grateful for my very daily bread,
To those my family's once large bounty fed;
A welcome inmate at their homely fare,
My griefs, my woes, my sighs, my tears they share:
Their vulgar souls unlike the souls refined,
The fashion'd marble of the polish'd mind.

'I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd corn
By driving winds the crackling flames are borne.'
Now, maddening-wild, I curse that fatal night,
Now bless the hour that charm'd my guilty sight.
In vain the Laws their feeble force oppose:
Chain'd at his feet, they groan Love's vanquish'd foes.
In vain Religion meets my shrinking eye:
I dare not combat, but I turn and fly.
Conscience in vain upbraids th' unhallow'd fire.
Love grasps his scorpions—stifled they expire.
Reason drops headlong from his sacred throne.
Your dear idea reigns, and reigns alone;
Each thought intoxicated homage yields,
And riots wanton in forbidden fields.

By all on high adoring mortals know;
By all the conscious villain fears below;

By what, alas! much more my soul alarms—
My doubtful hopes once more to fill thy arms—
Ev'n shouldst thou, false, forswear the guilty tie,
Thine and thine only I must live and die!

IN VAIN WOULD PRUDENCE

In vain would Prudence with decorous sneer
Point out a censuring world, and bid me fear:
Above that world on wings of love I rise,
I know its worst, and can that worst despise.
'Wrong'd, injur'd, shunn'd, unpitied, unredrest,
The mock'd quotation of the scorner's jest,'
Let Prudence' direst bodements on me fall,
Clarinda, rich reward! o'erpays them all.

THE CARES O' LOVE

HE

The cares o' Love are sweeter far
Than onie other pleasure;
And if sae dear its sorrows are,
Enjoyment, what a treasure!

SHE

I fear to try, I dare na try
A passion sae ensnaring;
For light 's her heart and blythe 's her song
That for nae man is caring.

EPIGRAMS

EXTEMPORE IN THE COURT OF SESSION

TUNE: *Killiecrankie*

LORD ADVOCATE

HE clench'd his pamphlets in his fist,
He quoted and he hinted,
Till in a declamation-mist
lost His argument, he tint it:
groped He gapèd for 't, he grapèd for 't,
found He fand it was awa, man;
But what his common sense came short,
He ekèd out wi' law, man.

MR. ERSKINE

a moment Collected, Harry stood awee,
Then open'd out his arm, man;
eye His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,
And ey'd the gathering storm, man;
Like wind-driv'n hail it did assail,
cascade Or torrents owre a linn, man;
The Bench sae wise lift up their eyes,
Hauf-wauken'd wi' the din, man.

AT ROSLIN INN

My blessings on ye, honest wife!
I ne'er was here before;
Ye've wealth o' gear for spoon and knife: stuff
Heart could not wish for more.
Heav'n keep you clear o' sturt and strife, worry
Till far ayont fourscore, beyond
And by the Lord o' death and life,
I'll ne'er gae by your door! go

TO AN ARTIST

Dear ——, I'll gie ye some advice,
You'll tak it no uncivil:
You shouldna paint at angels, man,
But try and paint the Devil.
To paint an angel's kittle wark, delicate
Wi' Nick there's little danger: Satan
You'll easy draw a lang-kent face, long-known
But no sae weel a stranger.

R. B.

THE BOOK-WORMS

Through and through th' inspirèd leaves,
Ye maggots, make your windings;
But O, respect his lordship's taste,
And spare the golden bindings!

ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATION OF MARTIAL

O thou whom Poesy abhors,
Whom Prose has turnèd out of doors,
Heard'st thou yon groan?—Proceed no further!
'Twas laurel'd Martial calling 'Murther!'

ON JOHNSON'S OPINION OF HAMPDEN

For shame!
Let Folly and Knavery
Freedom oppose:
'Tis suicide, Genius,
To mix with her foes.

UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF MISS BURNS

Cease, ye prudes, your envious railing!
Lovely Burns has charms: confess!
True it is she had ae failing:
Had ae woman ever less?

ON MISS AINSLIE IN CHURCH

Fair maid, you need not take the hint,
  Nor idle texts pursue;
'Twas guilty sinners that he meant,
  Not angels such as you.

AT INVERARAY

I

Whoe'er he be that sojourns here,
  I pity much his case,
Unless he come to wait upon
  The Lord their God, 'His Grace.'

II

There's naething here but Highland pride
  And Highland scab and hunger:
If Providence has sent me here,
  'Twas surely in an anger.

AT CARRON IRONWORKS

We cam na here to view your warks — not; works
  In hopes to be mair wise,
But only, lest we gang to Hell, — go
  It may be nae surprise.

knocked — But when we tirl'd at your door
could not permit — Your porter dought na bear us:
gates — Sae may, should we to Hell's yetts come,
fellow; serve — Your billie Satan sair us.

ON SEEING THE ROYAL PALACE AT STIRLING IN RUINS

Here Stewarts once in glory reign'd,
And laws for Scotland's weal ordain'd;
But now unroof'd their palace stands,
Their sceptre fallen to other hands:
Fallen indeed, and to the earth,
Whence grovelling reptiles take their birth!
The injured Stewart line is gone,
A race outlandish fills their throne:
An idiot race, to honour lost—
Who know them best despise them most.

ADDITIONAL LINES AT STIRLING

Rash mortal, and slanderous poet, thy name
Shall no longer appear in the records of Fame!
Dost not know that old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible,
Says, the more 'tis a truth, Sir, the more 'tis a libel?

REPLY TO THE THREAT OF A CENSORIOUS CRITIC

With Æsop's lion, Burns says :—'Sore I feel
Each other blow : but damn that ass's heel!'

A HIGHLAND WELCOME

When Death's dark stream I ferry o'er
(A time that surely shall come),
In Heaven itself I 'll ask no more
Than just a Highland welcome.

AT WHIGHAM'S INN SANQUHAR

Envy, if thy jaundiced eye
Through this window chance to spy,
To thy sorrow thou shalt find,
All that 's generous, all that 's kind.
Friendship, virtue, every grace,
Dwelling in this happy place.

VERSICLES ON SIGN-POSTS

1

He looked
Just as your sign-post Lions do,
With aspect fierce and quite as harmless too.

2

(PATIENT STUPIDITY)

So heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Dull on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

3

His face with smile eternal drest
Just like the landlord to his guest,
High as they hang with creaking din
To index out the Country Inn.

4

A head, pure, sinless quite of brain and soul,
The very image of a barber's poll:
Just shews a human face, and wears a wig,
And looks, when well friseur'd, amazing big.

ON MISS JEAN SCOTT

O, HAD each Scot of ancient times
Been, Jeanie Scott, as thou art,
The bravest heart on English ground
Had yielded like a coward.

ON CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE

THE Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying,
So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying;
But when he approach'd where poor Francis lay moaning,
And saw each bed-post with its burthen a-groaning,
Astonish'd, confounded, cries Satan:—'By God,
I'd want him ere take such a damnable load!'

ON BEING APPOINTED TO AN EXCISE DIVISION

SEARCHING auld wives' barrels,
Ochon, the day
That clarty barm should stain my laurels! dirty
But what'll ye say?
These movin' things ca'd wives an' weans children
Wad move the very hearts o' stanes.

ON MISS DAVIES

Ask why God made the gem so small,
And why so huge the granite?
Because God meant mankind should set
That higher value on it.

ON A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY SEAT

We grant they 're thine, those beauties all,
So lovely in our eye:
Keep them, thou eunuch, Cardoness,
For others to enjoy.

THE TYRANT WIFE

Curs'd be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife!
Who has no will but by her high permission;
Who has not sixpence but in her possession;
Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell;
Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell!
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
I 'd break her spirit, or I 'd break her heart:
I 'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
I 'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse bitch.

AT BROWNHILL INN

At Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer
And plenty of bacon each day in the year;
We've a' thing that's nice, and mostly in season : every
But why always bacon?—come, tell me the reason?

THE TOADEATER

Of Lordly acquaintance you boast,
And the Dukes that you dined with yestreen;
Yet an insect's an insect at most,
Tho' it crawl on the curl of a Queen!

IN LAMINGTON KIRK

As cauld a wind as ever blew,
A cauld kirk, and in't but few,
As cauld a minister's ever spak—
Ye'se a' be het or I come back! hot

THE KEEKIN GLASS

How daur ye ca' me 'Howlet-face,' Owl-
Ye blear-e'ed, wither'd spectre?
Ye only spied the keekin-glass, looking-
An' there ye saw your picture.

AT THE GLOBE TAVERN, DUMFRIES

1

THE greybeard, old Wisdom, may boast of his treasures,
Give me with gay Folly to live!
I grant him his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,
But Folly has raptures to give.

2

(I)

I MURDER hate by field or flood,
Tho' Glory's name may screen us.
In wars at hame I 'll spend my blood—
Life-giving wars of Venus.
The deities that I adore
Are Social Peace and Plenty:
I 'm better pleas'd to make one more
Than be the death of twenty.

(II)

I would not die like Socrates,
For all the fuss of Plato;
Nor would I with Leonidas,
Nor yet would I with Cato;
The zealots of the Church and State
Shall ne'er my mortal foes be;
But let me have bold Zimri's fate
Within the arms of Cozbi.

3

My bottle is a holy pool,
That heals the wounds o' care an' dool, sorrow
And pleasure is a wanton trout—
An ye drink it, ye 'll find him out.

4

In politics if thou would'st mix,
And mean thy fortunes be;
Bear this in mind: Be deaf and blind,
Let great folks hear and see.

YE TRUE LOYAL NATIVES

Ye true 'Loyal Natives' attend to my song:
In uproar and riot rejoice the night long!
From Envy and Hatred your core is exempt, corps
But where is your shield from the darts of Contempt?

ON COMMISSARY GOLDIE'S BRAINS

Lord, to account who does Thee call,
Or e'er dispute Thy pleasure?
Else why within so thick a wall
Enclose so poor a treasure?

IN A LADY'S POCKET BOOK

GRANT me, indulgent Heaven, that I may live
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give!
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Till Slave and Despot be but things that were!

AGAINST THE EARL OF GALLOWAY

WHAT dost thou in that mansion fair?
Flit, Galloway, and find
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind.

ON THE SAME

No Stewart art thou, Galloway:
The Stewarts all were brave.
Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,
Not one of them a knave.

ON THE SAME

BRIGHT ran thy line, O Galloway,
Thro' many a far-famed sire!
So ran the far-famed Roman way,
And ended in a mire.

ON THE SAME, ON THE AUTHOR BEING THREATENED WITH VENGEANCE

SPARE me thy vengeance, Galloway!
In quiet let me live:
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give.

ON THE LAIRD OF LAGGAN

WHEN Morine, deceas'd, to the Devil went down,
'Twas nothing would serve him but Satan's own crown.
'Thy fool's head,' quoth Satan, 'that crown shall wear never:
I grant thou 'rt as wicked, but not quite so clever.'

ON MARIA RIDDELL

'PRAISE Woman still,' his lordship roars,
'Deserv'd or not, no matter!'
But thee whom all my soul adores,
There Flattery cannot flatter!
Maria, all my thought and dream,
Inspires my vocal shell:
The more I praise my lovely theme,
The more the truth I tell.

ON MISS FONTENELLE

Sweet naïveté of feature,
Simple, wild, enchanting elf,
Not to thee, but thanks to Nature
Thou art acting but thyself.
Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
Spurning Nature, torturing art,
Loves and Graces all rejected,
Then indeed thou 'dst act a part.

KIRK AND STATE EXCISEMEN

Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
'Gainst poor Excisemen? Give the cause a hearing.
What are your Landlord's rent-rolls? Taxing ledgers!
What Premiers? What ev'n Monarchs? Mighty Gaugers!
Nay, what are Priests (those seeming godly wisemen)?
What are they, pray, but Spiritual Excisemen!

ON THANKSGIVING FOR A NATIONAL VICTORY

Ye hypocrites! are these your pranks?
To murder men, and give God thanks?
Desist for shame! Proceed no further:
God won't accept your thanks for Murther.

PINNED TO MRS. WALTER RIDDELL'S CARRIAGE

If you rattle along like your mistress's tongue,
Your speed will out-rival the dart;
But, a fly for your load, you 'll break down on the road,
If your stuff be as rotten 's her heart.

TO DR. MAXWELL

ON MISS JESSY STAIG'S RECOVERY

Maxwell, if merit here you crave,
That merit I deny:
You save fair Jessie from the grave!—
An Angel could not die!

TO THE BEAUTIFUL MISS ELIZA J——N

ON HER PRINCIPLES OF LIBERTY AND EQUALITY

How, 'Liberty!' Girl, can it be by thee nam'd?
'Equality,' too! Hussey, art not asham'd?
Free and Equal indeed, while mankind thou enchainest,
And over their hearts a proud Despot so reignest

ON CHLORIS

REQUESTING ME TO GIVE HER A SPRIG OF BLOSSOMED THORN

From the white-blossom'd sloe my dear Chloris requested
A sprig, her fair breast to adorn:
'No, by Heaven!' I exclaim'd, 'let me perish for ever,
Ere I plant in that bosom a thorn!'

TO THE HON. WM. R. MAULE OF PANMURE

Thou Fool, in thy phaeton towering,
Art proud when that phaeton 's prais'd?
'Tis the pride of a Thief's exhibition
When higher his pillory 's rais'd.

ON SEEING MRS. KEMBLE IN YARICO

KEMBLE, thou cur'st my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod:
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief
The rock with tears had flow'd.

ON DR. BABINGTON'S LOOKS

THAT there is a falsehood in his looks
I must and will deny:
They say their Master is a knave,
And sure they do not lie.

ON ANDREW TURNER

IN Se'enteen Hunder 'n Forty-Nine
The Deil gat stuff to mak a swine,
An' coost it in a corner; chucked
But wilily he chang'd his plan,
An' shap'd it something like a man,
An' ca'd it Andrew Turner.

THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT

The Solemn League and Covenant
Now brings a smile, now brings a tear.
But sacred Freedom, too, was theirs:
If thou 'rt a slave, indulge thy sneer.

TO JOHN SYME OF RYEDALE

WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER

O had the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavour of thy wit,
'Twere drink for first of human kind—
A gift that ev'n for Syme were fit.

Jerusalem Tavern,
Dumfries

ON A GOBLET

There 's Death in the cup, so beware!
Nay, more—there is danger in touching:
But who can avoid the fell snare?
The man and his wine 's so bewitching!

APOLOGY TO JOHN SYME

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cookery the first in the nation:
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit
Is proof to all other temptation.

ON MR. JAMES GRACIE

Gracie, thou art a man of worth,
O, be thou Dean for ever!
May he be damn'd to Hell henceforth,
Who fauts thy weight or measure! challenges

AT FRIARS CARSE HERMITAGE

To Riddell, much-lamented man,
This ivied cot was dear:
Wand'rer, dost value matchless worth?
This ivied cot revere.

FOR AN ALTAR OF INDEPENDENCE

AT KERROUGHTRIE, THE SEAT OF MR. HERON

Thou of an independent mind,
With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd,

Prepar'd Power's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave,
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear:
Approach this shrine, and worship here.

VERSICLES TO JESSIE LEWARS

THE TOAST

Fill me with the rosy wine;
Call a toast, a toast divine;
Give the Poet's darling flame;
Lovely Jessie be her name:
Then thou mayest freely boast
Thou hast given a peerless toast.

THE MENAGERIE

I

Talk not to me of savages
From Afric's burning sun!
No savage e'er can rend my heart
As, Jessie, thou hast done.

II

But Jessie's lovely hand in mine
A mutual faith to plight—
Not even to view the heavenly choir
Would be so blest a sight.

JESSIE'S ILLNESS

Say, sages, what 's the charm on earth
  Can turn Death's dart aside?
It is not purity and worth,
  Else Jessie had not died!

HER RECOVERY

But rarely seen since Nature's birth
  The natives of the sky!
Yet still one seraph 's left on earth,
  For Jessie did not die.

ON MARRIAGE

That hackney'd judge of human life,
  The Preacher and the King,
Observes:—'The man that gets a wife
  He gets a noble thing.'
But how capricious are mankind,
  Now loathing, now desirous!
We married men, how oft we find
  The best of things will tire us!

GRACES

A POET'S GRACE

BEFORE MEAT

O Thou, who kindly dost provide
For ev'ry creature's want!
We bless the God of Nature wide
For all Thy goodness lent.
And if it please Thee, heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent;
But, whether granted or denied,
Lord, bless us with content.

AFTER MEAT

O Thou, in whom we live and move,
Who made the sea and shore,
Thy goodness constantly we prove,
And, grateful, would adore;
And, if it please Thee, Power above!
Still grant us with such store
The friend we trust, the fair we love,
And we desire no more.

AT THE GLOBE TAVERN

BEFORE MEAT

O Lord, when hunger pinches sore,
  Do Thou stand us in stead,
And send us from Thy bounteous store
  A tup- or wether-head. sheep's-head

AFTER MEAT

1

Lord [Thee] we thank, and Thee alone,
  For temporal gifts we little merit!
At present we will ask no more:
  Let William Hislop bring the spirit.

2

O Lord, since we have feasted thus,
  Which we so little merit,
Let Meg now take the flesh away, meat
  And Jock bring in the spirit.

3

O Lord, we do Thee humbly thank
  For that we little merit:
Now Jean may tak the flesh away,
  And Will bring in the spirit.

EPITAPHS

ON JAMES GRIEVE, LAIRD OF BOGHEAD, TARBOLTON

Here lies Boghead amang the dead
In hopes to get salvation;
But if such as he in Heav'n may be,
Then welcome—hail! damnation.

ON WM. MUIR IN TARBOLTON MILL

An honest man here lies at rest,
As e'er God with His image blest:
The friend of man, the friend of truth,
The friend of age, and guide of youth:
Few hearts like his—with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd:
If there 's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

ON JOHN RANKINE

Ae day, as Death, that gruesome carl,
Was driving to the tither warl'
A mixtie-maxtie, motley squad
And monie a guilt-bespotted lad:

One; fellow
other world

Black gowns of each denomination, preachers and lawyers
And thieves of every rank and station,
From him that wears the star and garter
To him that wintles in a halter: swings
Asham'd himself to see the wretches,
He mutters, glow'ring at the bitches:—
'By God I 'll not be seen behint them,
Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them,
Without at least ae honest man
To grace this damn'd infernal clan!'
By Adamhill a glance he threw, [Notes]
'Lord God!' quoth he, 'I have it now,
There 's just the man I want, i' faith!'
And quickly stoppit Rankine's breath.

ON TAM THE CHAPMAN

As Tam the chapman on a day
Wi' Death forgather'd by the way,
Weel pleas'd he greets a wight so famous,
And Death was nae less pleas'd wi' Thomas,
Wha cheerfully lays down his pack,
And there blaws up a hearty crack: chat
His social, friendly, honest heart
Sae tickled Death, they could na part;
Sae, after viewing knives and garters,
Death taks him hame to gie him quarters.

ON HOLY WILLIE

I

sore — HERE Holy Willie's sair worn clay
Taks up its last abode;
soul — His saul has taen some other way—
I fear, the left-hand road.

II

Stop! there he is as sure's a gun!
creature — Poor, silly body, see him!
ground — Nae wonder he's as black's the grun—
Observe wha's standing wi' him!

III

brimstone — Your brunstane Devilship, I see,
Has got him there before ye!
withhold; for a little — But haud your nine-tail-cat a wee,
Till ance you've heard my story.

IV

Your pity I will not implore,
For pity ye have nane.
Justice, alas! has gi'en him o'er,
And mercy's day is gane.

V

But hear me, Sir, Deil as ye are,
Look something to your credit:
A cuif like him wad stain your name, dastard
If it were kent ye did it! known

ON JOHN DOVE, INNKEEPER

I

Here lies Johnie Pigeon:
What was his religion
Whae'er desires to ken
To some other warl' world
Maun follow the carl, old fellow
For here Johnie Pigeon had nane!

II

Strong ale was ablution;
Small beer, persecution;
A dram was *memento mori*;
But a full flowing bowl
Was the saving his soul,
And port was celestial glory!

ON A WAG IN MAUCHLINE

I

LAMENT him, Mauchline husbands a',
He aften did assist ye;
whole For had ye staid hale weeks awa',
Your wives they ne'er had missed ye!

II

Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass
together To school in bands thegither,
O, tread ye lightly on his grass—
Perhaps he was your father!

ON ROBERT FERGUSSON

ON THE TOMBSTONE IN THE CANONGATE CHURCHYARD

HERE LIES ROBERT FERGUSSON
BORN SEPT. 5TH, 1751
DIED OCT. 16TH, 1774

No sculptur'd Marble here, nor pompous lay,
No storied Urn nor animated Bust;
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
To pour her sorrow o'er the Poet's dust.

ADDITIONAL STANZAS

NOT INSCRIBED

I

She mourns, sweet tuneful youth, thy hapless fate:
Tho' all the powers of song thy fancy fir'd,
Yet Luxury and Wealth lay by in State,
And, thankless, starv'd what they so much admir'd.

II

This humble tribute with a tear he gives,
A brother Bard—he can no more bestow:
But dear to fame thy Song immortal lives,
A nobler monument than Art can show.

FOR WILLIAM NICOL

Ye maggots, feed on Nicol's brain,
For few sic feasts you 've gotten; sic = such
And fix your claws in Nicol's heart,
For deil a bit o't 's rotten.

FOR MR. WILLIAM MICHIE

SCHOOLMASTER OF CLEISH PARISH, FIFESHIRE

Here lie Willie Michie's banes:
O Satan, when ye tak him,
Gie him the schulin o' your weans, schulin = schooling; weans = children
For clever deils he 'll mak them!

FOR WILLIAM CRUICKSHANK, A.M.

Now honest William 's gaen to Heaven,
I wat na gin 't can mend him:
The fauts he had in Latin lay,
For nane in English kent them.

I know not if it
faults
knew

ON ROBERT MUIR

What man could esteem, or what woman could love,
Was he who lies under this sod:
If such Thou refusest admission above,
Then whom wilt Thou favour, Good God?

ON A LAP-DOG

I

In wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore:
Now half extinct your powers of song —
Sweet Echo is no more.

II

Ye jarring, screeching things around,
Scream your discordant joys:
Now half your din of tuneless sound
With Echo silent lies.

MONODY

ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE

I

How cold is that bosom which Folly once fired!
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glisten'd!
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired!
How dull is that ear which to flatt'ry so listen'd!

II

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
From friendship and dearest affection remov'd,
How doubly severer, Maria, thy fate!
Thou diedst unwept, as thou livedst unlov'd.

III

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you:
So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear.
But come, all ye offspring of Folly so true,
And flowers let us cull for Maria's cold bier!

IV

We'll search through the garden for each silly flower,
We 'll roam thro' the forest for each idle weed,
But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
For none e'er approach'd her but rued the rash deed.

V

We 'll sculpture the marble, we 'll measure the lay:
Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre!
There keen Indignation shall dart on his prey,
Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from his ire!

THE EPITAPH

Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam:
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

FOR MR. WALTER RIDDELL

So vile was poor Wat, such a miscreant slave,
That the worms ev'n damn'd him when laid in his grave.
'In his scull there 's a famine,' a starved reptile cries;
'And his heart, it is poison,' another replies.

ON A NOTED COXCOMB

CAPT. WM. RODDICK, OF CORBISTON

Light lay the earth on Billie's breast,
His chicken heart 's so tender;
But build a castle on his head—
His scull will prop it under.

ON CAPT. LASCELLES

When Lascelles thought fit from this world to depart,
Some friends warmly spoke of embalming his heart.
A bystander whispers:—'Pray don't make so much o't—
The subject is poison, no reptile will touch it.'

ON A GALLOWAY LAIRD

NOT QUITE SO WISE AS SOLOMON

Bless Jesus Christ, O Cardoness,
With grateful lifted eyes,
Who taught that not the soul alone
But body too shall rise!
For had He said:—'The soul alone
From death I will deliver,'
Alas! alas! O Cardoness,
Then hadst thou lain for ever!

ON WM. GRAHAM OF MOSSKNOWE

'Stop thief!' Dame Nature call'd to Death,
As Willie drew his latest breath:
'How shall I make a fool again?
My choicest model thou hast taen.'

ON JOHN BUSHBY OF TINWALD DOWNS

Here lies John Bushby—honest man!
Cheat him, Devil—if you can!

ON A SUICIDE

Here lies in earth a root of Hell
Set by the Deil's ain dibble:
This worthless body damn'd himsel
To save the Lord the trouble.

ON A SWEARING COXCOMB

Here cursing, swearing Burton lies,
A buck, a beau, or 'Dem my eyes!'
Who in his life did little good,
And his last words were:—'Dem my blood!'

ON AN INNKEEPER NICKNAMED 'THE MARQUIS'

HERE lies a mock Marquis, whose titles were shamm'd.
If ever he rise, it will be to be damn'd.

ON GRIZZEL GRIMME

HERE lyes with Dethe auld Grizzel Grimme
Lincluden's ugly witche.
O Dethe, an' what a taste hast thou
Cann lye with siche a bitche!

FOR GABRIEL RICHARDSON

HERE brewer Gabriel's fire 's extinct,
And empty all his barrels:
He 's blest—if as he brew'd, he drink—
In upright, virtuous morals.

ON THE AUTHOR

HE who of Rankine sang, lies stiff and deid,
And a green, grassy hillock hides his heid:
Alas! alas! a devilish change indeed!

NOTES

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL

First for remark among the posthumous Editions of Burns is the anonymous Currie, in four volumes ['Liverpool: Printed by J. M'Creery for T. Cadell, Jun., and W. Davies, Strand, London, and W. Creech, Edinburgh.' 1800]. It was projected by the dead man's friends—especially Cunningham and Syme—as a memorial to his genius and as an aid to the fund for his widow and children. Unpublished correspondence, in the possession of several owners, has convinced us that Currie either had, or might have had, access to nearly all the existing mss. His neglect of certain material may be pardoned; but it would be folly to assert that his treatment of the verse discovers much discrimination. His arrangement of the posthumous pieces—if arrangement it can be called—is the worst conceivable: some are thrown together at random at a volume's end, some included incidentally in the correspondence, some relegated to a footnote in small print, some given in castrated fragments. For text, the Doctor adopted, with occasional omissions or emendations, the set in a particular ms., not necessarily—very seldom, indeed—the best; while, as to choice, a slight offence against conventional decorum sufficed to damn a masterpiece. Moreover, he was in the habit of sticking to such mss. as were placed in his hands: so that divers pieces which he rejected on this ground were as like as not destroyed or lost by him, including (it may be) one or two of which no copies remain. The amendments and additions in his Second Edition ['London: Printed for T. Cadell, Jun., and W. Davies, Strand, and W. Creech,

Edinburgh.' 1801] are of very slight importance, if we except a letter by Gilbert Burns; but a few pieces which appeared in his First were omitted from it. In none, therefore, save the most partial sense is Currie a textual authority.

Turn we next to contemporary periodicals. As regards the Local Press, one is somewhat baffled by breaches of continuity, partial or total, in its files; and some early numbers may lie mute and inglorious in its issues. Yet even this is doubtful, and after Burns won to fame, such pieces—and they were few—as were published in the local prints had generally been read elsewhere. Many appeared in the Edinburgh, but very few in the Glasgow, newspapers: some were contributed by the poet himself, others by friends who had copies from him. Allowing for minor inaccuracies, the authority of these newspaper sets is thus, in most cases, identical with that of an original MS. To *The Caledonian Mercury* Burns sent several, but he afterwards favoured *The Edinburgh Evening Courant*, whose editor, Ramsay, was his particular friend. A few appeared in *The Edinburgh Herald* and *The Edinburgh Advertiser*. All important newspaper collections, public and private, to which access is possible, have been utilised in the preparation of the present Edition.

As regards the London Press, interest chiefly centres in Burns's relations with Peter Stuart, editor of *The Star*. About these there has hitherto been much confusion, neither Currie nor Stuart's elder brother Daniel (letter in *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1838, Part II. pp. 24–26) having done much to elucidate them. We are informed on good authority that the younger Stuart had little of his elder's confidence. Be this as it may, the elder Stuart's statements are vague and misleading. Thus, he gives the years of his brother's connexion with *The Star* as 1789 and 1790; but it began in 1788, and it ended in 1789. Moreover, Peter Stuart had a hand in two different *Stars*: a fact ignored by Daniel as well

as by all newspaper historians and all biographers of Burns. He left *The Morning Post* to join with certain others, including John Mayne, author of *The Siller Gun*, in founding *The Star and Evening Advertiser* in the beginning of 1788; but in the February of 1789 he quarrelled, not, as has been vaguely supposed, with the proprietors of some other paper but, with the proprietors of *The Star* aforesaid, and on the 13th he brought out a *Star* of his own. The main ground of the quarrel was his support of the Prince of Wales, and he defended his secession in a lengthy address to the public. Thus for some six months two several *Stars* appeared in London: the old one—the *Dog Star*, Stuart called it—'published by John Mayne'; and the new one, 'published by Peter Stuart,' ex-publisher of the old. At first Stuart retained the old title, with the addition below, *Printed by P. Stuart*; but on February 24th he changed it to *Stuart's Star and Evening Advertiser*, and on April 27th to *The Morning Star*. Some two months after the journal died. In the November of 1788 Burns had sent to the old *Star* a letter on behalf of the exiled Stuarts. It is unlikely that he had corresponded with Stuart as to contributions before this. Daniel asserts that Peter offered Burns fifty-two guineas a year for a weekly poem. If he did so, it was probably on behalf of his own venture; but, apart from Daniel's statement, the evidence there is tends all the other way. Burns did, however, contribute several pieces (more than has been supposed), to this short-lived *Star*. On 2nd April he wrote to Peter Hill, asking for Stuart's address by first post, and explaining that by Stuart he meant 'the famous Stuart, who differed from the other proprietors and set up by himself.' His reason for communicating with Stuart was that he wanted to send him verses by way of thanks for his action in connexion with the 'foul aspersions regarding the Duchess of Gordon' (see *post*, p. 350, Prefatory Note to *On the Duchess of Gordon's Reel-Dancing*; and Vol. i.

p. 447, Prefatory Note to *Anna*). Stuart offered to put Burns on the free list of his journal, and Burns, while protesting that this was more than he 'could in decency accept of,' expressed a wish that it were 'more in' his 'power to contribute to it' (see Vol. i. p. 420, Prefatory Note to *Ode Sacred to the Memory of Mrs. Oswald*). In a letter of 5th August 1789, only partially printed by Currie, Stuart—for he it was—informed Burns of the discontinuance of *The Morning Star*—for *The Morning Star* it was; and Burns replied that when he got this news, he was about to send in his own letter to the Magistrates of Edinburgh, *etc.*, about Fergusson's tomb, but that now he would dispose of it elsewhere. The general tone of Burns's communications with Stuart in 1789 indicates that their intimacy—such as it was—was recent. Notwithstanding the conclusion of most Editors, it could scarce have been to Stuart that he sent the verse and prose about the tombstone as early as February 1787; for (1) it was unlikely that he would send such work twice to Stuart; (2) it is wholly improbable that, as early as this, he had received from Stuart 'many repeated acts of kindness'; and (3) the letter in which the writer asks him to secure a bedroom in Edinburgh could scarce have come from Stuart. It is also worth noting that Stuart's name does not appear in the list of subscribers to the '87 Edition, from which, of course, it may have been omitted by accident. Under Mayne's editorship *The Star* published *The Whistle*, 2nd November 1791, but the piece may have been communicated by Captain Riddell. Daniel Stuart states that after acquiring *The Oracle*, October 1795, his brother renewed his offers to Burns, but that they were again declined; and the file shows that the old relations were not revived.

In April or May [not later] of 1794 Captain Patrick Miller suggested to Burns to settle in London, and contribute to his paper, *The Morning Chronicle*, edited by Perry, at a fixed salary; but Burns replied that he dared

not sacrifice the certainties of his place in the Excise. He promised, however, if secrecy were observed, to send the editor a 'bagatelle now and then.' In the same letter he enclosed two epigrams and a song. The song appeared, the epigrams did not; and during his life *The Morning Chronicle* published but two numbers more of his. A few appeared in other London prints.

Among magazines and periodicals it will here suffice to name *The Edinburgh Magazine* and *The Scots Magazine*; but many others are referred to in the Notes.

It is not unlikely that several pieces—*The Twa Herds* among them—first saw the light singly as ballads or broadsides; but the only one in this shape known to survive is the unique copy of a set of *The Kirk's Alarm*, in the possession of Mr. W. Craibe Angus, Glasgow (see *post*, p. 327, Prefatory Note to *The Kirk's Alarm*). A large number of pieces, chiefly songs, appeared in the tracts, or chaps, 'sold for one penny,' of Brash and Reid, Glasgow, entitled *Poetry Original and Select*; but most of the Burns in these had been published elsewhere. Reid, too, seems to have taken occasional liberties with his text. When the issue of these tracts began is uncertain; but as *John Anderson my Joe Improved*, with stanzas credited to Reid, appeared in a chap, entitled *Captain Death, etc.*, printed in 1794, it was probably at least as early as that year. The single numbers were collected and published in four bound volumes. Complete sets are rare: for the use of one we are indebted to Mr. George Gray, Glasgow. The arrangement in the single numbers does not always correspond with that in the complete set: the changes in the new numbers issued after the set was completed being no doubt due to the special demand for certain pieces. The first volume of the complete set was probably published in 1796; the second is advertised in *The Glasgow Courier* of 4th March 1797, and the fourth in the issue of 15th December 1798.

Much more important in themselves, and more directly

related to the present Volume, are the several series of tracts by Stewart and Meikle, Glasgow, originally published at a penny or twopence each. The issue of the first of these series began in 1796, and seven numbers had appeared by July 1799, but one only — No. 2, dated 1796—contains any Burns (*An Unco' Mournfu' Tale*). Of this rare tract there is a copy in the Mitchell Library, Glasgow, and one or two others are known to exist. Stewart came into possession of several Burns MSS., some of them from Richmond; and, learning that Currie had decided not to include certain numbers in his Edition, at once (in 1799) began to issue them in a new series, with pieces by other hands. They were undated, but the exact date of the commencement of the series — hitherto incorrectly given — is proved by the following advertisement in *The Glasgow Courier* of Thursday, 11th July 1799:—'On Saturday first will be published, price 2d., by Stewart and Meikle, *The Jolly Beggars*, a Cantata by Robert Burns, carefully printed from the author's own manuscript; and on Saturday next will be published *The Kirk's Alarm*, a *Letter to a Taylor*, and some other little pieces by the same author.' This No. 2 included also a set of *An Unco' Mournfu' Tale*. On the Saturday after appeared *Holy Willie's Prayer*, the *Epistle to John Goudie*, etc.; and this was followed—the exact date is uncertain—by the tract containing *On Dining with Lord Daer* and the first half of William Forbes's *Dominie Deposed*. All four were 'printed for and sold by Stewart and Meikle,' the last three numbers in the series, beginning with the *Second Part of The Dominie Deposed*, being 'printed by Chapman and Lang for Stewart and Meikle.' The likelihood is that all seven appeared before the close of 1799; for their reissue is advertised in *The Glasgow Courier* of 25th January 1800 as *The Poetical Miscellany*: 'in seven numbers at 2d. each, or 1s. neatly stitched, embellished with a fine Engraved Head of Burns.' Complete sets of

The Poetical Miscellany as thus published are very rare. The numbers continued to be reprinted and issued singly, and the later do not always correspond either in text or arrangement with the earlier issues. Including the tract 'printed for and sold by Stewart and Meikle, Trongate,' 1796, there are at least five varieties of these tracts, the others being :—(2) tracts 'printed for and sold by Stewart and Meikle'; (3) tracts 'printed by Chapman and Lang for Stewart and Meikle'; (4) tracts 'printed by Chapman and Lang, Trongate, for Stewart and Meikle'; and (5) tracts 'printed by Chapman and Lang for Thomas Stewart.' Bibliopolists and dealers have failed properly to grasp these differences. Only of the first variety [which includes one Burns tract only] and the second [which includes four different tracts only] can we be absolutely certain as to date of publication. The third [which may include all the seven tracts] may have been part published in 1799. The same statement applies to the fourth, as we have been unable to discover which is the earlier. But that all tracts of both issues were published as early as 1800 is proved by the fact that Meikle's name does not appear in *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns*, published in January 1801, although the book was advertised in August 1800 as in preparation by 'Stewart and Meikle.' Meikle either died or left the firm about the close of 1800. It thus follows as well that the fifth variety is the latest, and that all the tracts with this last imprint are probably not earlier than 1801. On the boards of one of these 'Thomas Stewart' tracts we have seen an advertisement of the *Poems Ascribed, etc.* It is impossible here to go into further details, which concern rather the bibliopolist than the general reader.

Stewart and Meikle's tracts must be carefully differentiated from the series issued by Chapman and Lang, the first number of which, containing *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, appeared on 25th July 1801. For purposes of collation this series has no independent value. In yet another series, the Gray Tracts, 'Printed by David

Willison, Craig's Close, for George Gray, Bookseller, North Bridge St., Edinburgh 1799,' are several pieces by Burns, evidently copied from the Edinburgh newspapers; and had we not had access to the original source, where other numbers, not published by Gray, are also to be found, their value as text would be considerable. They are very rare, and for the use of Nos. 1 and 2 we are indebted to Mr. George Gray, Glasgow. Divers pieces, most of them songs, began to appear in miscellaneous chaps before and after Burns's death; but the many are undated, and scarce one of the others is a version of any independent value.

The Burns pieces included in Stewart and Meikle's Tracts, and in *The Poetical Miscellany*, were collected into *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns*—'Not Contained in any Edition of his Works Hitherto Published. Glasgow: Printed by Chapman and Lang for Thomas Stewart, 1801'; advertised as 'just published' in *The Glasgow Courier* of 27th January; and there described as 'Printed uniformly with the Liverpool Edition, and which (*sic*) may be bound along with the fourth volume of that Work.' *On Dining with Lord Daer*, which Currie had printed, and some minor pieces, were omitted. A new edition, with new poems, was advertised in *The Glasgow Courier* of 3rd May 1801. The old pagination was retained, the new matter being printed in a supplement; but some new readings were introduced. Some of the pieces in Stewart's collection also appeared in *Miscellanea Perthensis*, printed by R. Morison for Will. Morison. Perth: 1801; and republished in 1802 as *The Pic Nic*. Neither the Edition of Burns's *Poems* advertised in *The Glasgow Courier* of 31st August 1801 as 'speedily to be published' by William M'Lellan, Glasgow, nor one advertised on 3rd October, 'to be published next week' by Chapman and Lang, is of independent value. Some interest, however, attaches to the rare Edition—first issued in parts—of Duncan, Glasgow 1801—(for the use

of a copy we are indebted to Mr. W. Craibe Angus, Glasgow)—for the reason that it contains the Merry Andrew's song in *The Jolly Beggars*, (see *post*, Prefatory Note to *The Jolly Beggars*, p. 300). Whether Duncan obtained this lyric from a manuscript, or copied it from Stewart, is more uncertain than it would have been had he not published the new pieces in a supplement (which he could add to or alter at will while retaining the old title-page), and had Stewart's Edition of Burns's *Poems*, which appeared in one volume in 1802, not previously been published in parts. Scarce any of the separate parts as issued in the old paper covers survive, but one is in the possession of Mr. George Gray, Glasgow. The issue, as is proved by a *Courier* advertisement, began in 1801—not, as supposed, in 1802—No. 1 appearing on 27th July. The completed volume was thus advertised on 27th February 1802:—'Just published (Price 4s. 6d. boards, with two plates, or 5s. with five engravings), Stewart's Elegant Pocket Edition of Burns's Poems, printed on a fine writing paper, including above *Twenty* Poetical Pieces not contained in any other edition published in Scotland. Among them are Deliah an ode, the scene of the Merry Andrew in the Jolly Beggars of nine stanzas; Grace before and after Meat; Poetical Letters to J—— T——t G——r, the Guid-wife of Wauchope House; Poetical Letter to Burns, his Answer, and several Songs, Epigrams, Epitaphs, etc. To which are added (also never before published) Letters to Clarinda, etc. (sold separately, price 6d. stitched).' Stewart here claims to have published the Merry Andrew's song for the first time, which he would scarce have done had he been anticipated in another quarter. The production of the *Clarinda Correspondence* was objected to, and both volumes were suppressed; but Stewart immediately reissued an Edition without the *Correspondence*—this Edition succeeding, not preceding, the other, as hitherto supposed. Oliver's Edition (Edinburgh 1801), contains

several pieces (not found in Stewart's *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns*, 1801), which he got from the Gray Tracts or the Edinburgh newspapers.

Even as regards the majority of such later Editions of *Works* or *Poems* as set forth new numbers or new readings, a bare mention must suffice. The earlier are Cromek's *Reliques*, 1808, containing many pieces printed from MSS. brought to light by the compiler, chiefly in Ayrshire or Dumfriesshire; Dick's Edition, London 1809; Cromek's *Select Scotish Songs*, 1810; the *Poems* of Robert Burns, with a Life by J. Walker, Edinburgh, printed for the trustees of the late J. Morison, Perth 1811; Mackenzie and Dent's Edition, Newcastle, 1818 and 1819; the *Poems and Songs* of Robert Burns, with Life by Rev. Hamilton Paul, Ayr 1819; a reissue of Currie, entitled '*Works of Robert Burns*, with Further Particulars of the Author's Life, New Notes, and Many Additions by Gilbert Burns,' London 1820; Richards and Co.'s Edition, London 1821; '*The Songs and Ballads of Burns*. Including Ten Never Before Published' [*i.e.* except in *The Merry Muses*], London, William Clark, 1823; Lockhart's *Life of Burns*, 1828; and Clark's Edition, London 1831.

'The *Works* of Robert Burns, With his Life by Allan Cunningham,' 8 volumes, London 1834, sets forth the results of a great deal of independent research, and contains many new pieces, as well as a world of gossip; but text and notes are both vitiated by 'Honest Allan's' passion for vain, impertinent, and wholly unwarrantable changes. In 1834 the issue (in parts) of an Edition by the Ettrick Shepherd and William Motherwell was begun by A. Fullarton and Co., Glasgow. Its interest consists in the Life by Hogg, and in Motherwell's notes, especially those on the songs and ballads, which represent the first attempt of any consequence to trace the sources of Burns's inspiration. Hogg's notes are more amusing than instructive. Some notes were counted so personal or so improper that alternative leaves were supplied for substitution in

binding. Certain pieces first published in the Hogg and Motherwell are now known to be spurious. The second Aldine Edition of *The Poetical Works of Robert Burns*, 3 vols. (William Pickering, London 1839), deserves a special reference—notwithstanding divers shortcomings—for the good use made in it of many original manuscripts, purchased *ad hoc*. Several pieces which had appeared in Editions by other hands were here printed *verbatim* from the MS. copy, new ones were added, and some few of the more important variations were recorded in foot-notes. Blackie's *Land of Burns* (Glasgow 1840), and the same publisher's *Works of Robert Burns*, with an essay by Professor Wilson (1843-4), set forth scraps of new information, as well as one or two new pieces; but there is nothing for remark between this last and the four volumes of *The Life and Works of Robert Burns*, edited by Robert Chambers (Edinburgh 1851-2). Chambers adopted a chronological arrangement of poems and letters, which he sandwiched between slices of gossip and biography. Most industrious in the interviewing of everybody with even a remote acquaintance with the poet, and in the chronicling of tradition and report, he aimed, above all, at the production of a book which should do credit to his *Instructive and Entertaining Library*. His *Burns* has therefore the defects of its qualities. It contains much that was new, and is true; but it is overloaded with detail, in which hearsay too often does duty for fact. It is worth noting, too, that while Chambers—(who did not hesitate to suppress or even change, in the interests of decorum)—took credit for a faithfully zealous 'attempt' to 'place the writings of Burns before the world' with 'fidelity as to text,' he in the same breath declared that 'here there is little room for amendment.' The natural consequence of such fundamental nescience was that, instead of appreciably improving the text, he added to it his own peculiar quota of corruptions. Several new pieces were

included by him, but little or no definite information was given as to how or where they were got.

On the other hand, *The Poetical Works of Robert Burns,* 'Edited from the best printed and manuscript authorities,' by Alexander Smith (London, Macmillan, 1865) shows a quite considerable advance alike in method and in accuracy. But *The Life and Works of Robert Burns,* by P. Hately Waddell (Glasgow 1867)—which is modelled as to shape, size, and print on 'the Big Ha' Bible'—blends the special idiosyncrasies of the sermon and the biblical commentary; and, notwithstanding that it represents the result of 'abundant' labours, is so heavily overburdened with irrelevant matter, so badly confused in arrangement, so loose in its treatment of facts, so eccentric in its choice of text, that its independent value is almost in inverse proportion to its bulk. Of the Editions prepared by W. Scott Douglas, the Kilmarnock Edition (1876) and the Library Edition (Edinburgh 1877-9), it is enough to state that they show a very careful study of the facts of the Poet's life, and that the Editor was indefatigable in his search for original MSS. Last of all, *The National Burns,* edited by the Rev. George Gilfillan (2 vols., Mackenzie, Glasgow 1879-80), is mainly notable for the Gilfillanism of its gifted Editor.

For our own text it is evident that, while no source of edification may be neglected, the importance of MSS. is paramount. In Vol. i. we had our author's own authority; for Vol. ii. the best readings have had to be selected from sets transcribed by him at different times. Most of the MS. Collections mentioned in Vol. i. are available for Vol. ii. For Vol. i. copies of several MSS. not used by earlier Editors were sent us by Mr. Robert Clarke, Cincinnati, and more were sent for Vol. ii. Since then Mr. Clarke's Collection has been purchased by Mr. R. B. Adam, Buffalo, New York, who has been so generous as to forward for inspection the MSS. referred to in our Notes as the Clarke-Adam Collection. Mr. Adam has also per-

mitted us to utilise various MSS. of his besides. Other gatherings of importance are the Creech MSS. (Rev. Dr. Charles Watson, Largs); the Cunningham MSS.; the Tytler MSS. at Aldourie Castle; the collections of Sir Robert Jardine, Castlemilk, Mrs. Andrews, Newcastle (discovered to us by Dr. A. B. Grosart), Mr. T. G. Arthur, Ayr, Mr. Greenshiels, Kerse, and Mr. Alfred Morrison, London; the Fintry MSS. (Mr. J. J. Graham, Cape Town); and the Watson and Edinburgh Corporation Collections. For information we have to thank Mr. John Muir, Glasgow. And for access to MSS. acknowledgments are due to Mr. Brown, Princes Street, Edinburgh; to Mr. Davey, Great Russell Street, London; and to Mr. Richardson, of Messrs. Kerr and Richardson, Queen Street, Glasgow.

Several pieces are published in this Volume for the first time; divers others have not before been printed except in periodicals; to not a few additions have been made; and many new readings (in some cases supplying important corrections or amendments) have been introduced.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

THE Burns of this 'puissant and splendid production,' as Matthew Arnold calls it—this irresistible presentation of humanity caught in the act and summarised for ever in the terms of art—comes into line with divers poets of repute, from our own Dekker and John Fletcher to the singer of *les Gueux* (1813) and *le Vieux Vagabond* (1830), and approves himself their master in the matter of such qualities as humour, vision, lyrical potency, descriptive style, and the faculty of swift, dramatic presentation, to a purpose that may not be gainsaid. It was suggested by a chance visit (in company with Richmond and Smith) to the 'doss-house' of Poosie Nansie, as Agnes Gibson was nicknamed (see *post*, p. 308, Note to Recitativo I. Line 9), in the Cowgate, Mauchline. This 'ken' stood directly opposite Johnie Dow's tavern (The Whitefoord Arms).

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

Thence issuing, the three friends heard a sound of revelry at Poosie Nansie's, whose company they joined. And a few days afterwards Burns recited several bits of the cantata to Richmond.

The origins of the Jovial Mumper are probably goliardic in part and in part monachal. However this be, he appears for the first time in Scots verse—at once to vanish therefrom, save for a not too brilliant moment in *The Humble Beggar* (Herd, 1769)—in those capital pieces, *The Gaberlunzie Man* and *The Jolly Beggar* :—

'There was a jolly beggar, and a-begging he was boun',
And he took up his quarters into a land'art town. . . .
And we 'll gang nae mair a roving, a roving in the night,
And we 'll gang nae mair a roving, let the moon shine e'er sae bright' :—

which tradition, and little else, ascribes to James v. (1512-1542). In Tudor England he is thought to have entered, quietly enough, upon what was to prove a long and prosperous career in Copland's (*fl.* 1508-1547) *Hye Way to the Spyttel Hous* (1536) :—

'Thare gathered at the gate
People, as me thought, of very poore estate
With bag and staf, both crookèd, lame and blynde . . .
Boyes, girles, and luskysh strong knaues,
Dyddering and daddering, leaning on their staues' ;

of whom one boasts that his patrico, in the 'darkmans cace,' has 'docked the dell for a coper meke,' and for whose solace it is told—(with a Burnsian rhyme, too !)—that

'The systerhod of drabbes, sluttes, and *callats*,
Do here resorte with theyr bags and *wallats*
And be parteners of the confrary' ;

with more to like purpose, or worse : all which Dekker was to appropriate to his own uses over seventy years afterwards, without so much as a hint that it was not his own. But in Copland the Mumper exists but as a kind of literary fossil. Thirty years later (1566), as Diccon the Bedlam in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, he made a really serious advance

against letters. In this excellent farce (written, so 'tis said, by the student of twenty who was one day to be known as Bishop Still [1543?-1608], of Bath and Wells, for presentation at Christ's College, Cambridge; and perhaps, as Collier thinks, identical with a certain *Dyccon the Bedlam*, licensed for printing in 1563) he is plainly studied from the life; and his qualities are so admirably rendered, his relation to his public is so vigorously realised, he presents so memorable an appearance, that one wonders why he was not imitated there and then. But the play, for all its great and enduring merit, was little known (the First Edition is of 1575, the Second of 1661); and, as matter of fact, the 'maryner in Cock Lorrel's bote' was made a romantic possibility by the issue of two notable treatises: to wit, John Awdelay's *Fraternitie of Vacabondes* (1561), imitated, as some hold, from the German *Liber Vagatorum* (1506), which Luther prefaced in 1529; and, more particularly, Harman's *Caveat, or Warening for Common Cursetors* (*c.* 1567). Awdelay knew something of his subject (by the way, there is no shadow of Still's creation in his work). But Harman, though he used Awdelay, even as Awdelay may have used the Magister 'Expertus in Truphis' of the *Liber*, had a sound practical knowledge of that subject in all its branches; and of his 'bolde beggars' book,' as he calls it, there were three editions in a year (1566-7), with a fourth in 1573. The *Caveat*, in fact, became an influence in English literature. In the *Caveat* the Mumper was denoted at length in all his three-and-twenty male and female metamorphoses—ruffler, whipjack, hooker, rogue, prigger of prancers, palliard, walking mort, doxy, kinchin cove, and the rest—and tracked to English through the mazes (such as they were) of his not particularly copious or expressive slang. He was shown to be a ruffian—(for many decades of years who said 'Beggar' said 'Robber')—but a picturesque and striking one; and in this way he was made an object of interest and an occasion for good, vendible copy, not only to pam-

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

phleteers like Dekker (*Bellman of London*, 1608, and its second part, *Lanthorne and Candlelight*, 1608 and 1609) and Rowlands (*Beadle of Bridewell*, 1609), and, later, to sham students of life and manners like the authors of *The English Rogue* (1666-1680), but also to dramatists like the Shakespeare of Edgar and Autolycus and the Fletcher of *Beggar's Bush* (1622). This play is none of Fletcher's best; but it did more than make the Mumper heroic. With its liberal garnishing of pedlar's French and airy and pleasant songs, it may fairly be said—especially if it be taken in conjunction with Jonson's brilliant *Masque of the Metamorphosed Gypsies* (1621) and *The Jovial Crew* of Richard Brome (1641: revived with additional songs in 1684, and again, rewritten and generally bedevilled to fit the tune of the time, as a ballad opera in 1731)—to have made him humorous and lyrical also, and thus to have established him as a convention very proper for regard from the compilers of song-books and for treatment by the writers of songs. It was of these that Burns received him. Rowlands, in *Ben Mort, Wilt Thou Pad with Me* (1610), and Dekker, in *Bing Out, Bien Morts, and Toure* (1612) had very soon succeeded in expressing him in lyric slang; and he was excellently presented, to a Tom o' Bedlam tune, in *I Am a Rogue, And a Stout One*, which is found in *A Description of Love* (1620), and was copied into *Merry Drollery* (1661). The lyrics of Fletcher and Richard Brome—(by the way, one of the younger poet's contains two verses :—

> 'And if the weather be cold and raw
> Then, in a Barn, we tumble on straw':—

which almost suffice to show that Burns had seen it)—were long in people's mouths; and to these there was soon added a host of such rhymes as this one, made, Mr. Ebsworth opines, by Alexander Brome, current by or before 1660, to all appearance imitated from the Scottish classic, and quoted in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1684)

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

as 'A Song in the late revived Play called *The Jovial Crew* or *The Bonny Beggar*':—

'There was a Jovial Beggar, and he had a wooden leg,
Lame from his cradle, and forced for to beg;
And a begging we will go, will go,
And a begging we will go';

as *A Beggar, a Beggar, a Beggar I'll Be* (1660), in the Roxburghe and Huth Collections:—

'A Craver my Father, a Maunder my Mother,
A Filer my Sister, a Filcher my Brother . . .
In White wheaten Straw when their Bellies were full,
There was I begot between Tinker and Trull.
And therefore a Beggar, a Beggar I'll be,
For none leads a Life more jocund than he';

as this other, from *Wit and Drollery* (1661):—

'And of all occupations Begging is the best,
Whensoever he is weary he may lay him down and rest;
For howsoe'er the world goes they never take any care,
And whatsoever they beg or get they spend it in good fare';

as *A Song in Praise of Begging* (*Wit and Mirth*, Ed. 1714):—

'Tho' Begging is an honest Trade
Which wealthy Knaves despise;
Yet rich Men may be Beggars made,
And we that Beg may rise:

'The greatest Kings may be betray'd,
And lose their Sov'raign Power,
But he that stoops to ask his Bread
Can never fall much lower';

(*cf.* Vol. i. p. 118, *Epistle to Davie*: 'The last o't, the warst o't, Is only but to beg'); and as *The Beggar's Delight* (*Wit and Mirth*, Ed. 1719), a long and rather wiredrawn anticipation of two verses of Burns's own:—

'Can the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love.'

The Eighteenth Century is the Golden Age of the picaroon, and the Jovial Mumper—being constantly

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

acclaimed in chaps and broadsides for his love of liberty and his disdain of the proprieties: in fact, a popular Ideal—is heard of again and again in its song-books, whether special or general, and on its stage. He counts for not a little in such interest as yet attaches to Shirley's *Triumph of Wit* (*c.* 1700; Sixth Edition, 1712), with its lively canting songs, *The Maunder's Praise of His Strowling Mort*:—

'Doxy, O! thy Glaziers shine
As Glimmar by the Salomon':—

and *The Rum Mort's Praise of her Faithless Maunder*. He triumphs in the title of Gay's masterpiece (1728). He achieves a kind of partial apotheosis in the tattered and squalid royalty of Bamyfylde Moore Carew (1749). He appears for the last time to heroic purpose—(for Sir Walter's Edie Ochiltree, a true Tenth Worthy of the pad, is nothing if not respectable, and is set as high above the Maunder's shifts as he is above the Maunder's lingo)—in what some hold to be the masterpiece of Burns. He is dead long since in literature—though the 'marks' of his descendants are all over living England; and we need not concern ourselves with his last days, nor affect to regret his decease. But he survives in such briars and weeds of speech as 'beggar's bullets' (=stones), 'Beggar's Bush' (=the road to ruin), 'beggar's benizon' (which may not be translated here), 'beggar's plush' (=corduroy), 'beggar's velvet' (=flue), and the like; and, inasmuch as he took the eye of such men as Still, Dekker, Jonson, Fletcher, Brome, and Burns (to name no more), it may fairly be claimed for him that his literary life was neither unprofitable to us nor dishonourable to him.

The personages of Burns's Cantata—ruffler and strolling mort, trull and tinker, ballad-singer and bawdy-basket—are more or less the personages of the treatises and song-books. But they have been renewed by observation from the life, and they are made immortal by the fire of that inspiration through which they were passed. Burns, if

we may believe his own words, could sympathise with such outcasts, and had at least a sentimental fancy for the life they led. It may be that, as regards himself, we must put out of court that brisk and graceless parody of the original *Jolly Beggar* :—

> 'There was a jolly gauger, and a gauging he did ride,
> And he has met a beggar wench down by yon river-side.
> And we 'll gang nae mair a rovin wi' ladies to the wine,
> When a beggar wi' her meal-pocks,' *etc.* :—

which is included in *The Merry Muses* [for precedents he had *The Knight and the Beggar Wench* (Roxburghe Collection, ii. 241) :—

> 'I met with a Jovial Beggar
> And into the fields I led her' :—

and '*The Gowlin*, being an Encounter between a Scotch Leard and a Buxome Beggar Wench' (blackletter, in the British Museum), which is found in *Wit and Mirth* (1719) as a 'Scotch song in the *Trick for Trick*' (1678) :—

> 'Abroad as I was Walking, upon a Summer's day,
> There I met a Beggar-woman clothèd all in Gray'].

For the honours thereof, such as they are, are somewhere claimed for a fellow-exciseman, whose prowess is still more splendidly celebrated in another lyric in the same collection. But

> 'To lie in kilns and barns at e'en
> When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin
> Is, doubtless, great distress!
> Yet then content could make us blest;
> Ev'n then, sometimes, we 'd snatch a taste
> Of truest happiness. . . .
>
> 'What tho', like commoners of air
> We wander out, we know not where,
> But either house or hal'?
> Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
> The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
> Are free alike to all.
> In days when daisies deck the ground,
> And blackbirds whistle clear,
> With honest joy our hearts will bound' :—

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

thus does he speak his mind in the *Epistle to Davie* (Vol. i. p. 118). A little later (to be done with verse), he brags to Craigen-gillan (see p. 88), that when his legs

> 'To good warm kail
> Wi' welcome canna bear him,
> A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail
> An' barley-scone shall cheer him.'

And as early as 1784 he is moved to confide to his *First Common Place Book* that he has 'often observed, in the course of "his" experience of human life'—which already included Irvine and the Carrick smugglers—'that every man, even the worst, has something good about him'; for which reason, 'I have often courted the acquaintance of that part of mankind commonly known by the ordinary phrase of "blackguards," sometimes further than was consistent with the safety of my character.' It is sheer impertinence to assume, with certain commentators, that he figured himself in the person of his own Ballad Singer. But it is undeniable that he set forth some of his own philosophy of life at that disreputable artist's lips; also with him it was ever 'The heart ay's the part ay That maks us right or wrang'; and it is pretty safe to argue that his regard for the 'fraternitie of vacabondes' was so far both temperamental and sincere. And this, in brief, is why Matthew Arnold prefers the Burns of *The Jolly Beggars* before the Goethe of the 'Scene in Auerbach's Cellar.' With a superb intelligence, the Scot creates his people from within; while the German's apprehension of his company is merely intellectual and pedantic.

For the form of *The Jolly Beggars*: Georgian England rejoiced in burlesque cantatas and parodies of famous odes (as Bonnel Thornton's, which Johnson praised), exactly as it rejoiced in ballad operas: for the reason that both were stitched together with old English tunes. Open, for instance, *The Choice Spirits' Museum* (1768), by 'the

facetious Henry Howard,' a confederate of the not less facetious George Alexander Stevens, and the first number is found to be *A Satirical, Political Burlesque Ode*, which starts with a recitative (just as *The Jolly Beggars* does) and ends to the air of *A Cobbler there Was*, after exampling such favourites as *Chevy Chase*, and *Kitty Beautiful and Young*, and *Ally Croker*. The same collection furnishes a still closer parallel in the shape of *The Times, A Comic Ode*, which is laced with recitatives, and whose several numbers—all to popular airs—are put into the mouths of divers characters: Sir Politic, who is all for the war; a fellow who is as decidedly for peace; Tom Grumble, who cannot away with the Scots; and Gibby, of that nation, who

> 'Takes up his Mull his Spirits to recruit
> To vindicate the *Scotch* and Earl of *B—te*,'

to the melody of *The Highland Laddie*. Here as elsewhere, in short, Burns was working on traditional lines; and that *The Jolly Beggars* remains immortal, while his models have long since disappeared, is due to the fact—not that it is in any sense an invention in form but—that, treating of things familiar in familiar terms, it is also a piece of rare and admirable genius.

The staves in which it is set forth are all conventional—Scots-Conventional as regards the Recitatives; Anglo-Scots in respect of most of the Songs—as the form itself. For Recitatives I. and VIII. see Vol. i. p. 366, the Prefatory Note to the *Epistle to Davie*; for II. and VII. *idem*, p. 328, Prefatory Note to *The Holy Fair*, and Allan Ramsay, *The Fair Assembly* (1723); for III. *idem*, p. 371, Prefatory Note to *The Lament*—with the addition, that Alexander Pennicuik [1652-1722], author of a reputable *Description of the Shire of Tweedale* [1715], wrote two numbers in the same stave (*Peter Many's Obligation*, 'from an Old Manuscript,' and *Truth's Travels*, the latter near a hundred octaves long), which he describes as being 'in Scots Metre

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

and much in Repute in Our Old King James's Time'; for IV. *idem*, p. 319, Prefatory Note to *The Twa Dogs*; for V. *idem*, p. 336, Prefatory Note to the *Address to the Deil*—with the addition, that in this form Beattie cast his sole tribute to the Vernacular Muse; and for VI. Ramsay's version of *The Last Time I Came O'er the Muir*, or the old song, *Cauld Kail in Aberdeen*:—

> 'There 's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
> And custocs in Strathbogie;
> When ilka lad maun hae his lass,
> Then fye gie me my cogie':—

though in one place, where it rhymes within the line, it recalls another of Ramsay's lyrics, *O Mither Dear* (see *infra*, Note on *Clout the Cauldron*). Of the Songs between, the first—(for the type compare *The Lark*, 1740, pp. 52-4)—won't fit the air which Burns—(at this time he seems to have been utterly careless of propriety in this sense)—assigns to it, but is moulded, as to the refrain at least, on a lyric sung in the musical farce called *The Poor Soldier*, and quoted in Caw's *Poetical Museum* (Hawick 1784), a book Burns knew:—

> 'How happy the soldier who lives on his pay,
> And spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a day,
> Yet fears neither justices, warrants, nor bums,
> But pays all his debts with the roll of his drums.'

The next, to the tune of *Sodger Laddie*, may possibly have originated with an insipid performance by Allan Ramsay, in whose refrain one seems to catch an echo of an older piece:—

> 'My soger laddie 's over the sea
> And he will bring gold and money to me;
> And when he comes hame, he 'll make me a lady;
> My blessing gang wi' my soger laddie.'

The Merry-Andrew's ditty goes to an air which, Mr. Fielding tells you, was the special joy of Squire Western.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

The oldest set is in the Percy Folio MS. It differs little from the set in *Wit and Mirth* (1719):—

'Considering in my mind,
'Twas thus I began to think:
If a Man be full to the Throat,
And cannot take off his drink,
And if his drink will not down,
He may hang himself for shame;
So may this Tapster at the Crown,
Whereupon this reason I frame:
Drink will make a Man Drunk,
And Drunk will make a Man dry,
Dry will make a Man Sick,
And Sick will make a man die,
Says Old Simon the King.'

But there is no doubt that the rhythmus came to Burns through the Scots derivative, which was long popular as a broadside, and is quoted in Herd (1769):—

'Some say that kissing 's a sin,
But I say that winna stand:
It is a most innocent thing,
And allowed by the law of the land.'

Song IV. is imitated from the *Lewie Gordon* attributed to Alexander Geddes (1737-1802), of which Burns had 'one of the earliest copies':—

'O, to see his tartan trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heeled shoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee!
That 's the lad that I 'll gang wi'.
Oh hon! my Highlandman!
Oh my bonie Highlandman!
Weel would I my true love ken
Among ten thousand Highlandmen! . . .'

He none the less assigns it to the tune of a folk-ballad, of divers sets, one preserved in Herd (1769):—

'I wish that you were Dead, goodman,
And a green sod on your Head, goodman,
That I might ware my widowhead
Upon a ranting Highlandman! . . .

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

The Tinker's declaration is fitted to the tune of *Clout the Cauldron*. The original is, undoubtedly, a black-letter ballad (Roxburghe and Pepys Collections), entitled *Room for a Jovial Tinker, Old Brass to Mend*, fitted with a chorus, and prefaced thus :—

> 'Here is a Tinker full of mettle,
> The which can mend pot, pan, or kettle,' *etc.*

This is how the ballad itself begins :—

> 'There was a lady of the North,
> She loved a gentle man,
> And knew not well what course to take
> To use him now and than :
> Wherefore she writ a letter,
> And seal'd it with her hand,
> And bade him be a tinker,
> And mend both pat and pan.'

Another set, *The Tinker*, is given in *Merry Drollery* (1661) :—

> 'There was a Lady in this land
> That loved a Gentleman,
> And could not have him secretly
> As she would now and then,
> Till she devised to dress him like
> A Tinker in vocation ;
> And thus disguised she bid him say
> He came to clout her Cauldron.'

The set in *Wit and Drollery* (1682), which is called *The Jovial Tinker*—(this artificer, it is to note, pervades the song-books, his purpose being ever scandalous, while the fullest advantage is taken of the double meaning our forbears attached to such words as 'kettle' and the like)—is a simple corruption of the black-letter original, of whose fourteen stanzas, moreover, several are discarded. The adventure described in all three is the same ; and in a note to Johnson's *Musical Museum* Burns asserts that the ballad was 'composed on a member of the Kenmure family in the Cavalier times.' It is probable, however, that he had seen none of the English sets, but knew the thing as *The Tinker's Occupation*, a Scots de-

rivative (from the version in *Merry Drollery*) which appears as one of 'Three Excellent New Songs,' in a chap included in the Motherwell Collection :—

'With bag and ballice (*sic*) on his back
And tridgets (*sic*) in his apron,
And a long pike-staff into his hand
A tinker's occupation.'

Ramsay's set (which has a different ending from the others : a moral one) begins thus :—

'O, have you any pots and pans
Or any broken Chandlers ?
I am a tinker to my trade
But newly come from Flanders :
As scant of siller as of grace,
Disbanded, we 've a bad run
Gae tell the lady of the place
I 'm come to clout her cauldron.
Fa audrie, didle, didle,' etc.

Metrically, however, Burns's set is plainly modelled on Ramsay's version of an old song, with the chorus 'Upstairs, downstairs, Timber stairs fear me' :—

'O mither dear ! I 'gin to fear,
Though I 'm baith guid and bonny,
I winna keep ; for in my sleep
I start and dream of Johnny' :—

which he has also used in the copy of verses called *The Fornicator*—('Tune—*Clout the Cauldron*')—included in *The Merry Muses*. The old fragment on which the Fiddler models his declaration of sentiment first appears as part of a broadside (Roxburghe Collection), and is quoted in Herd (1769) :—

'My mither sent me to the well,
She had better gane hersel :
I gat the thing I daurna tell—
Whistle o'er the lave o't !—

'My mither sent me to the sea
For to gather musles three :
A sailor lad fell in wi' me—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.'

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

It is itself a pure derivative from the opening stanza of an early (black-letter) set of *Kind Robin Lo'es Me* (Roxburghe Collection) which ends thus :—

'Robin garred my belly swell,
Kind Robin lo'es me.'

The Bard's first utterance—(the stave is a prime favourite with Burns, as his admirers know. See, especially, Vol. iii., Prefatory Note to *Is There for Honest Poverty*)—was clearly suggested by a thing of some antiquity preserved (there is a very clever surreptitious set by Burns himself) in *The Merry Muses* :—

'Put butter in my Donald's brose,
For weel does Donald fa' that;
I lo'e my Donald's tartans weel,
. . . . . an' a' that.

'For a' that, an' a' that,
An' twice as meikle 's a' that,
The lassie,' *etc.*

The eighth and last of the series is to the tune of a song written by Edward Ward, and to be read in most of the books :—

'Jolly mortals, fill your glasses,
Noble deeds are done by wine!
Scorn the nymph and all her graces—
Who'd for love or beauty pine?

'Look within the bowl that 's flowing,' *etc.*

It was set by Galliard, and may be found in *The Musical Miscellany* for 1731.

The Jolly Beggars may be the piece referred to in the letter to Richmond, 17th February 1786 :—'I have enclosed you a piece of rhyming ware for your perusal.' Richmond told Chambers that in the Cantata, as originally composed, to the best of his memory there were included songs for a sweep and a sailor (the whipjack, or dry-land sailor, is one of the oldest members of the Cursitors' Society); and there is other evidence that Burns greatly

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

modified his first draft. In reply to a query of George Thomson he wrote in 1793:—'I have forgot the Cantata you allude to, as I kept no copy, and indeed did not know that it was in existence; however, I remember that none of the songs pleased myself except the last—something about:—

"Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.'"

This was, no doubt, honest criticism, for the songs were mostly Scoto-English. But the artistic finish of the thing suggests the intention to publish; and it may very well have been submitted to the 'jury of literati' in Edinburgh (1787), and have failed to approve itself to that body's 'pedant frigid soul of criticism.' A slightly altered version of the Bard's first song was sent to Johnson's *Museum* (*Tho' Women's Minds*, Vol. iii.), and certain numbers appear in *The Merry Muses*; but these may have been got from Stewart's tracts or from MSS.

The Jolly Beggars was not published by Currie, and—some have supposed—was not even submitted to him. But that he deliberately rejected it is clear from a MS. letter of Alexander Cunningham to Syme, 17th September 1796 (with other important MSS. in the possession of Cunningham's grandson, who has kindly given us copies):—'There has been put into my hand a poem entitled *Love and Liberty*. I presume you have seen it. Were the pruning-knife applied to some of the broad humour it might be published without incurring much censure—at least it would be admired by many and is surely too valuable to be thrown aside.' Cromek expressed to Creech strong scruples with regard to publishing *The Jolly Beggars*, as also *Holy Willie's Prayer* (MS. Letters in the possession of the Rev. Charles Watson, D.D., Largs). Creech seems to have advised him against it, on the score of prudence, for he did not include it in the *Reliques*, 1808; but, being severely censured by Sir Walter Scott for ignoring it, he published it in *Scotish Songs*,

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

1810, at the same time that he declined to take in *Holy Willie's Prayer* by reason of 'its open and daring profanity, and the frequent and familiar introduction of the sacred name of the Deity.'

Although Burns had no copy of the Cantata when he wrote to Thomson, there is evidence that three or four different MSS. were at one time in existence. An early draft was sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson in 1861 (*Descriptive List*, by E. C. Bigmore). The Cantata was first published as one of the tracts 'printed for and sold by Stewart and Meikle' (1799). The *Poetical Miscellany*—a collection of tracts 'printed by Chapman and Lang for Stewart and Meikle'—had as frontispiece a plate of the Jolly Beggars designed by Carse and engraved by Robert Scott. The Cantata was republished in Stewart's *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns* (Glasgow 1801), and that same year it appeared in *Miscellanea Perthensis*, as also in other collections. The Recitavo, *Poor Merry Andrew in the Neuk*, with the ensuing song, appeared in Duncan (Glasgow 1801) and in Stewart (Glasgow 1802), for information as to which see *ante*, Bibliographical, p. 287. Of the manuscript—MS. (A)—from which the work was printed, a facsimile by Lumsden of Glasgow appeared in 1823, and again in 1838. It bore an attestation that it 'was given by the poet himself to Mr. David Woodburn, at that time factor to Mr. M'Adam of Craigen-gillan, and by Mr. Woodburn to Mr. Robert M'Limont,' from whom it passed to a Mr. Smith, Greenock, 'who gave it to the present possessor' [Thomas Stewart]. It was afterwards in the Azores, in the hands of one of Stewart's daughters, who wrote on the flyleaf that it had been given to her father by his uncle, the poet's friend Richmond: which is clearly a mistake, if Stewart's own statement is to be accepted. The small portion not published until 1801 or 1802 is, however, written on different paper and in different ink; and probably formed no part of the manuscript given to Woodburn. It may—

as Scott Douglas takes for granted—have been given by Richmond to Stewart; but that it was omitted from the copy sent to Woodburn because 'Richmond had carried it with him to Edinburgh' is wholly improbable. May it not rather have formed part of another complete copy presented to Richmond or another? A second leaf of the bound copy bears this inscription:—'This manuscript belongs to David Crichton, junior, Pictou, Nova Scotia, North America. Purchased at Terceira, one of the Azores, or Western Islands, 13th January 1845.' It is now in the possession of Mrs. J. G. Burns, Knockmaroon Lodge, County Dublin. A second MS.—MS. (B)—entitled, as was the copy mentioned in Cunningham's letter, *Love and Liberty*, is in the Laing Collection in the University of Edinburgh. A third was apparently inspected by Cromek; for though he states that his version (1810) was 'from Burns's MS. belonging to Mr. T. Stewart of Glasgow,' he refers also to certain variations not to be found either in MS. (A) or MS. (B); and in the second last Recitativo he substitutes 'a sailor' for 'the fiddler.' That he did not do so merely—as Scott Douglas supposed—because he had heard (from Richmond) that 'a sailor originally formed one of the persons of the poet's drama,' may now be assumed, since MS. (B) agrees with his reading. The 'an' endings occur, both in MS. (A)—which is one of the finest extant specimens of the poet's earlier hand—and in MS. (B), but less frequently in the latter. Some omissions and modifications of expressions in MS. (B) are doubtless due to the fact that this copy was sent to a lady—Lady Harriet Don; but in a few other instances the readings are superior to those in MS. (A), and have been adopted in the text.

RECITATIVO I

STANZA I. LINE 2. 'The bauckie-bird':—'The old Scotch name for the bat' (R. B. in MS. [A]). Perhaps because it hides in the roofs of houses near the 'bauks' or crossbeams.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

3. '*Thick load* cauld Boreas' blast,' MS. (B). 9. 'In Poosie-Nansie's held the splore':—'The hostess of a noted caravanserai in Mauchline well known and much frequented by the lowest order of travellers and pilgrims' (R. B. in MS. [B]). Also, 'Luckie Nansie is Racer Jess's mother in my *Holy Fair*. Luckie kept a kind of caravansery for the lower order of wayfaring strangers and pilgrims' (R. B. in early draft, quoted in Bigmore, *Descriptive List*). The epithet 'Poosie' is of somewhat doubtful signification. A very similar word, 'pousie,' is a nickname for a cat; and in Scots and English slang a definite sense has attached to both these words ('cat' and 'pousie') for over two centuries. 'Pose' is also Scots for a purse, or a secret hoard of money. But most likely 'Poosie'=pushing. Cf. *Reply to a Trimming Epistle*, p. 96, Stanza II. Line 2: in Eighteenth Century slang, 'pushing-school'=brothel. The lady figures in the Kirk-Session Records (1773), when she was handled for drunkenness as 'Agnes Ronald, wife of George Gibson,' with whom, and with her daughter, she appeared to answer a further charge of 'fencing' stolen goods. As regards the earlier charge, she calmly but firmly 'declared her resolution to continue in the sin of drunkenness,' whereupon 'the Session, considering the foresaid foolish resolution and expression,' excluded her 'from the privileges of the Church' until she should 'profess her repentance.' There is no evidence that she came to terms with the Session. She is clearly to be distinguished from Elizabeth Black, also the keeper of a 'doss-house,' but in no way a connexion of George Gibson. See further *post*, p. 339, Prefatory Note to *Adam Armour's Prayer*. 14. 'The vera girdle rang':—The girdle is a round plate of metal used in Scotland from time immemorial in firing the oaten cake.

STANZA II. LINE 2. 'Mealy bags':—The meal-bag was the beggar's main equipment, as oatmeal was the staple alms, and might be taken as food or exchanged or sold. *Cf.* the ensuing song, 'When the tother bag I sell,' *etc.* 12. '*Just like a* cadger's whup,' MS. (A). 13. 'Then *staggering an' swaggering*,' MS. (A):—*Cf.* Ramsay, *The Vision*:—

> 'Quhen staggirand, and swaggirand
> They stoyter hame to sleep.'

SONG I

The chorus of this song in MS. (B) is 'Fal-lal-de-dal,' *etc.*

STANZA II. LINE 2. 'The heights of Abram':—Before Quebec, where Wolfe beat Montcalm on the 13th September 1759. 4. 'And the Moro low was laid':—El Moro, the castle defending the harbour of Santiago de Cuba, stormed by the British in August 1762.

STANZA III. LINE 1. 'I lastly was with Curtis':—Sir Roger Curtis, Admiral—born 1746, died 14th November 1816—who, being in command of the *Brilliant*, destroyed the French floating batteries before Gibraltar, 13th September 1782. 3. 'With Eliott to head me':—George Augustus Eliott—born 25th December 1717, died 6th July 1790—who, for his heroic defence of Gibraltar, was raised to the peerage as Lord Heathfield, Baron of Gibraltar, 14th June 1787.

STANZA V. LINE 1. '*Now* tho' with hoary locks, I must stand the winter shocks,' MS. (B).

SONG II

STANZA III. LINE 3. 'He *ventur'd* the soul and *I risket* the body,' MS. (A).

STANZA IV. is not in MS. (B). Line 3. 'Spontoon':—A weapon carried by soldier-officers instead of a half-pike.

STANZA V. LINE 2. 'I met my old boy *at* a Cunningham fair,' MS. (B):—Cunningham is the northern among the three ancient districts of Ayrshire. The Glencairns derive their family name from it.

STANZA VI. LINES 3-4. 'And' and 'But' at the beginning of these lines are transposed in MS. (B).

RECITATIVO III

LINE 1. 'Poor Merry-Andrew in *a* neuk,' deleted reading in MS. (A). This recitativo and also

SONG III

are not in MS. (B), and formed originally no part of MS. (A). See *ante*, Prefatory Note, p. 306. This being the case, it is worth noting that the song is the least dramatic and the most conventional in the Cantata.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

STANZA IV. LINE 1. 'Tyed up like a stirk':—*i.e.* punished with the 'jougs,' a sort of iron collar.

RECITATIVO IV

LINE 2. 'Cleek the sterlin'='pinch the ready.' Line 3. 'For monie a pursie she had hookèd':—'Hook' is old slang for (1) a finger, (2) a thief. Cf. *Jacke Juggler* (1562):—'Lo, yonder cometh that unhappy *hook*.' See also Harman, in his *Caveat*, on the subject of 'hokers or Angglers.' Burns's heroine, who answers well enough to the 'bawdy-basket' of the treatises, was, in fact, a pick-pocket. 5. 'Her *Dove* had been a Highland laddie':—Misreading of MS. by Stewart and other Editors. *Cf.* the old song (Ramsay), *Highland Laddie*, with the chorus:—

'O my bonny, bonny highland laddie,
My handsome, charming highland laddie.'

8. 'Braw':—Here used in its original sense, and = gaily dressed: the reference being to the tawdry finery of the Highland vagabond. See Stanza II. of Song IV. For a curious instance of 'braw'=good-looking as opposed to well-dressed, see Vol. i. p. 89, *Halloween*, Stanza III. Line 2.

SONG IV

STANZA I. LINE 2. 'The lalland *law* he held in scorn,' MS. (B).

STANZA II. LINE 2. 'Claymore':—A two-handed Highland sword.

STANZA VI. is omitted in MS. (B).

RECITATIVO V

STANZA I. LINE 1. 'A pigmy scraper *wi' his* fiddle,' MS. (A). 2. 'Wha us'd *at* trysts an' fairs to driddle':—current but erroneous reading. Both MSS. have 'to,' and 'to' is found in the Stewart and Meikle Tracts and in Stewart's *Poems Ascribed, etc.*, 1801. '*At*' was adopted in Duncan (1801), and Stewart (1802)—a certain proof that one copied from the other. And although Cromek adopted 'to,' the erroneous '*at*' is found in all later Editions. To driddle, therefore, here =to toddle: the reference being to the short steps of the pigmy

scraper, not—as has been supposed—to his bad, uneven bowing. *Cf.* The *Epistle to Major Logan*, p. 100, Stanza III. Line 5. 'Trystes' are cattle markets, and 'fairs'=hiring fairs or 'mops.'

SONG V

STANZA I. LINE 1. 'Let me *reach* up to dight that tear,' MS. (B). 2. 'An' go wi' me *to* be my dear,' erroneous reading.

RECITATIVO VI

STANZA II. LINE 4. 'An' *so* the quarrel ended,' MS. (A).

SONG VI

STANZA I. LINE 6. 'In many a *gallant* squadron,' MS. (B).

STANZA II. LINE 1. 'Despise that shrimp, *so gent and jimp*,' MS. (B). Cromek mentions another reading of 1-2:—

'That *monkey face, despise the race*
Wi' a' *their* noise an' cap'ring.'

4. 'Budget'=tinker's bag of tools. *Cf.* Shakespeare, *Winter's Tale*, Act iv. Sc. 2, Autolycus' Song:—

'If tinkers shall have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget.'

6. 'And by that dear Kilbaigie':—'A peculiar sort of whisky, a great favourite with Poosie Nansie's Clubs' (R. B. in MS. [A]); 'Much used as a beverage, morning, noon and night in Poosie Nansie's' (R. B. in MS. [B]). Kilbaigie [or Kilbagie] Distillery was in Clackmannanshire, a little to the north of Kincardine-on-Forth.

RECITATIVO VII

STANZA I. LINE 8. 'An' made the bottle clunk':—'Clunk'—(Fr. *faire glou-glou*)—describes the sound of emptying a narrow-necked bottle, especially by application to the mouth.

STANZA II. LINE 3. 'A *sailor* rak'd her fore and aft,' MS. (B) and Cromek. 5. 'A wight of Homer's craft':—'Homer is allowed to be the oldest ballad singer on record' (R. B. in MS. [A]). 8-9. 'An' shor'd them "Dainty Davie" O' boot that night':—See the old song:—

'Being pursued by the dragoons,
Within my bed he laid him down,
And weel I wat he was worth his room,
For he was my Dainty Davie':—

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

written to the praise of Mass David Williamson, and preserved in full in *The Merry Muses*, and in part by Herd (1769). It sets forth an adventure thus related by Captain Creichton in his *Memoirs*, as published by Swift (*Works*, *ed.* Scott, Vol. xii. pp. 19, 20):—'I had been assured that Williamson did much frequent the house of my Lady Cherrytree, within ten miles of Edinburgh; but when I arrived with my party about the house, the lady, well knowing our errand, put Williamson to bed to her daughter, disguised in a woman's night-dress. When the troopers went to search in the young lady's room, her mother pretended that she was not well; and Williamson so managed the matter that, when the daughter raised herself a little in the bed to let the troopers see her, they did not discover him, and so went off disappointed. But the young lady proved with child, and Williamson, to take off the scandal, married her in some time after.' Creichton is the sole authority for this *historiette*, which is placed in 1674, and whose hero died, at seventy-nine, in 1702. But it is certain that Miss Cherrytree became the third of his seven wives, although there is no record of her bearing him a child. Creichton's story was very generally believed. Williamson, whose exploit so nearly touched the heart of Charles II. that ('tis said) his attendance was commanded at Whitehall, did more, in fact, than endear himself both to writers of songs and to writers of such lampoons as *The Cardinal's Coach Couped* (1711: in Burns's favourite stave):—

> 'You need not think I'm speaking lies:
> Bear witness, House of Cherrytrees,
> Where Dainty Davie strove to please
> My lady's daughter
> And boldly crept . . .
> For fear of slaughter':—

and the rather scandalous verses collected by Maidment in *A Handful of Pestilent Pasquils* (Privately Printed, no date). He added, in the 'Dainty Davie' of the text, a synonym (susceptible, it seems, of more than one interpretation) to Scots venereal slang. What, in effect, is signified in Burns's lines is that there and then the Bard presented the Fiddler with that doxy from his train of three whom he had taken but now

in flagrante delicto; and this is shown by the terms in which he presently (Song VII. p. 15) refers to the transaction :—

'I 've lost but ane, I 've twa behin',
I 've wife eneugh for a' that.'

SONG VII

Another set was sent by Burns to Johnson's *Museum*, beginning :—'Tho' women's minds like Winter winds' (see Vol. iii.).

STANZA II. LINE 4. 'Helicon' :—Burns's description may derive from Montgomerie's 'fontaine Helicon' in *The Cherry and the Slae*. Again, it may be that, inasmuch as whisky was, and still is, named after the place of its production, and inasmuch as he regarded it as a source of inspiration, he simply meant his Bard to talk of 'Helicon' as his Caird had spoken of 'Kilbaigie.' *Cf.* Byron, *English Bards* (1809) :—'Fresh fish from Helicon'; corrected (MS. 1816) to 'Hippocrene.'

LAST CHORUS. LINE 3. 'My dearest bluid,' *etc.* :—*Cf.* the sonnet attributed to Marlowe :—

To do thee good
I 'll freely spend my thrice-decocted blood.'

RECITATIVO VIII

LINES 3-4 in MS (B) read thus :—

'They toom'd their *pouches, pawned their pocks*
And scarcely left to coor their *backs*,
Quenching their lowan drouth.'

7. 'The poet *does* request,' MS. (B). 13. '*Look'd* round him an' found them,' MS. (B), and quoted by Cromek with '*them*' for 'him' :—This loose rhyming (of which Burns was often guilty) would have shocked the Royal Prentice :—'Ze man also tak heid, that quhen thare fallis any short syllabis after the last lang syllabe in the lyne, that ze repeit thame in the lyne quhilk rhymis to the vther, even as ze set them downe in the first lyne, as for exampill, ze man not say *Then feir nocht Nor heir ocht*, Bot *Then feir nocht Nor heir nocht*, Repeting the same *nocht* in baith the lynes,' *etc.*

SONG VIII

STANZA V. LINE 3. 'Let them *cant* about decorum,' MS. (A).

STANZA VI. LINE 1. 'Here *is* budgets, bags and wallets,' MS. (B); also 'Here *is*' in 2.

SATIRES AND VERSES

THE TWA HERDS

This piece and the two next, *Holy Willie's Prayer* and *The Kirk's Alarm*—with three printed in Vol. i.: *The Holy Fair*, p. 36, *The Address to the Deil*, p. 47, and *The Ordination*, p. 210—constitute what is certainly the most brilliant series of assaults ever delivered against the practical bigotry of the Kirk. Burns suffered by them in reputation during his life and long afterwards. Even his most amicable critics have generally failed to appreciate, or at least to indicate, their true significance, and have deemed it seemly to qualify admiration of their cleverness with apologies for their irreverence. But, irreverent or not, they did for the populace much the same service as was done by the *Essay on Miracles* for the class of light and leading, and have proved an enduring antidote against the peculiar superstitions with which the many Scots afflicted themselves so desperately and so long.

'The following,' wrote Burns in a note to a MS. copy, now in the British Museum, 'was the first of my poetical productions that saw the light. I gave a copy of it to a particular friend of mine, who was very fond of these things, and told him "I did not know who was the author, but that I had got a copy of it by accident." The occasion was a bitter and shameless quarrel between two Rev. gentlemen, Moodie of Riccarton and Russell of Kilmarnock. It was at the time when the hue and cry against patronage was at its worst.' After a similar account in the Autobiographical Letter to Dr. Moore he adds:—'With a certain set of both clergy and laity it met with a roar of applause.' The quarrel was about parochial boundaries, and in the discussion of the question, says Lockhart, 'the reverend divines, hitherto sworn friends

and associates, lost all command of temper, and abused each other *coram populo*, with a fiery virulence of personal invective such as has long been banished from all popular assemblies, wherein the laws of courtesy are enforced by those of a certain unwritten code.' THE TWA HERDS

From Burns's statement it would appear that the piece was somehow printed soon after it was written; but no trace of such an impression has been found. It was, however, published in a tract, dated 1796, with the following title:—'*An Unco Mournfu' Tale*, to which is added *The Antiquarian* by Robert Burns; Glasgow. Printed for and Sold by Stewart and Meikle, Booksellers, Trongate.' Of this, which is exceedingly rare, there is a copy in the Mitchell Library, Glasgow. Under the title, *An Unco Mournfu' Tale*, the satire was reissued in the Tracts 'printed for and sold by Stewart and Meikle' [it forms part of the No. 2 Tract, which includes the *Kirk's Alarm, etc.*]; and as *The Holy Toolzie, an Unco Mournfu' Tale*, in the series 'printed by Chapman and Lang for Stewart and Meikle,' and the series 'printed by Chapman and Lang for Thomas Stewart.' It is plain that before reprinting Stewart had received another MS. which helped him to divers alterations; and the additional readings of this second MS. were adopted in the several series 'printed by Chapman and Lang.' We have not met with any examples of this No. 2 Tract having the imprint 'printed by Chapman and Lang, Trongate,' but if such a tract exist, its text will probably correspond with that of those 'printed by Chapman and Lang.' Under the title of *The Twa Herds* this last version was adopted in Stewart's *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns* (Glasgow 1801); and as the *Twa Herds or Holy Toolzie* in Stewart's Edition (Glasgow 1802). The MS. copy in the British Museum is entitled *The Twa Herds, or the Holy Tulyie*. Our text has been selected from all the several versions, which are cited in the Notes as MS., 1796, Middle Stewart [1799], and Later Stewart respectively (the three last collectively

THE TWA HERDS

as Stewart), the reading being that of the version or versions not mentioned in the Notes.

TITLE. 'Herds':—'Herds' is old Scots for 'shepherds.' Thus Henryson, in that *Exemplum Veritatis et Falsitatis*, the fable of the Fox and the Wolf:—'The hird him hynt.' Thus, too, Montgomerie, in his Paraphrase (*The Minde's Melodie*, 1605) of the Twenty-third Psalm:—

> 'The Lord most hie
> I know will be
> Ane heyrde to me.'

STANZA I. LINE 2. '*Well* fed on pastures orthodox,' Stewart.

STANZA II. LINE 2. 'That e'er gae gospel *horns* a blast,' MS., 1796 and Middle Stewart. 3. 'These five *an' fifty summers* past,' MS., 1796 and Middle Stewart. 6. '*Between* themsel,' 1796 and Middle Stewart.

STANZA III. LINE 1. 'O Moodie, man, an' wordy Russell':—For notices of Moodie and Russel see Notes to *The Holy Fair*, Vol. i. p. 331, Stanza XII., and p. 334, Stanza XXI. 2. 'How could you *breed sae* vile a bustle,' MS. 3. 'New-Light herds':—See Note to *Epistle to William Simpson*, Vol. i. p. 384, Stanza XIX. Line 4, and the humorous dissertation in the *Epistle* itself. 5. 'The Lord's cause *ne'er gat* sic a twistle,' Later Stewart.

STANZA IV. LINE 1. 'O sirs! *wha ever wad expectit*,' MS.; '*wha wad hae e'er expekit*,' 1796 and Middle Stewart. 3-6. The construction is unusual, unless 'respeckit' bears a somewhat strained meaning, and 'respeckit to wear the plaid'=esteemed fit to wear the plaid. If 'respeckit' be used in its common sense, the lines may be read thus:—'Ye who were elected to wear the plaid, not by respected lairds but, by the brutes themselves to be their guide.' 3. '*You* wha *was ne'er* by lairds respeckit,' MS.; 'Ye wha were *ne'er*,' Later Stewart. 5. 'But by the *vera Brutes* eleckit,' MS.:—The reference is to popular election by the congregation.

STANZA V. LINE 2. 'Sae *hail* an' hearty every shank,' 1796. 3. 'Nae *poison'd Ariminian* stank,' MS. 4. 'He *loot* them taste,' MS. 5. 'Frae Calvin's *well*, *ay clear*, they drank,' Stewart. 6. '*That was* a feast,' MS.

STANZA VI. LINE 1. 'The *fulmart*, wilcat, brock and tod,' MS. 3. 'He *knew* their ilka hole an' road,' MS. 5. 'An' *likèd weel* to shed their bluid,' MS.

STANZA VII. LINE 1. '*And wha* like Russell tell'd his tale,' MS. 2. 'His voice was heard *o'er moor* and dale,' MS. 4. 'An' *saw* gin they were sick or hale,' Later Stewart; '*hail*,' 1796.

STANZA VIII. LINE 1. 'He fine a *mangy'd* sheep could scrub,' 1796 and Middle Stewart. 3-4. 'Or' and 'and' are transposed in Stewart. 5. '*Could shake* them o'er the burning dub,' Stewart; but in 1796 and Middle Stewart, '*tub*' for 'dub.' 6. 'Or *shute* them in,' MS.

STANZA IX. LINE 2. 'Sic famous twa *sae* disagree't,' 1796 and Middle Stewart; '*should* disagree't,' Later Stewart. 4. '*Each other* gi'en,' MS. 5. 'While *enemies* wi' laughin spite,' MS. 5-6 in Tract 1796 read thus:—

> 'While "new-light" herds *will laugh and say't*
> *That* neither 's *clean*.'

STANZA X. LINE 2. '*There's* Duncan deep, an' Peebles shaul,' [or '*shauld*'] Stewart:—Robert Duncan, ordained minister at Dundonald 11th September 1783; D.D., University of Glasgow, 1806; died 14th April 1815; was deemed intellectual, and published *Infidelity the Growing Evil of the Times*, a sermon, Air, 1794. For Peebles, see Note to *The Holy Fair*, Vol. i. p. 332, Stanza XVI. Line 3. 3. 'But chiefly *thou* apostle Auld,' Stewart. A variation in the Aldine (1839): 'But chiefly *gird* Apostle Auld,' is simply a misprint ('*gird*' for 'great' as in our text). This misprint Scott Douglas endeavoured to rectify thus:—'But *chiefly gird thee*, *'postle* Auld'; and by giving a colourable meaning to the line he has given a new life to the blunder. William Auld, minister of Mauchline, younger son of the laird of Ellanton, Ayrshire, was born in 1709; graduated M.A. at Edinburgh in 1733, and afterwards studied divinity at Glasgow and Leyden; ordained minister of Mauchline in April 1742; died 12th December 1791, in his 83rd year. He published *The Pastoral Duty briefly Explained*, a Sermon, Glasgow 1763. Like his elder, 'Holy Willie,' Auld was given to liquor, and, also like him, was a bitter Calvinist and a rigid disciplinarian. He is not alluded to in *The Holy Fair*, because

THE TWA HERDS

as minister of the parish he had to preside at the services within the church. Auld's disciplinary dealings with Burns are referred to in the *Reply to a Trimming Epistle from a Tailor* (see p. 96). Several writers have credited him with a certain magnanimity with regard to his satirist. But Burns, though he certainly offended, did not attack him personally—except in the rather flattering allusion in the text—before he had left Ayrshire. He is not named in the earlier version of *Holy Willie's Prayer* except as 'God's ain Priest'; and as for magnanimity, there is no proof of any on his part. He rebuked Burns and Armour in 1786, together with other three, in terms applicable to all five. He could not with decency single Burns out for a special rebuke. On 5th August 1788 Burns and Armour were rebuked for their irregular marriage: after which discipline they could not be rebuked for a second case of fornication. Auld was now an old man; hence the epithet 'Daddie' in a stanza of *The Kirk's Alarm*, with the line, 'And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark.'

6. '*To gar them gree*,' MS.

STANZA XI. In the MS. **5-6** read thus:—

> '*I trust in* heav'n to see them *het*
> *Yet in a* flame';

and the reading in 1796 and Middle Stewart agrees with this, with the exception of 'hope frae,' as in the Later Stewart, for '*trust in.*'

STANZA XII. LINE 1. '*There's D'rymple* has been long our fae,' MS.; '*a* fae,' 1796 and Middle Stewart:—William Dalrymple of Ayr, younger son of James Dalrymple, sheriff-clerk of Ayr; born at Ayr 29th August 1723; ordained to the second charge of Ayr December 1746; translated to the first charge 13th May 1756; D.D., St. Andrews, 1779; Moderator of the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland 1781; died 20th January 1814, in his 91st year. Author of *Sermons*, Glasgow 1766, Edinburgh 1782; *Family Worship Explained*, 1787; *History of Christ* (in which he referred with approval to his colleague M'Gill's *Practical Essay*), Edinburgh 1787; *Faith in Jesus Christ*, Air 1790, *etc.* Dalrymple was liked and respected even by his opponents. Burns, whom he baptized, devotes a stanza of admirable eulogy to him in *The*

Kirk's Alarm, p. 31. He told Ramsay of Ochtertyre that his father was 'so much pleased' with Dalrymple's strain of preaching and benevolent conduct that he embraced his religious opinions, 'though he practically remained a Calvinist' (*Scotland and Scotsmen in the Eighteenth Century*, ii. 554). 3. 'An' that curs'd rascal ca'd M'Quhae':—William M'Quhae, son of a magistrate of Wigton, was born 1st May 1737; studied at Glasgow, where he was a favourite pupil of Adam Smith; ordained at St. Quivox 1st March 1764; D.D., St. Andrews, 1794; died 1st March 1823, in his 86th year. Author of *Difficulties which attend the Practice of Religion no just Argument against it*, a Sermon, Edinburgh 1785. 4. 'An' baith the Shaws':—Andrew Shaw, son of Andrew Shaw, Professor of Divinity at St. Andrews, was born in 1730; ordained at Craigie 26th September 1765; D.D., St. Andrews, 1795; died 14th September 1805. He was scholarly, but somewhat diffident. David Shaw, no relation of Andrew, was son of Alexander Shaw, minister of Edenkillie; ordained at Coylton 29th June 1749; D.D., St. Andrews, 1775; Moderator of the General Assembly 1775; died 26th April 1810, in his 92nd year. 5. '*Wha* aft hae made us black an' blae,' MS.

STANZA XIII. LINE 1. 'Auld Wodrow lang has *wrought* mischief,' MS:—Patrick Wodrow, minister of Tarbolton, second son of John Wodrow, the ecclesiastical historian, born 1713; ordained at Tarbolton 18th August 1738; D.D., St. Andrews, 1784; died 17th April 1793, in his 81st year. Author of a *Letter* (signed John Gillies) *addressed to the Elders of the Synod of Glasgow and Air with Observations Moral and Theological*, 1784. 2. 'We *trusted* death wad bring relief,' MS. 4. 'Ane to succeed him':—The assistant and successor was John M'Math—referred to by name in Stanza xvii.—ordained 16th May 1782; demitted his charge—on account of convivial habits—21st December 1791; retired to Mull, where he died 18th December 1825, in his 44th year. M'Math was an acquaintance of Burns, who at M'Math's request enclosed him a copy of *Holy Willie's Prayer*, adding the *Rhymed Epistle* (p. 76), to himself. 5. 'A *chap will* soundly buff our beef,' MS. 6. 'I *muckle* dread him,' 1796 and Middle Stewart.

STANZA XIV. LINE 1. 'And monie *a ane* that I could tell,'

THE TWA HERDS

Stewart. 2. 'Wha *fair and* openly rebel,' MS., 1796, and Middle Stewart. 4. 'There 's Smith for ane':—Rev. George Smith of Galston (see Note to *The Holy Fair*, Vol. i. p. 332, Stanza XIV. Line 5). 5. 'I doubt he 's but a *grey nick quill*,' Stewart, and adopted by later Editors, as well as by ourselves in a Note to *The Holy Fair*, Vol. i. p. 332. It is probably a misprint, or a deliberate change by Stewart, unable to solve the puzzle of 'grey-neck still' in the MS. In English slang 'Gray'=a coin (for tossing) with two heads or two tails; while 'Gray-coat parson'=a lay-impropriator of tithes. A 'Gray-neck,' then, is a person of indeterminate principles, one who is neither black nor white, but indifferent alike 'to God and to His enemies.'

STANZA XV.' LINE 5. 'An' *gie* the brutes the power themsels,' 1796 and Middle Stewart.

STANZA XVI. LINE 3. 'An' that *cur'st* cur ca'd Commonsense,' MS.:—For 'Common-sense,' see Vol. i. p. 333, Note to *The Holy Fair*, Stanza XVI. Line 7, and Vol. i. p. 398, Note to *The Ordination*, Stanza II. Line 1.

STANZA XVII. is wanting in the MS. 5. '*Wi' Smith wha thro' the heart can* glance,' Later Stewart.

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER

THE interlocutor in this amazing achievement in satire, this matchless parody of Calvinistic intercession—so nice, so exquisite in detail, so overwhelming in effect—was a certain William Fisher, son of Andrew Fisher, farmer at Montgarswood, Ayrshire; born in February 1737; succeeded his father at Montgarswood, and afterwards tenanted the farm of Tongue-in-Auchterless; on 26th July 1772 was ordained elder in the parish church of Mauchline; became one of the most strenuous of Auld's assistants (see *ante*, p. 317, Note to *The Twa Herds*, Stanza x. Line 3) in his rigid superveillance of the parishioners, and was probably the informer against Gavin Hamilton for neglect of ordinances and violation of the Sabbath (see Prefatory Note

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER

to *Dedication to Gavin Hamilton, Esq.*, Vol. i. p. 378); was himself in 1790 rebuked by the minister, in presence of the Kirk-Session, for drunkenness; and was reputed (see Stanza xvii. of *The Kirk's Alarm*, p. 35), to have utilised his opportunities as 'elder at the plate' to help himself to the kirk offerings, but there is no official record of any such charge. On his way home from Mauchline, in a snow-storm, he died in a ditch by the roadside, 13th February 1809.

The occasion of the piece is thus explained by Burns in a preface in the *Glenriddell Book* at Liverpool:—'ARGUMENT.—Holy Willie was a rather oldish bachelor elder, in the parish of Mauchline, and much and justly famed for that polemical chattering which ends in tippling orthodoxy, and for that spiritualized bawdry which refines to liquorish devotion. In a sessional process with a gentleman in Mauchline—a Mr. Gavin Hamilton—*Holy Willie* and his priest, Father Auld, after full hearing in the Presbytery of Ayr, came off but second best, owing partly to the oratorical powers of Mr. Robert Aiken, Mr. Hamilton's counsel; but chiefly to Mr. Hamilton's being one of the most irreproachable and truly respectable characters in the country. On losing his process, the muse overheard him at his devotions, as follows.' A Presbyterial decision in favour of Hamilton was given in January 1785. The Session appealed to the Synod, but was at last constrained to grant Hamilton a certificate, 17th July 1785: to the effect that he was 'free from public scandal or ground of church censure known to us.'

The satire was first published in one of the tracts 'printed for and sold by Stewart and Meikle' (1799), probably from a comparatively early MS. given to Stewart by Richmond. The text has been determined by collation of the version in Stewart with MSS. at Liverpool (*Glenriddell Book*), MS. (A); Edinburgh University, MS. (B); Sunderland, MS. (C); Kilmarnock, MS. (D); Dumfries Observatory (latter portion only of the poem) MS. (E);

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER

and a MS. whose owner wishes to be anonymous, MS. (F). The motto from Pope is found in A, C, D and F, but was not published by Stewart.

STANZA I. LINE 1. 'O! Thou *wha* in the Heavens does dwell,' Stewart:—There is seemingly no authority for the '*who*' of many editors, either in this or the following line. 5. 'Onie guid':—Burns is by no means consistent in his spelling of such words at any period of his life, or even in the same MS.; but 'onie' and 'guid' were generally those of his earlier period, and 'ony' and 'gude' those of his later, especially after he began writing for Johnson and Thomson. We have adopted the earlier spelling throughout. 6. 'They 've done *afore* Thee,' Stewart.

STANZA II. LINE 3. 'That I am here *afore* Thy sight,' Stewart.

STANZA III. LINE 2. 'That I should get *such* exaltation,' MSS. (C, D and F). 3. 'I wha *deserve sic* just damnation,' Stewart; '*who*,' MSS. (C and D). 5. '*Five* thousand years *'fore* my creation,' Stewart.

STANZA IV. is omitted in MS. (D). 1. 'When *frae* my mither's womb I fell,' Stewart. 2. 'Thou might hae *plungèd me in hell*,' Stewart. 3. 'To gnash my *gums*, *to* weep and wail,' Stewart. 4. 'In *burnin' lake*,' Stewart. 6. 'Chain'd to *a stake*,' Stewart.

STANZA V. LINE 2. 'To show thy grace is *grace*, and ample,' MS. (F). 3. 'I 'm here a pillar *in* Thy temple,' Stewart. 5. 'A guide, *a ruler*, and example,' MSS. After Stanza v. another was inserted by Stewart in his Edition of 1802, which is not in any later MS., and probably belonged to one earlier than that originally used by him. As it is inferior to the rest, and breaks the run of the thought, it is omitted from the text. It is as follows:—

'O Lord, Thou kens what zeal I bear
When drinkers drink, an' swearers swear,
An' singin hear an dancin there
Wi' great an' sma';
For I am keepit by Thy fear
Free frae them a'.'

STANZA VI. LINE 3. 'An' sometimes too *wi'* warldly trust,' Stewart.

STANZA VIII. LINE 1. 'Besides I further maun *allow*,' Stewart [but 'avow' in Edition 1802]. 6. 'Wad *ne'er hae steer'd* her,' Stewart.

STANZA IX. LINE 2. '*Beset* Thy servant e'en and morn,' Stewart. 3. 'Lest he owre *high and proud* shou'd turn,' Stewart; '*O'er*,' MSS. (A, B and E). 4. '*Cause* he's sae gifted,' Stewart.

STANZA X. LINE 2. 'For here Thou *hast* a chosen race,' Stewart. The later MSS. all give 'has,' which is a distinctively Scottish idiom. 4. 'Wha bring *their rulers* to disgrace,' MSS. (D and F); '*rulers*,' MSS. (C and E). 5. 'An' *public* shame, Stewart and MSS. (B, C, D, E and F).

STANZA XI. LINE 5. 'God's ain Priest':—William Auld, minister of Mauchline. See *ante*, p. 317, Note to *The Twa Herds*, Stanza X. Line 3.

STANZA XII. LINE 3. '*As* set the warld in a roar,' Stewart; 'And *sets*,' MS. (C). 6. 'Kail and potatoes':—One of the charges against Gavin Hamilton was that he sent his servants to dig potatoes on a Sunday.

STANZA XIII. LINE 2. 'Against *the* Presbyt'ry of Ayr,' MS. (E):—Because it vindicated Hamilton against the Mauchline Session. 5. 'Lord *weigh it down and* dinna spare,' Stewart.

STANZA XIV. LINE 1. 'That glib-tongu'd Aiken':—Robert Aiken of Ayr, who successfully defended Hamilton. See Note to *The Cotter's Saturday Night* (Vol. i. p. 363, Stanza I. Line 1). 2. 'My vera heart and *saul* are quakin,' Stewart. In all the later MSS. 5-6, allowing for slight differences in spelling, read thus:—

> 'While *Auld wi' hingin lip gaed sneakin*
> *And hid* his head';

'*I*' occurring in 3 instead of 'we.' Stewart in 1802 also adopted this reading (forgetting, however, to change 'snakin' into '*sneakin*'); but the reading in the early MS. used by Stewart is the more forcible and dramatic. Aiken may have objected to the line, but the change was not a happy one; for 'Holy Willie' could scarce be imagined as thus depicting his superior's confusion.

'HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER

STANZA XV. LINE 1. 'Lord in *the* day *of* vengeance try him,' Stewart. 2. 'Lord visit *them* wha did employ him,' Stewart: —The 'him' of the text refers to Hamilton, and by its substitution, as in the MSS., the invocation is emphasised and made specific, the '*them*' of 3 by this reading being limited to Aiken and Hamilton, on whom Auld especially concentrates his desire to be avenged.

THE KIRK'S ALARM

WILLIAM M'GILL, minister of Ayr—whose 'heretic blast' aroused the 'alarm' here burlesqued—was youngest son of William M'Gill, farmer of Carsenestock, Wigtonshire; born 1732; educated at the University of Glasgow; became assistant at Kilwinning in June 1760; and was ordained to the second charge of Ayr, 22nd October 1761, as colleague to William Dalrymple. M'Gill, who received the degree of D.D. in 1781, published (Edinburgh 1786) a *Practical Essay on the Death of Christ*, which set forth doctrines held to be Socinian. It was commended in his colleague Dalrymple's *History of Christ*, 1787; and attacked, guardedly and by implication, by Dr. William Peebles—see Vol. i. p. 332, Note to *The Holy Fair*, Stanza xvi. Line 3—in a *Centenary Sermon on the Revolution*, preached 5th November 1788, and published soon afterwards. M'Gill replied in *The Benefits of the Revolution*, Kilmarnock 1789: whereupon a complaint against his *Essay*, as being heterodox, was presented on 15th April to the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr. The Synod ordered the Presbytery of Ayr to take up the case, and the General Assembly, though it quashed the order, added a general recommendation to the Presbytery to see to it that doctrinal purity was maintained. With this general warrant the Presbytery appointed (15th July) a committee to consider and report specifically on M'Gill's doctrines; and on 14th April 1790 he compromised the matter by offering an

THE KIRK'S ALARM

explanation and an apology, which the Synod accepted. M'Gill died 30th March 1807. He was more philosopher than ecclesiastic. A simple and unworldly man and a resolute student, he was at the same time a quaint and cheerful humourist, and was held by his parishioners in singular affection and respect. Burns's regard for him, like his reverence for Dalrymple, dated from childhood; and the doctrines which had so perturbed the 'Orthodox' were those which William Burness [we have adopted throughout these volumes the Poet's own spelling of his father's name] had embodied in his *Manual of Religious Belief*. The satire was evoked by the action of the Presbytery on 15th July 1789. Two days later Burns sent a draft of it to Mrs. Dunlop in an unpublished letter (Lochryan MSS.):—'You will be well acquainted with the persecution that my worthy friend Dr. M'Gill is undergoing among your divines. Several of these reverend lads his opponents have come through my hands before; but I have some thoughts of serving them up in a different dish. I have just sketched the following ballad and as usual send the first rough draft to you.'

This copy was originally entitled *The Kirk's Lament*, a Ballad: Tune, *Push about the Brisk Bowl*; but in the MS. *Lament* is deleted for *Alarm*. Probably, therefore, the idea of the burlesque was suggested by a certain broadside, '*The Church of Scotland's Lamentation* concerning the setting up of Plays and Comedies, March 1715,' the work of an anonymous writer, of which there is a copy in the Roxburghe Collection (iii. 553). It is modelled on the Scottish Metrical Psalms:—

> 'Let not the news in Gath be told,
> Nor streets of Askelon,' *etc.*

The Lochryan draft—MS. (A)—consists of eleven stanzas:—'Orthodox'; 'Dr. Mac'; 'Town of Ayr'; 'D'rymple mild'; 'Calvin's sons'; 'Rumble John'; 'Simper James'; 'Singet Sawney'; 'Daddie Auld'; 'Poet

THE KIRK'S ALARM

Willie'; and 'Jamie Goose.' On the 7th August Burns sent a copy to Mr. John Logan of Knockshinnoch and Afton: the first, he says, 'sent to Ayrshire except some few of the stanzas' which he 'wrote off in embryo for Gavin Hamilton.' This, the earliest complete version—with the postscript, 'Afton's Laird'—was published by Cunningham, probably with a few alterations. The one stanza wanting is 'Holy Will.' Also, it has the bob-wheel and the repeat. In the British Museum there are two early versions: one said to have been sent to Graham of Fintry—MS. (B): probably on 31st July, for it contains only nine stanzas, while that sent to Graham on 23rd December was clearly a completed copy. The peculiarity of this version is that the first stanza begins 'Brither Scots' instead of 'Orthodox.' The 'Simper James' and 'Jamie Goose' which are in the Lochryan MS. are wanting in it; but it is set to the same tune. The other Museum version—MS. (C)—has eleven stanzas somewhat differently arranged: the two stanzas additional to those in MS. (B) being 'Simper James' and 'Billie Goose.' On 23rd December Burns sent a completed copy to Lady Elizabeth Cunningham:—'I ought to apologise to your Ladyship for sending you some of the enclosed rhymes, they are so silly. Everybody knows now of poor Dr. M'Gill. He is my particular friend, and my ballad on his prosecution has virulence enough if it have not wit. You must not read to Lady Glencairn the Stanza about the priest of Ochiltree—though I know him to be a designing rotten-hearted Puritan, yet perhaps her ladyship has a different opinion of him.' This version—MS. (D)—which is in the University of Edinburgh, is entitled '*The Kirk of Scotland's Garland*, a New Song—Tune, *The Hounds Are All Out*,' and consists of seventeen stanzas, the missing one being 'Holy Will.' The copy in the Burns Monument, Edinburgh—MS. (E)—presented by the poet's sons, contains the same number of stanzas as MS. (D), somewhat

THE KIRK'S ALARM

differently arranged, and has a dedicatory stanza to 'Factor John.' In this copy the *Alarm* is assigned to the tune, *Come Rouse, Brother Sportsmen.* A version, entitled *A Ballad on the Heresy of Dr. MacGill, Ayr,* was inscribed in the *Glenriddell Book*—MS. (F): it consists of fourteen stanzas, those omitted being 'Town of Ayr,' 'Singet Sawnie,' and 'Holy Will,' while 'Davie Rant' is substituted for 'Davie Bluster'; also, it wants the bob-wheel and the repeat. Another completed version appeared in one of the tracts 'printed for and sold by Stewart and Meikle,' 1799: it is headed '*The Kirk's Alarm*: A Satire'; and consists of eighteen stanzas, the additional one being 'Holy Will.' It also wants the bob-wheel and the repeat. In 1789—or ten years before Stewart's tract—the piece was published as a broadside under the title '*The Ayrshire Garland,* an Excellent New Song: Tune, *The Vicar and Moses.*' For the use of the sole copy known to exist we are indebted to Mr. W. Craibe Angus, Glasgow. It consists of thirteen stanzas:—'Orthodox'; 'Dr. Mac'; 'Town of Ayr'; 'D'rymple mild'; 'Calvin's sons'; 'Rumble John'; Simper James'; 'Singet Sawnie'; 'Daddie Auld'; 'Pauky Clark to George Gordon'; 'Jamie Goose'; 'Poet Willie'; and 'Barr Steenie.' When Burns enclosed MS. (A) to Mrs. Dunlop, he informed her that he was half intending to get some copies thrown off at a Dumfries press, and sent to Ayrshire as from Edinburgh (Lochryan MSS.).

The tunes to which Burns assigns his verses do not fit, and the purpose of his references seems chiefly sarcastic. *Come Rouse, Brother Sportsmen,* a popular song in his time, 'sung by Mr. Faucett at Richmond,' runs thus:—

Come rouse brother sportsmen,
The hunters all cry,
We've got a strong scent
And a favourite sky—
We've got a strong scent
And a favourite sky.'

THE KIRK'S ALARM

The Hounds are All Out (Henry Carey's *Betty*, 1739) more nearly approaches the measure :—

'The Hounds are all out, and the morning does peep:
Why, how now, you sluggardly sot,
How can you, how can you be snoring asleep
When we all on horseback are got, my brave boys?
When we all on horseback are got.'

Both tunes partly suggest the repeat of *The Kirk's Alarm*, but that may have been derived from *Push About the Brisk Bowl*, set by William Boyce (1710-1779), the tune assigned to it in the earlier MSS. :—

'Push about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart,
While thus we sit round on the grass.
The lover who talks of his suffering and smart
Deserves to be reckoned an ass, an ass—
Deserves to be reckoned an ass.'

As for *The Vicar and Moses*, of which one set fits, the faint colouring of profanity in the title was probably its main recommendation to Burns. But the stave of the *Alarm*, less the bob-wheel and repeat, was otherwise well known. An early Scottish example is Pitcairne's *Roundell on Sir Robert Sibbald*, 1686, printed from the Wodrow MSS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, in Maidment's *Third Book of Pasquils*, Edinburgh 1828 :—

'There is lost, there is lost
On the Catholic coast,
A quack of the College's quorum;
Though the name be not shown,
Yet the name may be known
By his "opus viginti annorum."'

The stave, which was used by Congreve for a famous drinking song in *The Way of the World* (1700), was very popular in England throughout the Eighteenth Century (the books abound in examples), and its vogue may well

have been helped by the 'Free Mason's Song,' or *The Free and Accepted Mason* :—

'Come let us prepare
We Brethren that are
Assembled on every occasion';

which dates from about the beginning of the century, and whose last lines are repeated by way of chorus. For the rest, the bob and the repeat are completely exampled by Gray in *The Beggars' Opera* (1728) :—

'When a wife's in the pout
(As she's sometimes, no doubt);
The good husband, as meek as a lamb,
Her vapours to still,
First grants her her will,
And the quieting draught is a dram,
Poor man,
And the quieting draught is a dram.'

As matter of fact, however, *The Kirk's Alarm* was modelled directly on a political squib which appeared in *The Glasgow Mercury*, December 23-30, 1788, and was current at least six months before Burns wrote his first draft :—

'Mr. Fox, Mr. Fox,
Thou 'rt knock'd down like an Ox
By honest Will Pitt's argumentation :
'Twas a cruel mistake
Such assertions to make.
Were they yours, or had Loughboro' lent them?'—

and so on for fourteen stanzas, by no means wanting in wit and point. Divers pasquils on similar lines—and probably derivatives of this—are to be found in the London prints in 1789. The peculiarity is the personal address, *e.g.* 'Mr. Fox.' Though the bob does not occur in these, the introduction of the proper name almost suggests it, and it may after all have been used when they were sung.

THE KIRK'S ALARM

STANZA I. LINE 1. '*Brither Scots, Brither Scots*,' MS. (B). 4. *There's* a heretic blast,' Stewart, Cunningham, and MSS. (A, B, C, D and F). 6. 'That what is *no* sense,' Stewart.

STANZA II. LINE 1. 'Dr. Mac, Dr. Mac':—Dr. M'Gill, of course. See the Prefatory Note, p. 324. 2. 'You should *streek* on a rack,' MS. (E), and the preferable reading but for its resemblance to 'strike' in the succeeding line. 3. 'To strike *evil doers* wi' terror':—All versions except MS. (B), but its reading is the most precise, and is therefore preferable. 6. '*Is* heretic, damnable error,' Stewart.

STANZA III. LINE 2. 'It was *mad*, I declare,' *Ayrshire Garland*, and Stewart. 3. 'To meddle *in* mischief a-brewing,' *Ayrshire Garland*:—'See the advertisement' (R. B.). The magistrates of Ayr, when a complaint was laid before the Synod against Dr. M'Gill, inserted an advertisement in the newspapers, testifying to the respect of the community towards him. 4. '*Your rulers* still deaf,' *Ayrshire Garland*. The 'Provost John' of the text was John Ballantine, Provost of Ayr, to whom Burns dedicated *The Twa Brigs* (see Vol. i. p. 393). 6. 'And *Orator Scribes are* its ruin,' *Ayrshire Garland*:—The 'Orator Bob' of the text was Robert Aiken, Writer, who defended Dr. M'Gill as well as he had already defended Gavin Hamilton (see Vol. i. p. 363). The substitution of the general references for the name of Burns's two friends would seem to indicate that the *Garland* was printed by Burns himself. He told Mrs. Dunlop that he was afraid he'd be suspected; so he doubtless omitted his friends' names to avert suspicion.

STANZA IV. LINE 1. 'D'rymple mild':—William Dalrymple of Ayr. See *ante*, p. 318, Note to *The Twa Herds*, Stanza XII. Line 1.

STANZA V. LINE 2. '*Scour* your sp'ritual guns,' *Ayrshire Garland*. In MS. (B) 3-6 read thus:—

> '*And form your battalions wi' speed;*
> *With real battle powder*
> *Be sure double load her;*
> *And the bullets Divinity* lead.'

6. 'And your *sculls* [or 'skulls'] are *a storehouse* o' lead,' MSS. (A, C, D, E and F), and *Ayrshire Garland*.

STANZA VI. LINE 1. 'Rumble John':—John Russel of

Kilmarnock. (See Vol. i. p. 334, Note to *The Holy Fair*, Stanza XXI. Line 4). 4. '*Then out wi'* your ladle,' MS. (B); '*Then out* your ladle,' *Ayrshire Garland.*

STANZA VII. LINE 1. 'Simper James':—James M'Kinlay of Kilmarnock, whose settlement there is celebrated in *The Ordination* (see Vol. i. p. 210, and also the Prefatory Note, Vol. i. p. 397).

STANZA VIII. LINE 1. 'Singet Sawnie':—Alexander Moodie of Riccarton (see Vol. i. p. 331, Note to *The Holy Fair*, Stanza XII. Lines 1-3). 3. 'Unconscious what *danger awaits*,' all MSS. and Cunningham. 6. 'For *Hannibal's* just at your *gates*,' all MSS. and Cunningham.

STANZA IX. 'Daddie Auld':—William Auld of Mauchline. (See *ante*, p. 317, Note to *The Twa Herds*). 3. 'A tod meikle waur than the clerk':—Gavin Hamilton, whom Auld had previously prosecuted (see *ante*, p. 320, and Vol. i. p. 378). In MSS. (A, B, and C) 4-5 read thus:—

> '*Douglas Heron and Co.*
> *Has e'en laid you fu' low,*'

the reference being to the consequence of the failure of that bank in Ayr. 4-6 in *The Ayrshire Garland* read thus:—

> '*Ye ance swat for whiskie,*
> *Ye're now nae sae friskie,*
> *But tho' ye can't* bite ye may bark.'

4. 'Tho' ye *daur* do little skaith,' Cunningham. 6. '*But though* ye canna bite,' MSS. (A, B and C); 'Ye *can* bark,' MSS. (E and F) and Cunningham.

STANZA X. in all versions, except MS. (F)—adopted in the text—and *The Ayrshire Garland*, reads thus, allowance being made for minor variations:—

> '*Davie Bluster! Davie Bluster!*
> *For a saunt if ye muster,*
> *The corps is no' nice o' recruits;*
> *Yet to worth let 's be just,*
> *Royal blood ye might boast,*
> *If the ass were the king o' the brutes—*
> *Davie Bluster!*
> *If the ass were the king o' the brutes*';

THE KIRK'S ALARM

but this being merely descriptive we have preferred the Stanza in the text. In *The Ayrshire Garland* the stanza reads thus :—

'Pauky Clark to George Gordon
Gie the Doctor a cordon,
And to gape for witch-marks gi'e it o'er.
If ye pass for a saint
It's a sign we maun grant
That there's few gentlemen i' the core.'

David Grant of Ochiltree; born in Madderty, Aberdeenshire, in 1750; for some time teacher in George Watson's Hospital, Edinburgh; ordained Presbyterian minister at Newcastle-on-Tyne, 14th November 1781; admitted to Etterick parish, 4th May 1786; and translated to Ochiltree 7th November of the same year; died 16th July 1791. As convener of the Committee on M'Gill's publications, and one of the most persistent of his prosecutors, Grant made himself especially obnoxious to M'Gill's supporters: so much so, indeed, that his sudden death created the impression that it had been brought about by them. He was the author of two single sermons (Edinburgh, 1779 and 1782), and *Sermons Doctrinal and Practical*, 2 vols. (1785).

STANZA XI. LINE 1. 'Jamie Goose':—'James Young of Cumnock, who had lately been foiled in an ecclesiastical prosecution against a Lieutenant Mitchell' (R. B. in MS. [F]). He was ordained at New Cumnock 3rd May 1758, and died 1st August 1795, in his 85th year. In MS. (C) '*Billie*' occurs for 'Jamie.' 2. 'Ye hae made *a* toom roose,' *Ayrshire Garland.*

STANZA XII. LINE 1. 'Poet Willie':—'William Peebles in Newton-upon-Ayr, a poetaster who, among other things, published an ode on the centenary of the Revolution in which was the line :—"And bound in Liberty's endearing chain"' (R. B. in MS. [F]). For Peebles see also Vol. i. p. 332, Note to *The Holy Fair*, Stanza XVI. Line 3. 6. 'Ye *only stood by when he* shit,' all MSS. and Cunningham: for the reading in the text the authority is Stewart and *The Ayrshire Garland.*

STANZA XIII. LINE 1. 'Andro' Gowk':—Andrew Mitchell of Monkton and Prestwick, son of Hugh Mitchell of Dalgain, his mother being one of the Campbells of Fairfield; ordained at Muirkirk 11th July 1751: translated to Monkton in Novem-

ber 1774; died 11th October 1811, in his 87th year. He possessed the estate of Avisyard, near Cumnock, and is said to have 'kept a carriage.' Being rich, he had a kind of influence among the Orthodox; but he was mentally the weakest of the brethren. He was author of *Causes of Opposition to the Gospel* (Edinburgh 1764). 3. 'And the book *nought* the waur,' Cunningham. In 4-5 the conjunction readings are various: '*Tho' ye're rich*' occurs in 4, with 'But' (in the sense of 'only') or '*Yet*' beginning 5, and the same variation occurs in 5, when '*Tho'*' is omitted in 4.

STANZA XIV. LINE 1. 'Barr Steenie':—Stephen Young of Barr, who, after acting for some time as assistant at Ochiltree, was ordained at Barr 8th March 1780, and died 21st February 1819, in his 75th year.

STANZA XV. LINE 1. '*Cessnock*-side,' MSS. (E and F), and Cunningham:—George Smith of Galston. (See Vol. i. p. 332, Note to *The Holy Fair*, Stanza XIV. Line 5.) The town stands on the Irvine, and for seven miles the Cessnock forms the Mauchline parish boundary. 5. 'Ev'n your faes *maun* allow,' MSS. (D, E, F). 6. 'And your friends *they dare grant you nae* mair,' Stewart and Cunningham.

STANZA XVI. LINES 1-3 in Cunningham read thus:—

> 'Muirland *George*! Muirland *George*!
> Whom the Lord *made a scourge*
> *To chastise common sense for her sins*';

but it is not impossible that here, as elsewhere, 'honest Allan' essayed to improve on his author. The reference is to John Shepherd of Muirkirk, son of Rev. George Shepherd of Newbattle; ordained at Hemel-Hempstead, Herts, 30th October 1772; translated to Muirkirk 1st September 1775; died 14th August 1799, in his 59th year. In MSS. (D and F) and in Stewart 2-6 read thus:—

> '*When* the Lord *made* [or 'makes'] *a rock*
> *To crush common sense for her sins*;
> If ill manners were wit
> There's no mortal so fit
> *To confound* the poor Doctor *at ance*';

THE KIRK'S ALARM

and in 3-6 Cunningham has the same reading. The authority for the reading in the text is MS. (E.)

STANZA XVII. 'Holy Will':—'*Vide* the "Prayer" of this Saint' (R. B. in MS. [F]). See *ante*, p. 320, Prefatory Note to *Holy Willie's Prayer*.

STANZA XVIII. LINES 4-5 in Stewart read thus:—

> '*Though* your muse is a gipsy,
> *E'en tho'* she were tipsy.'

In Cunningham '*Though*' is omitted in 4, but the reading of 5 agrees with that in Stewart. MSS. (E and F) have '*Tho*'' in 4.

POSTSCRIPT 1. LINE 1. 'Afton's Laird':—John Logan of Knockshinnoch and Afton. 6. 'Clackleith':—Mr. Johnson of Clackleith.

POSTSCRIPT 2. LINE 1. 'Factor John':—Either John Kennedy, factor to the Earl of Dumfries (see *post*, Prefatory Note to *To John Kennedy*, p. 358), or John M'Murdo (see *post*, Prefatory Note to *To John M'Murdo*, p. 375).

A POET'S WELCOME

THE 'wean' of this generous and delightful Address was the poet's daughter Elizabeth, by Elizabeth Paton, for some time a servant at Lochlie. The child was born in November 1784. She was brought by her father to Mossgiel. On his marriage the child remained under the charge of his mother and his brother Gilbert. She married John Bishop, overseer at Polkemmet, and died 8th January 1817, leaving several children. *Cf.* Note to *The Inventory, post*, p. 338, and Prefatory Note to *Epistle to John Rankine*, Vol. i. p. 384.

As first published by Stewart in the series of tracts 'printed by Chapman and Lang for Stewart and Meikle,' and in *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns*, 1801, the *Welcome* consisted of six stanzas only. At the Liverpool Athenæum there are two sets—MSS. (A and C)—which contain two new stanzas, but MS. (C) wants Stanza vii. MS. (A)—which is dated Mossgiel, 2nd June 1787—was

lately discovered among some loose papers which had belonged to Dr. Currie; MS. (C) is inscribed in the *Glenriddell Book*. Another copy—MS. (B)—sent by Burns to William Tytler of Woodhouselee is at Aldourie Castle. Like MS. (A) it consists of eight stanzas. The heading is: *Welcome to a Bastart Wean.* Scott Douglas made partial use of MSS. (B and C), but neglected their most important amendment on Stewart's version, and his arrangement of the stanzas is confused. The arrangement of stanzas adopted in the text is that of MSS. (A and B), the chief peculiarity being that the stanza beginning 'Wee image o' my bonie Betty' comes sixth instead of second, as in Stewart, or fourth as in MS. (C). In MS. (C) Stanza vii. is wanting, and the 'Wee image' stanza would have been rather out of place immediately before Stanza viii. A POET'S WELCOME

STANZA I. LINE 2. 'If *ought* of thee, or *of* thy *mammy*,' Stewart. 4. 'My *bonie* lady,' MS. (C).

STANZA II. LINE 1. ''*Tho'* *now* they ca' me fornicator,' MSS. (A and B); ''*Tho'* *now they name* me fornicator,' MS. (C). 2. 'An' tease my name in *countra* clatter,' MSS. (A and B). 4. 'E'en let them clash':—*Cf.* Dante, *Purgatorio*, v. 13, 'Lascia dir le genti.' 6. 'To gie *an* fash,' Stewart.

STANZA III. LINES 3-5 in MS. (B) read thus:—

> 'And tho' your comin I hae *bought for*,
> *An' that right dear*,
> Yet by my faith '*twas* no unwrought for.'

STANZA IV. LINES 2-3 in Stewart read thus:—

> 'My funny toil is *now* a' tint
> *Sin'* thou cam to the warl asklent.

But although this absurd reading has been universally accepted, it is not that of either MS. (A), MS. (B) or MS. (C)—whose reading in both lines—'no' for '*now*' in 2, and 'Tho' for '*Sin*'' in 3—must be adopted to make sense. If the reading '*now*' has any meaning at all, it clashes with the general spirit of the poem, which it changes, for the nonce, into a kind of lament.

A POET'S WELCOME

STANZA V. LINE 2. 'Thou's be as *elegantly* clad,' MSS. (A and B). 5. 'As onie *gett* o' wedlock's bed' MS. (B).

STANZA VI. LINE 2. '*I* fatherly *will* kiss an' daut thee,' Stewart.

STANZA VII. LINE 1. '*Lord* grant that thou may ay inherit,' MSS. 2. 'Thy mither's *person, grace an'* merit,' Stewart and MS. (A). 5 ''Twill please me mair *to hear an' see't*,' Stewart.

STANZA VIII. LINE 1. '*For* if thou be what I wad hae thee,' MSS. 2. 'And tak the counsel I *would* gie thee,' MS. (A). In Stewart 3-6 read thus :—

> '*A lovin' father I'll be to thee,*
> *If thou be spar'd;*
> *Thro' a' thy childish years I'll e'e thee*
> *An' think't well war'd.*'

4. 'The cost *an'* shame o't,' MS. (B).

THE INVENTORY

A MS. of this catalogue of plenishing, dated May 1786, sent to Lady Harriet Don and now in the Laing Collection in the University of Edinburgh, has this heading :—'To Mr. Robt. Aiken in Ayr, in answer to his mandate requiring an account of servants, carriages, carriage horses, riding horses, wives, children,' *etc.* Currie explains that the mandate enjoined on every man 'to send a signed list of his horses, servants, wheel-carriages, etc., and whether he was a married man or a bachelor, and what children he had.' The new tax was levied by Pitt (May 1785) with a view to reducing the National Debt.

The piece was published by Currie (1800). It was also included in the series of tracts 'printed by Chapman and Lang for Stewart and Meikle,' as well as in Stewart's *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns* (Glasgow 1801), where it was prefaced thus :—'The poem has been printed in the Liverpool Edition, but is here given, with additions, from a manuscript of the author, printed

in Italics.' It has been supposed that these additions were deleted by Currie; but as the most of them are not in the copy sent to Lady Harriet Don, they may not have been in the MS. before him either.

For the rhythmus see Vol. i. p. 319, Prefatory Note to *The Twa Dogs*.

LINE 1. 'Sir, as your *paper* did request,' Stewart, who first borrowed 'mandate' from Currie in the second edition of *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns*, May 1801. 3. '*My servants, horses, pleughs and* graith,' MS.; '*Carts* and graith,' Currie. 4. 'To which I 'm *free to tak* my aith,' MS. and Currie. 8. 'My lan'-a-fore 's a guid auld "'has been"' :—The old wooden plough was drawn by four horses: two on the left hand, named respectively the 'lan'-a-fore' [the foremost on the unploughed land side], and the 'lan'-a-hind' [the hindmost on the unploughed land side]; and two on the right hand, named respectively the 'fur-a-fore' [the foremost in the furrow], and the 'fur-a-hind' [the hindmost in the furrow]. 'Hand-afore,' 'lean-afore,' *etc.*, which have found a place in many Editions, are absurdities. 10. 'My lan'-a-hin, a *guid* [or '*gude*'] *brown* fillie,' MS. and Currie: who, however, gives '*hand*-a-hin.' 12. 'An' your *ain* borough mony a time,' MS. and Earlier Stewart. 14-19 are omitted in Currie. 15. 'I, like a *haverel*, boost to ride,' MS. 20. 'My fur-a-hin *a stark gray* beast,' MS.; '*guid gray*,' Currie. 21. 'Tug or tow,' see Vol. i. p. 361, Note to *The Auld Farmer's Salutation*, Stanza XI. Line 2. 35. 'Run deils for *ranting* [or '*rantin*'] an' for noise,' Currie and Stewart, and deleted reading in MS. 36. 'A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other':—The gaudsman was the driver of the plough-team. When it was drawn by oxen he used a gaud (= goad). Before cornmills were in use a 'thrasher' had almost constant work with the flail. 37. 'Wee Davoc':—David Hutchieson, whose father, Robert, had been ploughman at Lochlie. The father died of fever, and Burns took care of the boy, to whom he also gave all the education he ever got. 41. 'I on the *Questions* tairge them tightly':—*The Shorter Catechism* of the Westminster Divines, on which the Kirk compelled house-masters to examine their servants and children every Sunday. To 'tairge'=to 'target'—*i.e.* to pelt

THE INVENTORY

or riddle with importunities. Thus Callum Beg, intent on constraining Shamus an Snachad, 'as he expressed himself "targed him tightly" till the finishing of the job.' **43.** 'Tho' scarcely langer than *my* leg,' MS. and Currie. **44.** 'Effectual Calling':—The answer to the question, 'What is Effectual Calling?' embodies the essence of Calvinism. **50-1** are not in the MS. nor Currie. **54.** 'My *dear-bought, blinking, smirking* Bess,' earlier Stewart; '*blinking* smirking,' MS.:—His daughter Elizabeth, by Elizabeth Paton. (See *ante*, p. 334, Prefatory Note to *The Poet's Welcome*). **59.** 'An' *if* ye tax her or her mither,' MS. and Currie. **61.** '*And now*, remember, Mr. Aiken,' MS., Currie, and Later Stewart. **63-4** are not in the MS. nor Currie. **67-8** in Stewart read thus:—

> '*My travel a' on foot I'll shank it,*
> *I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit.*'

69-72 are not in the MS. nor Currie. **73.** 'This list, wi' my ain han' *I* wrote it,' Stewart.

A MAUCHLINE WEDDING

This, one of Burns's best-natured squibs, was enclosed in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 21st August 1788, and is here published for the first time (Lochryan MSS.). He explains that a sister of Miller, then 'a tenant' of his heart, had huffed his 'Bardship in the pride of her new connection.' She was the Miss Betty of *The Mauchline Belles* (see *post*, p. 410); and the Eliza of the *Song* (see Vol. i. p. 183). Burns did not go on to describe the ceremony:—'Against my Muse had come thus far,' he writes, 'Miss Bess and I were once more in unison.'

For the stave see Vol. i. p. 328, Prefatory Note to *The Holy Fair*.

Stanza ii. Line 1. 'Blacksideen':—'A hill' (R. B.). **3.** 'Nell and Bess':—'Miller's two sisters' (R. B.). Nell was the eldest—the Miss Miller of the *Mauchline Belles* (see *post*, p. 410).

Stanza iv. Line **2.** 'Its silken pomp displays':—'The ladies' first silk gown, got for the occasion.' (R. B.).

STANZA V. LINE 1. 'Then Sandy':—'Driver of the Post-chaise' (R. B.). 5. 'And auld John Trot':—'Miller's father' (R. B.). A MAUCHLINE WEDDING

ADAM ARMOUR'S PRAYER

PUBLISHED in *The Scots Magazine*, January 1808. The interlocutor in this intercession was Burns's brother-in-law. At this time he had headed a band of younkers in Mauchline in the work of stanging—which is riding astride an unbarked sapling—a loose woman, one Agnes Wilson, who figures in the Kirk-Session records of March 1786 as 'the occasion of a late disturbance in this place.' The Geordie, whose 'jurr' or maid she was, is described in *The Scots Magazine* as the village constable; but this is clearly a mistake. He was, in fact, one George Gibson, the husband of Poosie Nansie (see *ante*, p. 308, Note to *The Jolly Beggars*, Recitativo I. Line 9). As Gibson resented the outrage on his maid, Armour, dreading the law's reprisals, absconded. According to the person who sent the thing to *The Scots Magazine*, Armour chose Burns's house as his hiding-place. The person adds that he got the MS. from Armour himself, who told him 'that Burns composed it one Sunday evening just before he took the *Book*,' *i.e.* the Bible.

The *Prayer* was republished in Hogg and Motherwell (1834), and also in Cunningham (1834), whose explanation of the circumstances in which it was written seems mainly a free rendering of the story in the Magazine.

STANZA II. LINE 4. 'Spleuchan':—See Note to *Dr. Hornbook*, Vol. i. p. 393.

STANZA V. LINE 2. 'Auld drucken Nanse':—See *ante*, p. 308. Note to *The Jolly Beggars*, Recitativo I. Line 9.

STANZA VI. LINE 1. '*There's Jockie and the haveril Jenny*,' Magazine version. They were the son and daughter. Jean or Jenny is the Racer Jess of *The Holy Fair* (Vol. i. p. 331, Stanza IX. Line 3).

NATURE'S LAW

WRITTEN shortly after the event:—'Wish me luck, Dear Richmond. Armour has just brought me a fine boy and girl at one throw. God bless the little dears!

"Green grow the Rashes, O,
Green grow the Rashes, O,
A feather bed is no sae saft
As the bosoms o' the lasses O."

'MOSSGIEL, *Sunday 3rd September* 1786.'

The more serious aspect of the situation is touched in a letter of the 8th September to Robert Muir:—'You will have heard that poor Armour has repayed my amorous mortgages double. A very fine boy and girl have awakened a thought and feelings that thrill, some with tender pressure and some with foreboding anguish thro' my soul.' The girl (Jean) died 'at fourteen months old' (R. B. in Bible); the boy (Robert) died 14th May 1857.

The piece was published in the Aldine Edition of 1839. The stave is a variation on that of Ramsay's *Upstairs, Downstairs* (see *ante*, p. 301, Prefatory Note to *The Jolly Beggars*, Tinker's Song). In the first half the rhyme is external (so to speak); in the second the first and third lines are rhymed from within.

STANZA III. LINE 3. 'Coila's plains':—Coila, identical with 'Coil' in subsequent Stanzas, is poetic for Kyle, one of the districts of Ayrshire.

LINES ON MEETING WITH LORD DAER

THE Lord Daer was Basil William Douglas-Hamilton, second son of the fourth Earl of Selkirk. He was born 16th March 1763, and educated at the University of Edinburgh, where he boarded with Professor Dugald Stewart, whose guest he was at Catrine when Burns met him at dinner. A warm admirer of the French Revolution, he

went in 1789 to Paris, where he lived in terms of friendship with some of its chief promoters. On his return he joined the Society of the Friends of the People; became a zealous advocate of Reform; and raised the question of the eligibility of Scots Peers' sons to vote in elections and sit in the Commons (the Court of Session decided against him in 1792). He died of consumption at Ivy Bridge, Devon, 5th November 1794. ON DINING WITH LORD DAER

The common version of the *Lines* was sent by Professor Stewart to Currie, and printed by him in small type. Stanza v., which he did not print, was omitted, probably at Stewart's request, its place being denoted by asterisks. It was first included in a version in one of the tracts 'printed for and sold by Stewart and Meikle'—the tract version being that one sent to Dr. Mackenzie in a letter, dated 25th October, which was also printed in the tract. The piece was not published in Stewart's *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns*, 1801; but appears in Stewart's Edition (Glasgow 1802). Editors, after Stewart, copied from Currie, and thus Stanza v. has been ignored until its revival in the present text. Professor Stewart told Currie that the dinner was eaten on 23rd October 1786; that he then first met Burns; and that Dr. Mackenzie was of the party. Burns, in sending the lines to Mackenzie, eulogised the Professor, dividing his character into 'ten parts, thus:—four parts Socrates, four parts Nathaniel, and two parts Shakespeare's Brutus.' Of the verses he wrote that they 'were really extempore but a little corrected since.'

The stave in *rime couée* used by Burns in the *Lines*, and in the *Election Ballad* addressed to Graham of Fintry (p. 133), is one of the oldest in English, and by Chaucer's time had got so vulgarised by the minstrels that he used it in derision in his *Rime of Sir Thopas*, a caricature of a type of story which the minstrels especially cherished. Suckling's airy and enchanting *Ballad of a Wedding*, with its many

ON DINING WITH LORD DAER

derivatives, gave it a new vogue, and it was so steadily used all through the Eighteenth Century (for 'odes' and the like) that Burns may have got it from almost any poet you care to name. It is probable, however, that his model was the Allan Ramsay of a certain *Address of Thanks from the Society of Rakes to the Pious Author of an Essay upon Improving and Adding to the Strength of Great Britain and Ireland by Fornication.*

STANZA I. LINE 1. 'I Rhymer *Robin*, alias Burns,' Currie.

STANZA II. LINE 5. 'O' the Quorum' :—Certain Justices, without whom the Court could not sit.

STANZA III. LINE 4. 'An' sic a Lord!—lang Scotch *ells* twa,' Currie; '*such*,' Stewart. A Scots ell is over a yard. 5. 'Our peerage he *o'erlooks* them a',' Currie.

STANZA IV. LINE 4. 'When *goavin as if* led wi' branks,' Currie.

STANZA V. is omitted in Currie (see *ante*, Prefatory Note). LINE 2. 'Or Scotia's sacred Demosthénes' :—This would seem to show that Dr. Hugh Blair was of the company.

STANZA VI. LINES 1-2 in Currie read thus :—

> 'I sidling shelter'd in a *nook*,
> An' at his Lordship *steal't a look*'.

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE

PUBLISHED in *The Scots Magazine*, October 1797. What is practically the same version was included in Currie (1800). A second, which appeared in Brash and Reid's *Poetry, Original, etc.* (Vol. iv. 1798, of the Collected Series), and was reprinted in Oliver (Edinburgh 1801), and Stewart (Glasgow 1802), has been ignored by later Editors, but in some respects is better than Currie's. As a third—the only copy in MS. known to exist—was inscribed by Burns in an '86 Edition, now belonging to Lord Blythswood, the verses may have been written between its issue and that of Edition '87.

Burns in later letters specially refers to this 'Hell o'

a' diseases'; but he probably suffered from it at different periods. The chief difficulty in accepting an early date for the *Address* is its exclusion from his own Editions. 'Tis just possible, however, that his Edinburgh advisers boggled at some of its expressions. TO THE TOOTHACHE

STANZA I. LINE 1. 'My curse *on your envenom'd* stang,' Brash and Reid, *etc.* 3. 'An' thro' my lug gies *sic* a twang,' MS.; '*bang*,' Brash and Reid, *etc.* 5. 'Tearing my nerves wi' bitter *twang*,' Brash and Reid, *etc.*

STANZA II. and III. are arranged in the text in the order in Brash and Reid, *etc.*, which is better than Currie's.

STANZA II. LINE 1. '*Adown* my beard the slavers trickle,' Currie. 2. 'I *cast* the wee stools o'er the mickle,' Brash and Reid, *etc.*; '*kick*,' adopted by Cunningham, is presumably Cunningham's own. 3. 'While round the fire the *hav'rels* keckle,' Brash and Reid, *etc.*; '*As*' for 'While,' Currie. 4. '*I curse an' ban, an'* wish a heckle,' Brash and Reid, *etc.*; '*While*,' Currie. 5. 'Were *in'* their doup,' Currie.

STANZA III. LINE 1. 'When fevers burn, or *agues freeze us*,' MS., Brash and Reid, *etc*; also in 2, '*colics squeeze us.*' 3. '*Our neighbour's sympathy may* ease us,' Currie; '*does*' for '*may*,' MS. 5. 'But *thou—the* Hell o' a' diseases,' MS., Brash and Reid, *etc.* 6. '*Ay mocks* our groan,' Currie.

STANZA IV. LINE 1. '*In* a' the num'rous human dools, MS. 2. 'Cutty-stools':—cutty=short or small. Some derive the use of the word in 'cutty-stools' from 'cutty' or 'kitty,' occasionally employed to signify a loose woman, as in the delightful ballad of *Robin Red-Breast* (Herd, 1769):—

"Then Robin turned him round about,
E'en like a little king:—
"Go, pack ye out at my chamber door,
Ye little cutty quean."

It is very commonly applied to a mischievous ungrown girl; it is also a nickname for a hare; it likewise signifies the three-legged milking-stool. The present reference is, of course, to the stool of repentance. This was conspicuously placed in front of the pulpit, and the penitent, the opening prayer being done, was conducted to it by the beadle; sat on it through the

TO THE TOOTH-ACHE

service—in the olden time clothed in sackcloth (*Scottice*, 'a harn gown'); and at the close arose from it to receive the rebuke. There were two kinds of stools, a high and a low, the high being known as the 'pillar.' *Cf.* the original *Upstairs, Downstairs*, or *As I Came by Fisherraw*, preserved in Herd (1769) :—

'Now ye maun mount the cutty-stool,
And I maun mount the pillar;
And that's the way that poor folks does,
Because they hae nae siller';

repeated, with variations, by Allan Ramsay in his set—(*Tea Table Miscellany*, 1729)—of the same song (see *post*, pp. 362, 363, Notes to *Reply to a Trimming Epistle*). **3.** 'Or worthy friends *rak'd* i' the mools,' Currie. **6.** 'Thou *bears* the gree,' MS.

STANZA V. LINE **2.** '*Whence* a' the tones o' *mis'ry* yell,' Currie. **3-4** in Brash and Reid, *etc.*, read thus :—

'*An' plagues in rankèd number* tell
In *deadly* raw.'

5. 'Thou, Toothache, surely *bears* the bell,' MS.

STANZA VI. LINE **3.** 'Till *daft* mankind aft dance a reel,' MS. and Currie.

LAMENT FOR THE ABSENCE OF WILLIAM CREECH

ENCLOSED in a letter to 'William Creech, Esq., London,' dated 13th May 1787 :—'My Honored Friend—the enclosed I have just wrote, nearly extempore, in a solitary Inn in Selkirk, after a miserable, wet day's riding.'

The son of the Rev. William Creech, minister of Newbattle, in Midlothian, Creech was born 21st April 1745. He completed the Arts course at the University of Edinburgh; attended some medical lectures; was apprenticed to the publishers Kincaid and Bell; in 1770 accompanied Lord Kilmaurs, afterwards the Earl of Glencairn (and the patron of Burns) on a Continental tour; be-

came partner with Kincaid in 1771 and the firm itself in 1773: when his shop, standing to the north of St. Giles', was soon, in Cockburn's phrase, 'the natural resort of lawyers, authors, and all sorts of literary allies.' In his house, too, he held literary gatherings, which came to be called 'Creech's levees.' To his social qualities and his ascendancy in literary and municipal Edinburgh the *Lament* bears witness. Another trait in his character—a combination of bad business habits with a certain keenness over money—revealed itself in so unpleasant a fashion to Burns, in connexion with the settlement over the *Poems*, that the men's relations were strained and distant ever after: Burns from this time forth addressing Creech as 'Sir,' and in a fragment (see p. 235), meant for part of a *Poet's Progress*, describing him as

> 'A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
> And still his precious self his dear delight.'

Before this, and before writing the *Lament*, Burns had mastered all Creech's peculiarities; and in his *Second Common Place Book* (in the possession of Mr. Macmillan) he gives a portrait which must be regarded as corrective of eulogy and satire alike:—'My worthy bookseller, Mr. Creech, is a strange, multiform character. His ruling passions of the left-hand kind are—extreme vanity, and something of the more harmless modifications of selfishness. The one, mixed as it often is with great goodness of heart, makes him rush into all public matters, and take every instance of unprotected merit by the hand, provided it is in his power to hand it into public notice; the other quality makes him, amid all the embarass in which his vanity entangles him, now and then to cast half a squint at his own interest. His parts as a man, his deportment as a gentleman, and his abilities as a scholar, are much above mediocrity. Of all the Edinburgh literati and wits he writes the most like a gentleman. He does not awe you with the pro-

LAMENT FOR WILLIAM CREECH

foundness of the philosopher, or strike your eye with the soarings of genius; but he pleases you with the handsome turn of his expression, and the polite ease of his paragraph. His social demeanour and powers, particularly at his own table, are the most engaging I have ever met with.'

Creech was publisher of *The Mirror*, *The Lounger*, and the works of the chief Scots authors of his day. He contributed a number of Essays to *The Edinburgh Courant*, which he reprinted in a volume under the title *Fugitive Pieces*, 1791 (a second edition, published posthumously, with an account of his life, appeared in 1815). His *Account of the Manners and Customs in Scotland between* 1763 *and* 1783, originally contributed to the *Courant*, was brought down to 1793 and published in the *Statistical Account of Scotland*. He was also the author of *An Account of the Trial of Wm. Brodie and George Smith* (1789), having sat on the jury by which the famous Deacon was tried. He was a founder of the Speculative Society and the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce. In 1811-13 he was Lord Provost. He died 14th January 1815.

The *Lament* was published by Cromek. For the use of the original MS. sent to Creech, we are indebted to the Rev. Charles Watson, D.D., Northfield, Largs.

STANZA I. LINE 1. 'Auld chuckie Reekie':—'Auld Reekie'=Edinburgh; not because Edinburgh is abnormally smoky, but because her smoke is visible from many heights.

STANZA II. LINE 1. 'Willie was an *unco* wight,' deleted reading in the MS. 5. '*I fear* they'll busk her like a fright,' deleted reading in the MS.

STANZA IV. LINE 1. 'Gawkies' and 'tawpies' are here the diminutives or feminines of 'gowks' and 'fools.' 'Gawkie'—(*Cf.* the song *Bess the Gawkie*)—is derived from Gowk (the cuckoo, a giddy-pated bird), which is Scots, as 'cuckoo' is Shakespearian English—(Cf. *First Henry IV.*, II. iv. 344:—'O'horseback, ye cuckoo')—for a daft or stupid person.

STANZA VII. LINE 1. 'Now worthy Greg'ry's Latin face':

—James Gregory (*b.* 1753, *d.* 1821), the famous Professor of Medicine, was a great hand at Latin quotations, and is said by Cockburn to have had 'a strikingly powerful countenance.' For Gregory's stringent criticism of *The Wounded Hare*, see Vol. i. p. 442. **2.** 'Tytler's and Greenfield's modest grace': —Not William Tytler the historian, then an old man, but his son, A. F. Tytler, (*b.* 1747, *d.* 1813), afterwards Lord Woodhouselee, at this time Professor of Civil History, who wrote a *Life of Lord Kames* (1807), an *Historical and Critical Essay on the Life of Petrarch* (1810), and a sensible essay on *The Genius and Writings of Allan Ramsay* (1800). He sat on that 'jury of literati' to which Burns submitted the new material for the First Edinburgh, and assisted him in revising the proofs for a later Edition. William Greenfield was minister of St. Andrew's parish and Professor of Rhetoric, but in 1798, being charged with a nameless offence, he demitted his offices and left Scotland. In his *Second Common Place Book* Burns extols 'his good sense, his joyous hilarity, his sweetness of manners and modesty.' **3.** 'M'Kenzie, Stewart, such a brace':—Henry Mackenzie, author of *The Man of Feeling*, who had written an appreciation of Burns's *Poems* in *The Lounger* for December 1786; and Dugald Stewart, described in the *Second Common Place Book* as 'the most perfect character I ever saw.'

LAMENT FOR WILLIAM CREECH

VERSES WRITTEN IN FRIARS CARSE HERMITAGE

June 1788

This is the first version of the *Hermitage* verses (see Vol. i. p. 258): that which was actually inscribed on the Friars Carse window-pane—now in the Observatory Museum, Dumfries—ms. (A). It was also inscribed in the *Second Common Place Book*—ms. (B). The other mss. on which our text is based are those in the Edinburgh University Library —ms. (C); the *Glenriddell Book*—ms. (D); the *Afton Lodge Book*—ms. (E); the ms. sent to William Dunbar—ms. (F); and a ms. in the possession of Mr. A. C. Lamb, Dundee —ms. (G). The verses were published in Currie (1800).

WRITTEN IN FRIARS CARSE

LINE 6. After this line the following couplet—also in some MSS. of the second version—appears in Cunningham (1834); but it does not occur in the Geddes MS., from which Cunningham took the verses (MS. Note in an interleaved copy in the British Museum) :—

> 'Day, how rapid in its flight!
> Day, how few must see the night.'

8. 'Fear not clouds will *ever* lour,' MS. (C). 12. In this line these variations occur :—'*idle restless*,' '*restless idle*,' '*idle airy*,' '*airy idle*,' and 'restless airy.' 13-14 in Currie read thus :—

> '*Peace, the lend'rest flow'r of Spring,*
> *Pleasure's insects on the wing*';

but this reading is deleted in MS. (B) for the much better one in the text, which is that inscribed on the pane, and that of all the other MSS. 18. 'Crush the locusts *spare* the flower,' deleted reading in MS.(B). 23-6 are omitted in MS. (A).

ELEGY ON THE DEPARTED YEAR, 1788

SENT by Burns to *The Courant*, where it appeared on 10th January 1789, above the signature Thomas A. Linn. Printed, too, anonymously in *Lloyd's Evening Post* of January 12-14, headed 'For the Evening Post.' It was first republished in No. 1 Tract, 'Printed by David Willison, Craig's Close, for George Gray, Bookseller, No. 3 North Bridge, Edinburgh'; and was included in Oliver (Edinburgh 1801), and in Stewart's *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns* (Glasgow 1801). The common source of these reprints was the copy sent by Burns to *The Courant*; but a second and inferior set was published in Cromek's *Reliques* (1808).

LINE 11. 'The *Tulzie's sair* 'tween Pitt and Fox,' Cromek. 12. 'An' '*tween our Maggie's twa wee* cocks,' Cromek. 15. 'The tither's *something dour o' treadin*,' Cromek. 18. 'Roupet:' —See Vol. i. p. 324, Note to *The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer*, STANZA II. LINE 1. 20. 'Meal':—Even yet the clergymen of the Church of Scotland are paid in kind—their

stipend being reckoned in chalders. **28.** 'How dowff an' *dowie now* they creep,' *Courant*, etc. **30.** 'For Embro' wells are grutten dry':—During December 1788 there was the coldest weather in Scotland, and the Edinburgh wells were all frozen. **35.** 'Nae handcuff'd *mizl'd hap*-shackl'd Regent,' Cromek :—See *post*, p. 389, Prefatory Note to *Ode to the Departed Regency Bill.*

CASTLE GORDON

Burns was introduced to the Duchess of Gordon in Edinburgh (1786-7). And during his northern tour in 1787 he called at Gordon Castle on 7th September, as recorded in his *Journal*:—'Cross the Spey to Fochabers —fine palace, worthy of the noble, the polite, the generous proprietor. Dine. Company:—Duke and Duchess, Ladies Charlotte and Madeline; Colonel Abercrombie and Lady, Mr. Gordon, and Mr. ——, a clergyman, a venerable, aged figure, and Mr. Hoy, a clergyman too, I suppose—pleasant open manner. The Duke makes me happier than ever great man did—noble, princely, yet mild, condescending and affable, gay and kind; the Duchess charming, witty and sensible. God bless them.'

The piece was suggested by this visit. Burns sent it to Mr. Hoy, the Duke's librarian, who wrote to him that the Duchess wished he had written in Scotch. It was published by Currie (1800), who states that it was composed for the tune *Morag*. This is confirmed by the *Second Common Place Book*—ms. (A)—where it is inscribed as 'intended to be sung to the tune *Morag*.' In a ms.—ms. (B)—belonging to the Earl of Rosebery, it is described as 'wrote at Castle Gordon,' and 'intended to be sung to the tune *Castle Gordon*.' As matter of fact, Burns did not adapt it to any air. If he meant it for *Morag*, he must have been ill acquainted with *Morag*, which it does not fit. It may be that, finding this to be the case, he wrote *The Young Highland Rover* (see Vol. iii.).

It is worth recalling how the Duchess told Sir Walter

CASTLE GORDON

that Burns was the only man she had ever met whose conversation fairly 'carried her off her feet.'

STANZA I. LINES 4–5 in Currie read thus:—

'There *commix'd* with foulest stains
From tyranny's empurpled *bands*.'

7. 'I leave *the* tyrants and their slaves,' MS. (A).

STANZA II. LINE 1. '*Torrid* forests, ever gay,' MSS. (A and B).

ON THE DUCHESS OF GORDON'S REEL DANCING

PUBLISHED in Stuart's *Star* for the 31st March (1789), and here first reprinted. Jane, Duchess of Gordon, second daughter of Sir William Maxwell, third Baronet of Monreith, was born in Hyndford's Close, Edinburgh, in 1746. She was beautiful, clever, witty, abounding in gaiety of temperament, of a most frolic habit, and more or less reckless of the proprieties. During her childhood a country cousin caught her one day, hard by her father's house, riding an Edinburgh pig—(Edinburgh was largely scavengered by pigs in those years)—her sister (afterwards Lady Wallace) belabouring her mount with a stick. On her marriage to Alexander, Duke of Gordon (1767), she became the queen of Edinburgh Society, which, under her rule, appears to have been as merry as cards, wine, suppers, dances, late hours, and her own enchanting example and incomparable energy could make it; while in London her house was a chief resort for the Pittites. In 1802 she went to Paris, with the purpose (so 'tis said) of making a match between her youngest daughter and Eugène Beauharnais, and returned to boast (so 'twas reported) that Napoleon would 'breakfast in Ireland, dine in London, and sup in Gordon Castle.' In her later years she lived apart from her husband. She died 11th April 1812.

In the *Star* the piece is signed 'R. B.,' and—(by what

looks very like an exercise in double-dealing in the manner of Pope)—is thus introduced:—'A correspondent who calls himself the friend of Mr. Burns assures us that we have been misinformed about the verses on the Duchess of Gordon's appearance at the ball in Edinburgh. He affirms that the Bard says not a word of *King Saul*, nor her grace's *Auld Gown*, but celebrates her well-known faculty of reel dancing, which, in spite of some late insinuations to the contrary, she still possesses in perfection. He sends the following specimen of Mr. Burns's performance and offers to produce the entire poem if necessary in evidence.' Under the piece the Editor places this 'Remark':—'These verses certainly appear to be genuine. They are full of animation and pastoral imagery. We therefore exhort our former correspondent to substantiate his story of the *Auld Gown*, or ingenuously to confess deception.' Owing (probably) to gaps in the files of the *Star* we have been unable to trace the correspondent beyond a reference to the 'scurrility and abuse of envy and malice' to which the Duchess had been exposed 'for her firm attachment and adherence to the cause of an amiable King.' Burns himself refers to the slander in an unpublished portion of a letter to Cunningham of 4th May 1789 (see Vol. i. p. 447, Prefatory Note to *Anna*). DUCHESS OF GORDON'S DANCING

STANZA I. LINE 3. 'Wallopèd':—A motion, expressive at once of rapidity and a certain awkwardness: as (*e.g.*) of a fish out of water. It is used of galloping, as in David Lindsay, *Complaynt to the King*, line 179:—'And wychtilie wallope ouer the sandis'; also, and very commonly, in a slightly sarcastic sense of dancing, as in the text and in the song of *Maggie Lauder*, sometimes attributed to Francis Sempill:—

'Meg up an' wallop'd ower the green,
For brawly she could frisk it.'

STANZA II. LINE 2. 'The midden dub':—Burns in his glossary defines the midden hole as 'a gutter at the bottom of the dunghole.'

ON CAPTAIN GROSE

THIS amusing parody of the funny old song against tale-telling travellers (Herd, 1769):—

'Keep ye weel frae Sir John Malcolme,
Igo and ago
If he's a wise man, I mistak him.
Iram, coram, dago

'Keep ye weel frae Sandie Don,
Igo and ago
He's ten times dafter than Sir John.
Iram, coram, dago':—

was 'written in a wrapper inclosing a letter to Captain Grose,' to be left with Mr. Cardonnel, the Edinburgh antiquary. Only two letters from Burns to Grose have been published: one recommending him to call on Professor Stewart; the other on witch stories connected with Alloway Kirk (see Vol. i. p. 434). For a notice of Captain Grose, see Vol. i. p. 445.

The verses were published by Currie (1800). They are also inscribed in the *Glenriddell Book*; and the order of the stanzas there is that adopted in the present text. In Currie and all later editions the lines forming our Stanza iv. follow our Stanza i.

STANZA V. LINE 3. 'As for the Deil, he daur na steer him': —*i.e.* attempt to carry him off, the reference being to Grose's exceeding corpulence. (See p. 437, *Epigram on Captain Grose.*)

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1791

TO MRS. DUNLOP

CURRIE (1800). Editors have taken for granted that this was written for New Year's Day, 1790; but the 'grandchild' whose cap is referred to was probably the child of Mrs. Henri, born in November 1790. Since also Mrs.

Dunlop, on 1st January 1791, snatched 'a few moments' to acknowledge receipt of a letter, a poem, and a gilded card from Burns (Lochryan MSS.), it seems most likely that the latter is the true date. NEW YEAR'S DAY

Mrs. Dunlop, whose maiden name was Frances Anne Wallace, was the eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Wallace of Craigie (descended from the uncle of the renowned leader) and Eleanor Agnew, daughter of Colonel Agnew, of Lochryan. She was born 16th April 1730; married in 1748 John Dunlop of Dunlop, Ayrshire, who died in 1785; succeeded her father before July 1777; and died 24th May 1815. Being in a state of profound mental depression—from which, she affirmed, her 'only refuge would have been the madhouse or the grave' (Lochryan MSS.)—she fell to reading the Kilmarnock volume—the gift of a friend. It had an almost magical effect upon her spirits; and, feeling herself under an 'inexpressible debt' to Burns for the relief thus experienced, she wrote to him what proved to be the initial letter of a most engaging correspondence (Lochryan MSS.):—a correspondence which shows the poet at his easiest and best as a letter-writer at the same time that it reveals the lady for one of the staunchest and kindest friends he ever had. The persons referred to in the piece were members of her family.

LINE 13. 'Coila 's fair Rachel's care to-day':—'This young lady was drawing a picture of Coila from *The Vision*' (Note in Currie [1800], probably supplied by Mrs. Dunlop).

FROM ESOPUS TO MARIA

THE 'Maria' lampooned in this inept and unmanly parody of Pope's *Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard*, in which the writer gives himself the lie all round with distressing particularity, was Mrs. Walter Riddell of Woodley Park, whose favour he had lost (see *post*, p. 420, Prefatory Note to *Impromptu for Mrs. Riddell's Birthday*). The Esopus was James Williamson, manager of the Dumfries

ESOPUS TO MARIA

Theatre, who, like Burns, had been an occasional guest at Woodley Park. The occasion of the piece was the committal to prison by the Earl of Lonsdale of Williamson's company of players as vagrants. We are indebted to Mrs. Steele of Stanwic, Carlisle, for a cutting from a Chester paper of 1795 relating the incident :—

'The inhabitants of Whitehaven in Cumberland have for years been deprived of that rational amusement the drama; and judging from the mild and meek spirit of the demi-god of the North it is not likely that they very soon will have it restored to them. Mr. Williamson, the manager of the Dumfries Theatre, lately applied to the magistrates in the neighbourhood of that town and to Lord L——'s stewards for leave to perform, which they granted him with assurances that he should not be interrupted. He consequently fitted up the house at the expense of £150. Three plays were performed to crowded audiences; the last of which was attended by some friend of Lord L——, who next day laid information against the whole company, who were summoned to appear before him at eight o'clock that evening. They were ordered into a flagged kitchen where there was no fire; he re-examined them separately until five o'clock next morning, when he committed Williamson, Scinner, Egan, Shaw and Turnbull [Burns's friend, C. Turnbull the poet] to the house of correction at Penrith (forty miles distant) till the Quarter Sessions. Twenty-four pairs of handcuffs were produced, and the cart ordered; but after an hour's supplication from Williamson his Lordship was graciously pleased to permit them to go in chaises at their own expense.'

The sole authority for the text is Cunningham's Edition (1834).

LINE 31. 'The first of Ireland's sons' :—This Irishman is said to have been an officer named Gillespie. 34. 'The crafty colonel' :—Colonel M'Doual of Logan—'Sculdudd'ry' (*i.e.* Bawdy) M'Doual of the Second Heron Ballad (see

p. 197, and Prefatory Note to *Young Peggie*, vol. iii.) ESOPUS TO MARIA

36. 'Who owns a Bushby's heart':—Mr. Maitland Bushby, advocate, the 'Wigton's new sheriff' of the same Ballad, with 'the heart,' but not 'the head,' of his father, John Bushby, 'honest man.' (See *Epitaph on John Bushby*, p. 274.)

NOTES AND EPISTLES

TO JOHN RANKINE

IN REPLY TO AN ANNOUNCEMENT

THE 'announcement' was 'that a girl—[Elizabeth Paton]—in that neighbourhood was with child' by Robert Burns. The *Epistle to John Rankine* in Vol. i. (p. 176) sets forth the sequel. See also the Prefatory Note to the same *Epistle* (Vol. i. p. 384).

The stanzas were first published in an Appendix to Stewart's *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns* (Glasgow 1801).

STANZA II. LINE 6. 'A whaup's i' the nest.'—This is a modification of the Scottish proverb:—'There's a whaup in the rape'='There is something wrong.' In Ayrshire 'whaup' was also the name of a goblin supposed to haunt the eaves of houses. But in Burns's line 'whaup' is probably curlew; and the meaning seems to be, 'What is wrong will soon be known.'

TO JOHN GOLDIE

JOHN GOLDIE or Goudie was the son of a miller in Galston parish, Ayrshire, where he was born in 1717. He prospered first as a cabinetmaker and then as a wine merchant in Kilmarnock, but lost money in mining speculations. He died in 1809. Much of his leisure was given to mechanical and scientific studies; but in later life he was almost equally addicted to advanced

TO JOHN GOLDIE

theology. He published an *Essay on Various Important Subjects Moral and Divine—being an attempt to distinguish True from False Religion,* 1779—popularly known as *Goudie's Bible* (the issue of a second edition, 1785, was the occasion of this *Epistle*); *The Gospel Recovered from its Captive State and Restored to its Original Purity,* six vols., London 1784; and *A Treatise upon the Evidences of a Deity,* 1809. Before his death he had prepared a work on astronomy. Burns, as laureate of the New-Light party, was warmly welcomed by Goldie, who became one of his sureties for the Kilmarnock Edition, and entertained him while he was seeing the book through the press.

The *Epistle* was published in one of the tracts 'printed for and sold by Stewart and Meikle.' This version contains five stanzas only, the other four being included in a version inscribed in the *Glenriddell Book.* Cromek published (1808) the two last in his section devoted to 'Fragments.' In Stewart's version Stanzas iii. and iv. are transposed.

STANZA I. LINE 3. 'Sour Bigotry on *his* last legs,' MS. 4. '*Girnin,* looks back,' Stewart. 6. '*Wad* seize you quick,' Stewart.

STANZA II. LINE 3. 'Black Jock':—Russel of Kilmarnock. See Note to *The Holy Fair,* Vol. i. p. 334. 5. 'Alas! there's ground *o'* great suspicion,' Stewart; '*strong,*' deleted reading for 'great' in MS.

STANZA III. LINE 3. 'Not a' *the* quacks, wi' a' their gumption,' Stewart. 4. '*Will* ever mend her,' Stewart. 6. '*Death soon will end her,*' Stewart.

STANZA IV. LINES 2-6 in Stewart read thus:—

> '*But now she's got an unco ripple;*
> *Haste, gie her name up i' the chapel,*
> *Nigh unto death;*
> *See how she fetches at the thrapple,*
> *An' gasps for breath.*'

Persons at the point of death are accustomed to request the prayers of the congregation.

STANZA V. LINE 1. '*It 's* you an' Taylor are the chief,' MS.:—Taylor of Norwich. 2. '*Wha are to blame for this* mischief,' Stewart. 3. 'But *could* the Lord's ain folk *get* leave,' MS.; '*focks*,' Stewart. 5. 'An' twa red peats wad *send* relief,' Stewart.

TO JOHN LAPRAIK

THIRD EPISTLE

13th September 1785

PUBLISHED—not, as stated by Cunningham, Chambers, and Scott Douglas, in Lapraik's *Poems*, 1788, but—in Cromek's *Reliques* (1808). For Lapraik, see Vol. i. p. 380.

STANZA III. LINE 5. 'Whatt it':—From the Scots 'white' or 'wheat'=to cut with a knife, *i.e.* 'whittle.'

STANZA V. LINE 5. 'Browster wives':—The old-world ale-wife always brewed the stuff she sold.

STANZA VII. LINE 2. 'Without the herd':—The grain being all harvested, the cattle could be allowed to crop at large. In olden times there were few or no fences on farms, and cattle were watched by a boy.

STANZA IX. LINE 6. 'Yours, Rab the Ranter':—*Cf.* the old song, *Maggie Lauder*:—

> 'For I 'm a piper to my trade,
> My name is Rab the Ranter.'

TO THE REV. JOHN M'MATH

PRINTED by Cromek in 1808. For M'Math, see *ante*, p. 315, Note to *The Twa Herds*, Stanza XIII. Line 4.

STANZA II. LINE 2. 'On gown an' ban' an' douse black-bonnet':—The clergyman, who on Sundays wears a gown and band; and the elder, who in those days wore a black bonnet. Cf. *The Holy Fair*, Vol. i. p. 39.

STANZA V. LINE 1. 'There's Gau'n':—Gavin Hamilton (see Vol. i. p. 378, Prefatory Note to the *Dedication*).

STANZA VI. LINE 1. 'The poor man's friend in need':—Cf. *Dedication* (Vol. i. p. 149).

TO DAVIE

SECOND EPISTLE

PUBLISHED in David Sillar's *Poems*, 1789. For Sillar, see Vol. i. p. 365.

STANZA II. Cf. *Epistle to Major Logan*, Stanza III. (p. 100).

STANZA IV. describes the writer's mental condition and mode of life under Armour's repudiation. LINE 1. 'I'm on Parnassus' brink':—*i.e.* about to publish. Burns was preparing the Kilmarnock Edition, and had sent a few numbers for Sillar's inspection.

STANZA VII. LINE 5. 'Rough an' raploch':—Raploch=a coarse and undyed woollen.

TO JOHN KENNEDY

KENNEDY was factor to the Earl of Dumfries, and resided at Dumfries House, two miles west of Cumnock. He died at Edinburgh, 19th June 1812. The first part of the letter is in prose, and refers to a copy of *The Cotter's Saturday Night* enclosed to Kennedy. Burns sent other pieces to him; and either he or M'Murdo is the 'Factor John' of *The Kirk's Alarm*, see *ante*, p. 334. The piece was printed by Cromek (1808). For an opportunity of inspecting the original MS. we are indebted to Mr. John Rodger, of the Clydesdale Bank, Greenock.

STANZA I. LINE 2. 'Mauchlin *Corse*,' so hitherto printed, but in the MS. the word is spelt as in the text. 3. 'Lord, man, there's lasses there *would* force,' MS.

STANZA II. LINE 1. 'Step to Dow's':—The landlord of the Whitefoord Arms, on whom Burns wrote one of his cleverest Epitaphs (see p. 267).

STANZA III. LINE 3. 'But gie me just a true *gude-fallow*,' MS.

STANZA V. LINE 4. 'Hae, there's my *haun*',' MS.; but we have adopted the 'han'' spelling throughout. 5. 'An' *gude*' [explained as 'good'], erroneous reading: in the MS. the word is spelt with a capital.

TO GAVIN HAMILTON

RECOMMENDING A BOY

PUBLISHED in Cromek (1808). For Gavin Hamilton, see Vol. i. p. 378, Prefatory Note to *Dedication*. Cromek states that Master Tootie was a knavish cattle-dealer in Mauchline.

For the stave, see Vol. i. p. 366, Prefatory Note to *Epistle to Davie*.

STANZA I. LINE 9. 'Auld Crummie's nicks':—The rings on a cow's horns tell her age.

STANZA II. LINE 10. 'Ay when ye gang yoursel':—Hamilton had been prosecuted for neglect of ordinances. Nor was he partial to the *Shorter Catechism*.

STANZA III. LINE 2. 'Paisley John's':—John Dow's tavern. (See Note to *To John Kennedy*, *ante*, p. 358, Stanza II. Line 1). 7. 'A snick can draw,' *i.e.* 'can draw a latch':—The phrase is primarily applied to a stealthy entrance into another man's mind, so as to read his thoughts and take advantage of him.

TO MR. M'ADAM OF CRAIGEN-GILLAN

THERE is no evidence that Burns had any further correspondence with this M'Adam, whose letter no doubt referred to the Kilmarnock Edition. The son ['Dunaskin's laird' of Stanza VII.] is alluded to in the Second Heron Ballad, p. 196, Stanza VII. Line 8, as 'O' lads no the warst.'

The piece is inscribed in the *Glenriddell Book*—where Burns explains that he wrote it extempore in Nanse Tinnock's—and also in another book, to which we had access through Mr. Brown, Princes Street, Edinburgh; but neither MS. differs from the version published in Cromek's *Reliques* (1808), except in minute points of spelling.

REPLY TO AN INVITATION

WRITTEN, doubtless, in a tavern. It was published in Hogg and Motherwell; and the original MS. in the possession of the Paisley Burns Club agrees with the printed version.

TO DR. MACKENZIE

Dr. James Mackenzie—one of the poet's warmest friends—practised at Mauchline, on completing his medical course at the University of Edinburgh. He has recorded, in a letter to Professor Walker (often reprinted), his first impressions of Burns, whom he met during the last illness of William Burness. After removing to Mossgiel, Burns had frequent opportunities of meeting him at Gavin Hamilton's, the Masonic Lodge, and elsewhere; and he introduced the poet to Sir James Whitefoord, Professor Dugald Stewart, and other persons of influence. At a later period Mackenzie settled at Irvine, and in 1827 he retired to Edinburgh, where he died 11th January 1837. For Burns's connexion with the lodge, see Vol. i. p. 388, Prefatory Note to *The Farewell.* He was then depute-master, and so signs himself; the procession referred to in the note took place on 24th June. For a copy of the original ms. (which for the first time supplies the full date, and corrects a few minor inaccuracies) we are indebted to Mr. Adam of Buffalo, U.S.A. The masonic date signifies 1786.

The *Epistle* was first published in Hogg and Motherwell, Part iii. 1834.

Line 4. 'To get a *blad* o' Johnie's morals,' ms. :—The origin of morals was one of Mackenzie's favourite topics. 5. 'O' Manson's barrels' :—Manson kept the tavern where the lodge met.

TO JOHN KENNEDY

A FAREWELL

Forms the end of a letter sent from Kilmarnock, undated, but written some time between the 3rd and 16th August. Burns tells Kennedy that he is about to set out for Jamaica, and is in daily expectation of orders to repair to Greenock. Hence these last lines. For Kennedy see *ante,* p. 358, Prefatory Note to *To John Kennedy.*

TO WILLIE CHALMERS' SWEETHEART

Sent to Lady Harriet Don with this explanation :—'Mr. Chalmers, a gentleman in Ayrshire, a particular friend of mine, asked me to write a poetic epistle to a young lady, his Dulcinea. I had seen her, but was scarcely acquainted with her, and wrote as follows.' On 20th November 1786 Burns, as 'Bard-in-Chief' of Kyle, Cunningham, and Carrick, sent to Chalmers and another practitioner 'in the ancient and mysterious science of confounding right and wrong,' a warrant for the destruction of a certain 'wicked song or ballad.' He also wrote Chalmers a humorous letter on his arrival in Edinburgh, enclosing a copy of his *Address* to that city. Chalmers was a lawyer in Ayr.

The piece appeared in Lockhart's *Life* (1829).

TO AN OLD SWEETHEART

The sweetheart was Peggy Thomson of Kirkoswald (see Vol. i. p. 387, Prefatory Note to *Song Composed in August*). Thus prefaced in the *Glenriddell Book* :—'Written on the blank leaf of a copy of the first edition of my Poems which I presented to an old sweetheart, then married. 'Twas the girl I mentioned in my letter to Dr. Moore, where I speak of taking the sun's altitude. Poor Peggy ! Her husband is my old acquaintance, and a most worthy fellow. When I was taking leave of my Carrick relations intending to go to the West Indies, when I took farewell of her, neither she nor I could speak a syllable. Her husband escorted me three miles on my road, and we both parted with tears.'

The verses are also inscribed in the *Second Common Place Book*, and in another book of poems, to which we had access through Mr. Brown, Princes Street, Edinburgh. A copy is included in the Clarke-Adam Collection. The

TO AN OLD SWEET-HEART

piece was published in Currie (1800), but withdrawn from later Editions, probably at the request of Mrs. Burns.

STANZA II. LINE 1. 'And when you read *these* simple artless rhymes,' Clarke-Adam MS.

EXTEMPORE TO GAVIN HAMILTON

STANZAS ON NAETHING

ALEXANDER SMITH'S Edition (1868). Inscribed in the *Second Common Place Book* and the *Glenriddell Book*. There are several old ballads with a similar theme, the earliest being the *Song Made of Nothing* in the Roxburghe Collection I. 372 (see Notes by W. Chapell, *Roxburghe Ballads* II. 480 and *passim*). *Cf.* Rochester's Ode, *To Nothing*.

STANZA VI. LINE 1. 'The *loun* may sparkle and glow,' Glenriddell MS.

REPLY TO A TRIMMING EPISTLE

THE tailor was one Thomas Walker, who resided at Pool, near Ochiltree. His remonstrance, with Burns's *Reply*, appeared in one of the tracts 'printed for and sold by Stewart and Meikle.' Both were republished in *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns* (1801), the *Reply* being included also in Stewart's Edition (1802). Scott Douglas, who had seen the tailor's manuscripts, concludes that Simpson of Ochiltree (see Vol. i. p. 383, Prefatory Note to *Epistle to William Simpson*) had as much to do with the composition of his *Epistle* as himself. *Cf.* Vol. i. *Epistle to John Rankine*, pp. 176-9; and *The Poet's Welcome*, pp. 37-9.

Like *The Fornicator* (in *The Merry Muses*), the *Reply* but voices the ribald disdain entertained by the Scots peasantry for the disciplinary processes of the Kirk—more especially the exhibition on the cutty-stool (see *ante*, p. 343, Note to *Address to the Toothache*, Stanza IV. Line 2). *Cf.* the chap (*c.* 1800) entitled *The Whole Proceedings of Jockey and Maggie*, in Five Parts—Part III. being 'The Wonder-

ful Works of our John Made Manifest before the Minister,' and Part v. 'How Jockey Had Another Child, and Could Not Get it Baptized until he Mounted the Stool; with an Account of his Mother's Death and Burial; Also an Elegy on the Same Occasion.' REPLY TO A TRIMMING EPISTLE

STANZA I. LINE 6. 'Frae Daddie Auld':—The Rev. William Auld (see *ante*, p. 317, Note to *The Twa Herds*, Stanza X. Line 3), by whom Burns was rebuked before the congregation.

STANZA II. LINE 2. See *ante*, p. 308, Note to *The Jolly Beggars*, Recitativo I. Line 9.

STANZA VII. LINE 5. 'Mess John':—*i.e.* 'Mass John.' Used in contempt. Dating from before the Reformation, the nickname denotes, first, the small regard of the people for the old Catholic parish priest; and secondly, that after the Reformation the majority held in extreme derision the authority which the minister essayed to wield—especially in respect of penal discipline. Writing in the opposite interest, Ramsay, in his *Address of Thanks From the Society of Rakes*, thus dramatises the latter sentiment:—

'Down, down wi' the repenting-stools
That gart the younkers look like fools
Before the congregation';

and again in the same brisk copy of verses:—

'For those wha Kirk affairs engross
Their session books may burn all;
Since fornication's pipe's put out
What will they have to crack about
Or jot into their journal?'

See further, Vol. i. p. 176, *Epistle to John Rankine*.

TO MAJOR LOGAN

MAJOR WILLIAM LOGAN, a retired soldier, of some repute as fiddler and wit, who lived at Park, near Ayr, must not be confounded with John Logan of Afton and Knockshinnoch (the 'Afton's Laird' of *The Kirk's Alarm*, p. 36), with whom Burns also corresponded.

The Epistle was published by Cunningham (1834), and in Hogg and Motherwell (Part i. 1834), from a copy

TO MAJOR LOGAN

sent by Mr. Auld, Ayr. Their inaccuracies, repeated by later Editors, are corrected from this copy, which is in the University Library, Edinburgh.

STANZA I. LINE 5. 'But take it like the *unback'd* filly,' Cunningham, and Hogg and Motherwell.

STANZA III. *Cf.* STANZA II. of the *Second Epistle to Davie* (p. 81). 4. 'O' this *wild* warl,' Cunningham. 5. 'Driddle':—See *ante*, p. 310, Note to *The Jolly Beggars*, Recitativo v. Stanza I. Line 2. 'Driddle' here='totter' or 'walk slowly and feebly.'

STANZA IV. LINE 5. 'The melancholious, *lazy* croon,' Cunningham; '*lazie*,' Hogg and Motherwell.

STANZA VI. LINE 1. '*A blessing* on the cheery gang,' Cunningham.

STANZA XI. LINE 3. 'A dear ane':—The reference is to Jean Armour.

STANZA XIII. LINE 2. 'To sentimental sister Susie':—See *To Miss Logan* (Vol. i. p. 236). 3. 'And honest Lucky':—The Major's mother. Though common Scots for 'grandmother,' 'Lucky' has often an evil sense (as in the ill spring named by Willie Ste'enson in that story of his gudesire, which of itself would make *Redgauntlet* immortal, *Weel Hoddled*, *Luckie*). Derived from 'luck' or 'fortune,' it was probably first used to designate a spae-wife (=a fortune-teller). Bawds and ale-wives were commonly called 'Lucky': as in Ramsay's *Lucky Spence's Last Advice* and his *Elegy on Lucky Wood*.

TO THE GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE-HOUSE

WRITTEN in answer to a rhyming epistle from 'The Guidwife of Wauchope-House to Robert Burns the Ayrshire Bard, Feb. 1787.' The lady was Mrs. Elizabeth Scott (born 1729, daughter of David Rutherford, Edinburgh, and niece to Mrs. Cockburn, the song-writer), wife of Walter Scott of Wauchope. Burns's visit to her on 10th May following is thus recorded in his *Journal* of the Border tour:—'Wauchope—Mr. Scott exactly the figure and face commonly given to Sancho Panza—very shrewd in his farming matters, and not unfrequently

stumbles on what may be called a strong thing rather than a good thing. Mrs. Scott all the sense, taste, intrepidity of face, and bold critical decision which usually distinguish female authors.' She died 19th February 1789. After her death a selection from her verses was published (1801), under the title *Alonzo and Cora*, in which Burns's *Epistle* was included. TO THE GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE

The first three stanzas were published in Currie (1800) under the title, *On my Early Days*; but, the piece appearing in *Alonzo and Cora*, this fragment was omitted from later Editions. The complete *Epistle* appeared in Duncan (1801) and in Stewart (1802), but not again until 1831 (Clark). For the first three stanzas of our text we have accepted Currie.

For the stave, see Vol. i. p. 366, Prefatory Note to the *Epistle to Davie*.

STANZA I. LINE 5. 'An' tho' *fu'* foughten sair eneugh,' *Alonzo and Cora*. 14. 'Wearing the *time* awa,' *Alonzo and Cora*.

STANZA II. LINE 9. 'I turn'd *my weeding heuk* aside,' *Alonzo and Cora*.

STANZA III. LINE 5. 'My partner in the merry core':—See the song, *Handsome Nell*, Vol. iii. 9-12 in *Alonzo and Cora* read thus:—

Her *pawky* smile, her *kittle* een
That *garr'd* my heart-strings tingle!
So tichèd, bewitchèd,
I rav'd aye to mysel.

14. '*I kenn'd na how to tell*,' *Alonzo and Cora*.

STANZA IV. LINE 1. '*Heal* to the *set* (ilk guid chiel says),' *Alonzo and Cora*.

STANZA V. LINE 4. 'The marl'd plaid':—The 'Guidwife had offered to send Burns a party-coloured plaid.

TO WILLIAM TYTLER, ESQ. OF WOODHOUSELEE

SON of Alexander Tytler, an Edinburgh solicitor, William Tytler was born 12th October 1711; was educated at the

TO WILLIAM TYTLER

High School and University; was admitted Writer to the Signet in 1744; and died 12th September 1792. He bestowed his leisure upon historical and antiquarian studies, and is known (to those who care to know) as author of an *Inquiry, Historical and Critical, into the Evidence against Mary Queen of Scots*, 1759 (hence the terms of the poet's address); a *Poetical Remains of James I. of Scotland*, 1783; a *Dissertation on Scottish Music*, 1774; and certain papers in the *Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries*. He assisted Johnson with Vol. i. of the *Musical Museum*, whereon his place was presently taken by Burns.

The Epistle (as awkward a piece of writing as Burns ever did in English) was accompanied by a copy of the Beugo engraving. A few lines of prose were added (those in brackets were omitted from the copy of the MS.—MS. (A)—now at Aldourie, sent to Currie for the Edition of 1800, and have not hitherto been printed):—'My Muse jilted me here, and turned a corner on me, and I have not got again into her good graces. [I have two requests to make. Burn the above verses when you have read them, as any little sense that is in them is rather heretical, and] do me the justice to believe me sincere in my grateful remembrance of the many civilities you have honoured me with since I came to Edinburgh, and in assuring you that I have the honour to be, revered sir, your obliged and very humble servant,

'ROBERT BURNS.

'LAWN MARKET, *Friday noon.*'

Scott Douglas surmises that the expunged lines contained 'some ultra-Jacobite sally'; but it is now manifest that Tytler would not have it known that he had disregarded Burns's request. The complete letter is given in an interleaved copy of Cunningham's Edition in the British Museum. Burns also sent a copy (less the last two stanzas) of the piece—MS. (B)—to Lady Winifred Constable: 'for her ladyship's eye alone.'

STANZA I. LINE 3. 'A name which to love was *the* mark

of a true heart,' Currie and alternative reading in MS. (A); 'once mark,' as in the text, is also the reading in MS. (B).

STANZA II. LINE 2. 'Let no *man* misdeem me disloyal,' MS. (B).

STANZA III. LINE 2. 'My fathers have *died* to right it,' alternative reading in MS. (A).

STANZA V. LINE 2. 'That gave us the *Electoral* stem,' alternative reading in MS. (A).

STANZA VI. LINE 1. 'But *politics* truce! we're on dangerous ground,' MS. (B). 3. 'The *doctrines*, to-day that *are* loyalty sound,' MS. (B).

NOTE TO MR. RENTON OF LAMERTON

SENT to Mr. Renton, Mordington House, Berwickshire, probably during the poet's Border tour—though Renton is not mentioned in his *Journal*.

Published in Chambers (1851).

TO MISS ISABELLA MACLEOD

PUBLISHED in a Dumfries newspaper, and again in *The Burns Chronicle* (1895), from the manuscript in the possession of Mrs. Vincent Burns Scott, Adelaide. For Isabella Macleod, see Vol. i. p. 448.

STANZA II. LINE 1. 'Her portrait *strong* upon my mind,' deleted reading.

TO SYMON GRAY

SYMON GRAY lived near Duns, and while Burns was on his Border tour sent him some verses for his opinion. For a complete copy of this reply we are indebted to a gentleman, whose statement satisfies us that it is authentic.

TO MISS FERRIER

PUBLISHED in Chambers (1852).

Jane Ferrier, eldest daughter of James Ferrier, Writer to the Signet—who resided in George Street, Edinburgh

TO MISS FERRIER —and sister to Miss Ferrier the novelist. She was born in 1767; married General Samuel Graham, for some time deputy-governor of Stirling Castle; with Edward Blore, the architect, published drawings of the carved work in the state-rooms of that fortress under the title, *Lacunar Strevelinense*, 1817; and died in 1846.

STANZA V. LINE 1. 'The mournfu' sang':—*The Elegy on Sir John Hunter Blair*, p. 218.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA

CLARINDA was Mrs. Agnes Maclehose, *née* Craig, daughter of Andrew Craig, surgeon, Glasgow. She was born in April 1759—the same year as her Poet; and when he met her in Edinburgh (7th December 1787) she had for some time been separated from her husband. The Bard, who was (as ever) by way of being a buck, accepted an invitation to take tea with her on the 9th; but an accident obliging him to keep his room, he wrote to express his regret, and at the same time intimated his resolve to cherish her 'friendship with the enthusiasm of religion.' Mrs. Maclehose responding in the same key, the 'friendship' proceeded apace. On Christmas Eve she sent him certain verses, signed 'Clarinda,' *On Burns saying He had nothing else to Do*, three of which he quoted in the *Glenriddell Book*:—

'When first you saw Clarinda's charms,
What rapture in your bosom grew!
Her heart was shut to Love's alarms,
But then—you'd nothing else to do.

'Apollo oft had lent his harp,
But now 'twas strung from Cupid's bow;
You sung—it reached Clarinda's heart—
She wish'd you'd nothing else to do.

'Fair Venus smil'd, Minerva frown'd,
Cupid observed, the arrow flew:
Indifference (ere a week went round)
Show'd you had nothing else to do.'

Thus challenged, Sylvander—(he became Sylvander there and then)—replied as in the text; and the romantic terms in which the two went on to conduct their correspondence soon served the ardent youth as a pretext for the expression of fiercer sentiments than Clarinda's 'principles of reason and religion' should have allowed. She sent her Arcadian poems, which he amended for Johnson's *Museum*; and he fell so deeply enamoured that, on leaving Edinburgh (24th March) he must write thus to a friend:—'During these last eight days I have been positively crazy.' Clarinda (like Maman Vauquer) *avait des idées*—as what lady in the circumstances would not? And when Clarinda learned, in August, that Burns had married Armour, Clarinda resented her Sylvander's defection as an unpardonable wrong. They were partly reconciled in the autumn of 1791; and ere she rejoined her husband in Jamaica, they had an interview on 6th December, which the gallant and romantic little song, *O May, Thy Morn Was Ne'er sae Sweet*, is held to commemorate. On the 27th he sent her *Ae Fond Kiss and Then We Sever*, with the finest lines he ever wrote:— SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA

'Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted':—

Behold the Hour, the Boat Arrive, and part of *Gloomy December*, with the remark:—'The remainder of this song is on the wheels—Adieu! Adieu!' Mrs. Maclehose, still unreconciled to her husband, returned to Scotland in August 1792. Burns and she corresponded occasionally, but never met again. She died 22nd October 1841. His letters to her were pirated in Stewart's Edition (1802). The greater part of the *Correspondence* appeared in 1843 (see *ante*, Bibliographical, p. 287).

The refrain of the twin pieces is borrowed from a song

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA

in *The Charmer* (1782), *The Sun Was Sleeping in the Main*:—

'But when his errant Dolly knew,
She vow'd, she'd something else to do.'

A MS. is in the possession of Sir Robert Jardine of Castlemilk, and another is in the Wisbech Museum. It was also inscribed in the *Glenriddell Book*; and was published in Scott Douglas (1877), from the copy in H. A. Bright's *Calendar of the Glenriddell MSS.*, 1874.

STANZA X. LINE 3. 'And lay no more your *stern* command,' Castlemilk MS.

TO CLARINDA

THE glasses were sent as a parting gift when Burns left Edinburgh, 24th March 1788. The poor little verses were published in Cromek (1808). Cunningham adds the following Stanza from a MS.:—

'Long may we live! long may we love,
And long may we be happy,
And may we never want a glass
Weel charg'd with generous nappy.'

TO HUGH PARKER

A BROTHER of Major William Parker of Kilmarnock, referred to in the song, *Ye Sons of Old Killie* (Vol. iv.). Writing to Robert Muir, 26th August 1787, Burns sends compliments to Messrs. W. and H. Parker, and hopes that 'Hughoc is going on and prospering with God and Miss M'Causlin.' The Epistle was written soon after his arrival in Ellisland on 12th June 1788, whence, on writing to Mrs. Dunlop, he describes himself (14th June) as 'a solitary inmate of an old smoky spence; far from every object I love, or by whom I am beloved; nor any acquaintance older than yesterday except *Jenny Geddes*, the old mare I ride on.'

It was published by Cunningham (1834), and in Hogg and Motherwell, Part III. (1834).

LINE 9. 'I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk':—Here 'thrum'=hum.

TO ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM

who, when Burns met him in Edinburgh in the winter of 1786-7, was practising as a lawyer. Probably Burns was introduced to him at the Crochallan Club; and they remained on the friendliest terms until the poet's death. The Anna of this Epistle and of the song, *Anna* (Vol. i. p. 293), was a Miss Anne Stewart, who (to Cunningham's lasting chagrin) married Mr. Forest Dewar, surgeon and town-councillor, Edinburgh (13th January 1789). Her perfidy suggested *She's Fair and Fause*; and, according to Burns himself, it was Cunningham's misfortune to which he essayed to do further justice in *Had I a Cave*. Cunningham married in 1792, and went into partnership with a goldsmith. He died January 27th, 1812. In accordance with an announcement made by Burns in an affecting letter a fortnight before his death, the Poet's posthumous child was named Alexander Cunningham Burns. Holograph letters of Cunningham—with copies of which we have been favoured by his descendants—show that he it was who originated both the subscription on behalf of Mrs. Burns and the scheme for a collected Edition; and that to him the success of both enterprises was chiefly due.

Some errors in Scott Douglas (1877), in which the *Epistle* was published, are here corrected from the sole existing MS.

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ. OF FINTRY

OWING to mistakes and imperfections in books of reference, an erroneous account of Graham of Fintry was given in Vol. i. (p. 427). For information from original sources we are indebted to Mr. A. H. Millar, Dundee. Graham of Fintry was descended from Sir Robert Graham of Strathcarron and Fintry, Stirlingshire, son of Sir William Graham of Kincardine by Mary Stewart, daughter of Robert III. The Grahams acquired the lands of Mains

TO GRAHAM OF FINTRY

and of Lumlethan, Forfarshire, in the Sixteenth Century, and the estate was then named 'Fintry.' The portion with the mansion-house was sold by Graham of Fintry—at some unknown date, but probably before 1789—to Sir James Stirling; and another portion—Earl's Strathdichty—in 1789 to Mr. D. Erskine, Clerk to the Signet (by the trustees of the creditors of Graham of Fintry). The part sold to Sir James Stirling was bought by Erskine's trustees in 1801. Graham continued to be designated 'of Fintry'; and the name of the estate was (according to the conditions of sale) changed to Linlathen. He died 10th January 1815.

This was doubtless the piece referred to in a note to Miss Chalmers, 16th September 1788:—'I very lately—to wit, since harvest began—wrote a poem, not in imitation, but in the manner, of Pope's *Moral Epistles*. It is only a short essay, just to try the strength of my Muse's pinion in that way.' It was printed in Currie (1800), from the MS. actually sent to Graham of Fintry; but Burns kept a copy, and in his later transcripts he improved his phrasing, though in places (*cf.* Lines 57-61) he left his grammar doubtful.

Our text is founded on the following MSS.:—An early draft, entitled *Sketch*, in the Clarke-Adam Collection—MS. (A); the copy sent to Graham—MS. (B); the version inscribed in the *Second Common Place Book*—MS. (C); a MS. in the Watson Collection—MS. (D); a MS. in the Laing Collection—MS. (E); another MS. in the Clarke-Adam Collection—MS. (F); and the version inscribed in the *Glenriddell Book*—MS. (G).

LINE 3. 'Her eye intent on all the *mazy* plan,' all MSS. except G. 4. 'She form'd of various *parts* the various Man,' MSS. (A, B, D, E and F), and deleted in MS. (C). 5. '*Then first she calls the useful many* forth,' MS. (B):—In MS. (A) the poet hesitates between this reading [deleted in C] and that of the text. 9. 'Each *healthy* cit a warm existence finds,' deleted reading in MS. (A). 11. 'Some *rarer species are needed* yet,'

deleted reading in MS. (A). **12.** 'The lead and buoy are *useful* to the net,' alternative reading in MS. (A). **13.** 'The caput mortuum of *strong* desires,' MS. (D). **17.** 'Then marks the unyielding *stuff* with grave designs,' deleted reading in MS. (A). **23.** '*But* ere she gave creating labour o'er,' all MSS. except C and G. **30.** 'She *form'd* the thing and *christen'd* it—a Poet,' MS. (A). **34.** 'Admir'd and prais'd, and there the *homage* ends':—Seemingly an Editorial amendment. **35.** 'A mortal *all* unfit for Fortune's strife,' deleted reading in MS. (A); '*mortal* strife,' MS. (F). **38.** 'Yet *frequent* wanting wherewithal to live,' deleted reading in MS. (A). **39.** '*Wishing* to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,' alternative reading in MS. (A). **40.** 'Yet *oft unseen*, unheeded in his own,' MS. (A). **43.** '*Pitying* the propless climber of mankind,' all MSS. except G, and deleted reading in C. **45.** '*And to support* his helpless woodbine state,' all MSS. except G, and deleted in C. **46.** '*Attached him to the generous* truly great,' MSS. (A, B, D and F), and deleted in MS. (C); '*bounteous*' for '*generous*,' MS. (E). **48.** 'To lay strong hold for help on *generous* Graham,' MSS. (C and E). **49.** 'Pity the *tuneful* Muse's *hapless* [or '*helpless*'] train,' several MSS. **53.** '*Their* little Fate allows they share as soon,' MSS. (A, E, and F). **57.** 'Let *Wisdom* number o'er each sturdy son,' deleted reading in MS. (A). **61.** 'Who make "*I will do*" wait upon "I should,"' deleted reading in MS. (A). **63.** 'We own they're prudent, but who *feels* they're good':—Seemingly an Editorial amendment. **67.** 'Whose arms of love would grasp *the* human race':—Seemingly an Editorial amendment. **73-4.** A deleted reading in MS. (A) is as follows:—

> 'I know my need, I know *thou can'st bestow*
> *Thy giving hand, experienced, well I know!*'

74. 'I *crave* thy friendship at thy kind command,' all MSS. except C, E and G, '*ask*' being deleted in C. **81.** 'Seek *not* the proofs in private life to find,' MSS. (A and B), deleted reading in MS. (C), and alternative reading in MS. (D). **84.** '*Till* grovelling on the earth the carol ends,' MS. (A). **87.** 'Oblige them, patronise their *worthless* lays,' deleted reading in MS. (D). **96.** '*Where* man and nature fairer in her sight,' all MSS. except E. and that of all previous Editions; but plainly ungrammatical.

IMPROMPTU TO CAPTAIN RIDDELL ON RETURNING A NEWSPAPER

Burns's near neighbour at Friars Carse, who showed him great courtesy, and gave him a key to his private grounds and the Hermitage on Nithside (see p. 347, and Vol. i. p. 418). Friars Carse was also the scene of the drinking bout celebrated in *The Whistle* (Vol. i. p. 304). Burns wrote his song, *The Day Returns* (Vol. iii.) for the anniversary (7th November) of Captain Riddell's marriage. At the Riddells' fireside he 'enjoyed more pleasant evenings than at all the houses of the fashionable people put together'; and his great regard was in no wise lessened by the quarrel with the Captain's brother and sister-in-law (see *post*, p. 420, Prefatory Note to *Impromptu on Mrs. Riddell's Birthday*), by which the hospitable doors of Glenriddell—a centre of music and books, of talk and fellowship and wine—were closed on him, as the sequel was soon to show, for ever. On Captain Riddell's death, 21st April 1794, he hastened to dedicate his *No More Ye Warblers of the Woods* (see p. 231) to his memory. Riddell was an accomplished musician, and composed several of the airs to Burns's songs in Johnson's *Museum*. He is the 'worthy Glenriddell so versed in old coins' of *The Whistle*. A fellow of the London Society of Antiquaries, he contributed some important papers to *Archæologia*. At his special request, Burns made a selection from his unprinted poems, which he presented, with a preface breathing warm affection for himself and his 'amiable lady,' and concluding thus:—'Let these be regarded as the genuine sentiments of a man who seldom flattered any, and never those he loved.' This is the collection, now at Liverpool, so often referred to in these Volumes as the *Glenriddell Book*.

The stanzas were first printed by Cromek (1808). The MS. is in the Public Library, Liverpool.

REPLY TO A NOTE FROM CAPTAIN RIDDELL

This trifle was first printed in Scott Douglas (1877), from a MS. in the possession of the late Sam Bough, R.S.A., of which a facsimile has been published. It was written on the back of a rhyming note from Glenriddell himself:—

'Dear Bard,
To ride this day is vain,
For it will be a steeping rain,
So come and sit with me;
We'll twa or three leaves fill up with scraps,
And whiles fill up the time with cracks,
And spend the day with glee.

R. R.'

TO JAMES TENNANT OF GLENCONNER

Second son of John Tennant, farmer, of Glenconner, in the parish of Ochiltree—ancestor of the present Sir Charles Tennant of The Glen—by his first wife. He was born 1755; kept a mill at Ochiltree; and died April 1835. The *Epistle* was published in Oliver (Edinburgh 1801), in Duncan (Glasgow 1801), and in Stewart (Glasgow 1802).

Line 22. 'Brown and Boston':—Brown's *Self-Interpreting Bible* and Boston's *Fourfold State*, long favourites with the pious Scottish peasant. 31. 'Guid auld Glen':—The father, John Tennant, who was witness to the poet's baptism in 1759, and under whose advice he made an offer for Ellisland. The other references are to members or relations of the family. 48. 'Bannock':—A soft cake, generally of oat- and pease-meal, sometimes wholly of the latter.

TO JOHN M'MURDO, ESQ.

Son of Robert M'Murdo of Drumlanrig. He became chamberlain to the Duke of Queensberry, and resided at Drumlanrig. He is, perhaps, the 'Factor John' of *The*

TO JOHN M'MURDO

Kirk's Alarm (see *ante*, p. 334). Burns was latterly on terms of peculiar intimacy with him and his family, especially after 1793, when M'Murdo kept house near Dumfries. He died at Bath, 4th December 1803. M'Murdo and Colonel de Peyster of the Dumfries Volunteers were brothers-in-law, their wives being daughters of Provost Blair, Dumfries. The canvassing of M'Murdo and his 'lovely spouse' in the Dumfries election of 1790 is thus described in the *Election Ballad to Graham of Fintry* (p. 187):—

> 'She won each gaping burgess' heart,
> While he, *sub rosâ*, played his part
> Among their wives and lasses.'

But Burns's esteem for both is sufficiently shown in the present note and in the lines *On John M'Murdo, Esq.* (p. 229). Two of their daughters are the respective themes of *Bonie Jean* and *Phyllis the Fair*.

The note was probably sent after the poet's letter of the 19th January (not 9th, as given in Chambers and later Editions), in which he says he is indebted to M'Murdo for a chap containing 'Five Excellent Songs.' It was published in Cunningham (1834), and in Hogg and Motherwell (Part III. 1834).

SONNET TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ.

ON RECEIVING A FAVOUR

THE favour was the appointment to an excise district on which the writer's farm was situate. The lines were printed in Currie (1800), less the two last, which are also wanting in the MS. at Lochryan and the copy in the *Glenriddell Book*, but were in the original MS. Apart from this, the MSS. agree. For Graham, see *ante*, p. 371.

For the stave, it is fair to note that, judging by this and the other two or three essays in the form which Burns has left, he knew nothing about the sonnet except that it must consist of fourteen lines, and that (as his variations in the present case appear to show) he was not

always sure of that. The reason is—not, of course, that the sonnet (which is described in the *Schorte Treatise* [1585], and of which Montgomerie left some seventy finished and spirited examples) had no past in the vernacular, but—that very few sonnets were made in the Eighteenth Century, and none of these few was the work of either Ramsay or Fergusson.

TO DR. BLACKLOCK

PUBLISHED in Currie (1800).

Thomas Blacklock was born at Annan, of English (Cumberland) parents in 1721. At six months smallpox made him blind. He published *Poems* (poor stuff) in 1746; made the acquaintance of David Hume, who (with other friends) partly supported him at the University of Edinburgh; by Hume's advice completed a theological course; in 1762 was presented to the living of Kirkcudbright; but, the parishioners objecting to his blindness, retired in 1764 to Edinburgh, where he lived by taking pupils. He died 7th July 1791. An edition of his verses appeared in 1793, with a life by Henry Mackenzie. It was owing to Blacklock that Burns resolved upon an Edinburgh Edition.

STANZA II. LINE 1. 'The Heron south:'—Robert Heron, son of a weaver; born at New Galloway 6th November 1764. When he visited Burns in 1789, he was a student of divinity. He was next assistant to Dr. Hugh Blair, but soon took to literary pursuits; got into debt, and while in Perth gaol began a *History of Scotland*; was liberated on engaging to pay his creditors fifteen shillings in the pound from the proceeds thereof; was the author of many works, including a *Life of Burns*, 1797, by no means without merit; was in 1806 confined by his creditors in Newgate; took fever there; and died on his removal to St. Pancras Hospital, 13th April 1807.

STANZA IV. LINE 3. 'Parnassian *queans*, I fear, I fear,' Currie:—But this is apparently a misreading of the MS., which

TO DR. BLACKLOCK

was sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson in 1861. E. C. Bigmore in the *Descriptive List* supplies the reading adopted in the text.

STANZA VI. LINE 2. 'They maun hae brose:'—Brose is properly meal and warm water, but the word is commonly used as a synonym for porridge.

STANZA X. LINE 2.—'Honest Lucky':—See *ante*, p. 364, Note to *Epistle to Major Logan*, Stanza XIII. Line 3.

TO A GENTLEMAN

WHO HAD SENT A NEWSPAPER

PROBABLY Peter Stuart, of *The London Star* (see *ante*, Bibliographical, p. 280).

The lines were published in Currie (1800). The MS. in the possession of Mrs. Andrews, Newcastle, agrees with the published version except that Currie has added a date (1790), which is clearly a mistake.

LINE 7. 'Emperor Joseph':—A notorious whoremaster: died 20th February 1790. 11. 'Or if the Swede before he halt':—Gustavus III. of Sweden was then at war with Russia.

TO PETER STUART

SEE *ante*, Bibliographical, p. 280.

TO JOHN MAXWELL, ESQ.

who, though descended from a branch of the Maxwells, was born of humble parents at Buittle, 7th February 1720, and apprenticed to a joiner in Dumfries. His industry and ability enabled him to repurchase the family estate of Terraughtie. Burns's prediction as to his length of days was so far verified, one learns, that he died (25th January 1814) in his ninety-fourth year. In the *Second Heron Election Ballad* (p. 196) he is designated 'Teugh Johnie.'

TO JOHN MAXWELL

The *Epistle* appeared in Cromek (1808). A MS. corresponding with Cromek's text is in the Edinburgh Monument Museum. Copies at Munches—(sent for our inspection: one very old, though not, as had been supposed, in Burns's handwriting; the other extracted from the recipient's *Day Book*)—give a few variations. The copy is dated Dumfries, 10th February 1792: which places the piece a year later than the date assigned to it by other Editors.

STANZA I. LINE 2. 'Health ay unsour'd *wi'* care or grief,' Munches MS.

STANZA II. LINE 2. 'And I can *see* that bounteous Heaven,' Munches MS.

STANZA V. LINE 5. '*Gif* neist my heart I dinna wear ye,' Munches MS.

TO WILLIAM STEWART

Notes and Queries, 6th series, Vol. iv. (1881) p. 86. 'Honest Bacon' (see *At Brownhill Inn*, p. 249), was landlord of the inn at Brownhill, and a relative of Stewart, who was factor at Closeburn hard by (see *Lovely Polly Stewart*, and *You're Welcome, Willie Stewart*).

INSCRIPTION TO MISS GRAHAM OF FINTRY

THESE English elegiacs, which appear to be imitated from Shenstone and 'the elegantly melting Gray,' were published by Currie (1800), from the copy sent by Burns to George Thomson in July 1795, now at Brechin Castle. We are favoured by Mr. J. J. Graham, of Cape Town, with a copy of the original inscription.

STANZA I. LINE 2. 'In *tuneful strains and sacred numbers* join'd,' original inscription.

STANZA II. LINE 1. 'So may no *ruffled* feeling in thy breast,' Scott Douglas. Currie wished that 'the Bard had used a less rugged epithet than "ruffian"—*e.g.* "ruder"'; and Scott

TO MISS GRAHAM

Douglas was persuaded that 'ruffian' was a clerical error for '*ruffled*.' But 'ruffian' is the word in the original inscription as well as in the copy sent to Thomson.

STANZA III. LINE 3. 'While *Virtue, conscious*, all the strain endears,' original inscription.

REMORSEFUL APOLOGY

PROBABLY sent to Mrs. Walter Riddell, but printed in Currie (1800) as 'sent to a *gentleman* whom he had offended.' The MS. is in the British Museum.

TO COLLECTOR MITCHELL

WRITTEN towards the close of '95; published in Currie (1800). Burns was on very friendly terms with Mitchell, and often sent him first drafts for criticism.

TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER

COLONEL ARENTZ SCHULYER DE PEYSTER was descended from a Huguenot family settled in America, and served with distinction in the American War. He took up house at Mavis Grove, near Dumfries; and on 24th May 1795 was appointed colonel of the Dumfries Volunteers, in which Burns was a private. He was a brother-in-law of John M'Murdo (see *ante*, p. 375). He died 26th November 1822, in his 96th year.

The *Epistle*—written, after the recrudescence of the poet's illness in 1796—was published in Currie (1800).

STANZA IV. LINE 1. 'Carmagnole' = violent Jacobin. Derived from the collarless jacket, not from the revolutionary song and dance.

TO MISS JESSIE LEWARS

CURRIE (1800). The volumes are in the possession of the Earl of Rosebery. The inscription agrees with our text.

INSCRIPTION TO CHLORIS

CURRIE (1800). For Chloris, see Prefatory Note to *Lassie wi' the Lint-white Locks*, Vol. iii. The copy sent to George Thomson, now at Brechin Castle, corresponds with the text. An early draft is in the Clarke-Adam Collection.

The stanza is that of much English Eighteenth Century verse: among the rest of Goldsmith's *Edwin and Angelina.*

STANZA II. in the draft originally read thus :—

> 'Since thou, *though all in youthful* charms,
> *Bidd'st public life* adieu,
> *And shunn'st a world of woes and harms*
> To *bless* the friendly few.'

LINE 2. '*Hast* bid the world adieu,' final reading in draft.

STANZA III. LINE 2. '*Succeeds* the tempest's lour,' draft.

STANZA IV. LINE 1. '*Though* life's gay scenes *delight* no more,' draft; '*pleasures charm*,' deleted reading for 'life's gay scenes.' 3. 'Still *rich art thou in nobler* store,' draft.

STANZA VI. LINE 3. 'And doubly *is* the Poet blest,' deleted reading in draft :—'were' is the original reading in the draft, which is deleted for '*is*,' but this is again deleted for 'were.' 4. 'These joys *should* he improve,' deleted reading in draft.

THEATRICAL PIECES

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODS

16th April 1787

WILLIAM WOODS, born 1751, was originally a printer, but joined (*c.* 1768) a strolling company at Southampton. After appearing in London, he removed, about 1771, to Edinburgh, where he played leading parts in tragedy and sentimental comedy. He died 14th December 1802, and was buried in the Old Calton Cemetery. He was author of two plays: *The Volunteers* (1778) and *The Twins* (1780); the last one published in '83. Burns's interest in Woods

PROLOGUE was probably quickened by the player's friendship with Fergusson, who, in his *Last Will*, bequeaths him his *Shakespeare* :—

> 'To Woods, whose genius can provoke
> My passions to the bowl or sock:
> For love to thee and to the Nine,
> Be my immortal *Shakespeare* thine.'

The piece—which, like the others in this category, is on the traditional lines originally laid down by Dryden—appeared on Thursday, 19th April, in both *The Edinburgh Courant* and *The Caledonian Mercury*; and was included in Oliver (Edinburgh 1801) and Duncan (Glasgow 1801), as well as in Stewart's *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns* (Glasgow 1801): the common source being the newspaper version. For an opportunity of inspecting the first draft we are indebted to Mr. Greenshiels of Kerse.

LINES 7-8 in the MS. read thus :—

> '*Small* is the task to please a *gaping* throng:
> *Unmeaning rant, extravagance of* song.'

They were meant to be followed by four lines—afterwards omitted—of which two versions were given :—

> 'Heavy stupidity all rueful views
> The Tyburn humours of the tragic Muse;
> Or roars at times the rude rough laugh between,
> As horse-play nonsense shows her comic scene;'

or

> 'The vacant staring crowd all rueful views
> The Tyburn humours of the tragic Muse;
> Or comic scenes the merry roar engage,
> As horseplay nonsense thunders on the stage.'

10. '*In taste and* learning high, as great in war,' MS.; but '*taste*' is deleted for 'genius.' In 11 '*Fair*' and '*Great*' are alternative deleted readings for '*Hail.*' 13. 'Where ['*Here*' deleted] every science, every *noblest* art,' MS. 16-18 in the MS. read thus :—

> '*To wide civilization's utmost* bound;
> Philosophy, *no more a pedant's* dream,
> Here *makes his* search by heaven-taught Reason's beam.'

18. 'Philosophy':—The reference is to Dugald Stewart. See PROLOGUE Vol. i. p. 354, Note to *The Vision*, Duan I. Stanza XXI. Line 2. 19. 'Here History':—Hume and Robertson. 21. 'Here *Douglas* forms wild Shakespeare into plan':—Home's *Douglas*. The ridiculous verse—(one hopes the Bard knew better)—reads like a variant on the Edinburgh pittite's 'Whaur 's your Wully Shakespeare noo?' 22. 'And Harley rouses all the God in man':—See Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling*. 34. 'Like Caledonians you *praise* or blame,' MS. 39. '*Still* may she rise, with generous disdain,' MS. 41. Instead of the three lines, beginning 'Still self-dependent,' etc., the MS. has:—

> '*May never sallow Want her bounty stint,*
> *Nor selfish maxim dare the sordid hint;*
> *But may her virtues ever be her prop:*
> *These her best stay, and Thou her surest hope,*
> *Till Fate on worlds the eternal curtain drop.*'

PROLOGUE FOR DUMFRIES THEATRE

New Year's Day Evening, 1790

Of Sutherland Burns wrote (9th February 1790) to William Nicol:—'A worthier or cleverer fellow I have rarely met with.' To his brother Gilbert, 11th January 1790, he described him as 'a man of apparent worth,' adding that he spouted the prologue 'to his audience with applause.' A few lines of the prologue—MS. (A)—are in the possession of Mr. Greenshiels of Kerse:—'I shall not be in the least mortified,' wrote Burns, 'though they are never heard of, but if they can be of any service to Mr. Sutherland and his friends, I shall kiss my hands to my Lady Muse, and own myself much her debtor.'

A copy—MS. (B)—in the possession of Mr. Lennox, Dumfries, differs considerably from that published in Currie (1800), from the MS.—MS. (C)—which formerly belonged to Gilbert Burns, and is now in the Morrison

PROLOGUE FOR DUMFRIES THEATRE

Collection. On the 14th January 1790 the piece appeared in *The St. James's Chronicle and British Evening Post*, probably sent by Sutherland.

LINE **8.** 'Not *here* to preach but tell *this* simple story,' MS. (A). **9.** 'The sage, *good* Ancient, cough'd and bade me say!' MSS. (A and B) and *St. James's Chronicle*; '*revered*' deleted in MS. (B). **13-14** are omitted in MS. (B). **14.** '*Said:* "*Sutherland, in one word, bid them* think,"' MS. (A). **15.** 'Ye sprightly youths quite flush *in* hope and spirit,' *St. James's Chronicle*. **16.** 'Who think *to win your way* by dint of merit,' MS. (B); '*trust to win your path*,' *St. James's Chronicle*. **17.** 'To you the *Sage has ever much* to say,' MS. (B). **20.** 'That the first blow is *more than* half the battle,' MS. (B). **21.** '*That by the skirt tho' some* may try to snatch him,' *St. James's Chronicle*. **23-24** are omitted in MS. (B). **31** in MS. (B) has '*endeavour*' instead of 'endeavours.' **32** in MS. (B) reads thus :— '*To try at least to win your honor'd favour*'; and the following additional lines occur after it' :—

> 'For gratitude and other weighty reasons,
> To please you be our task all times and seasons.'

SCOTS PROLOGUE FOR MRS. SUTHERLAND

March 3rd, 1790

FIRST published, not as Scott Douglas states, in Stewart's *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns* (Glasgow 1801) [it appears in Stewart, 1802], but in Oliver (Edinburgh 1801), and Duncan (Glasgow 1801); together with a letter from Burns to Sutherland :—'I was much disappointed, My Dear Sir, in wanting your agreeable company,' *etc.* :— which may or may not have been enclosed with the *Prologue*, but makes no reference to it. Cromek published the *Prologue* in 1808 from an original MS. Another MS. is at Lochryan.

It has been hitherto designated as for *Mr.* Sutherland, but that it was for his wife is proved, first by an unpublished letter to Mrs. Dunlop (Lochryan MSS.) :—'The following is a Prologue I made for his wife' (the *Prologue* is

included in the letter); and second, by a humorous letter (unpublished) to Provost Staig, Dumfries, in which Burns states that Sutherland had asked him for a *Prologue* for Mrs. Sutherland's benefit-night:—'There is a dark stroke of Politics,' he adds, 'in the belly of the Piece, and like a faithful loyal subject, I lay it before you as the Chief Magistrate . . . that if the said Poem be found to contain any treason, or words of treasonable construction, or any Fama Clamosa, or Scandalum Magnatum, against our sovereign lord the King, or any of his liege subjects, the said prologue may not see the light.' PROLOGUE FOR MRS. SUTHERLAND

LINE 6. 'Will *try to gie us sangs and* plays at hame!' Cromek:—Burns, at this time, had himself some thoughts of turning playwright. To Lady Elizabeth Cunningham (probably) he wrote, 23rd December 1789, that for this purpose he had resolved to make himself 'master of all the Dramatic Authors of any repute in both English and French'; and on 2nd March 1790 he ordered of Peter Hill copies of certain English playwrights, of Molière, and of 'any other good French dramatic authors in their native language.' 9. 'Nor need he *hunt* as far as Rome or Greece,' Cromek, Oliver, *etc.* 15. 'Where are the Muses fled that *should* produce,' MS., Oliver, *etc.* 17. 'How *on this spot* he first unsheath'd the sword,' MS., Oliver, *etc.* 22. 'To *draw* the lovely, hapless, Scottish Queen,' Cromek. 23. 'Vain *ev'n* the omnipotence of female charms,' MS., Oliver, *etc.* 26. 'To glut *that direst foe—a vengeful* woman,' MS., Oliver, *etc.* 28. 'As able and as *wicked* as the Devil,' MS., Oliver, *etc.*:—Burns was a strong partisan of Mary Stuart, and a rabid anti-Elizabethan, as witnesses a passage (omitted, of course, by Currie) in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 20th February 1791:—'What a rocky-hearted, perfidious succubus was that Queen Elizabeth,' *etc.* 29-34. 'One Douglas,' *etc.*:—Omitted in MS., Oliver, and Duncan. 51-2 in Cromek read thus:—

> 'And grateful still I *hope you* 'll ever find us
> For *a' the* patronage and meikle kindness,'

53. 'We 've got frae a' professions, *sorts* an' ranks,' Oliver, *etc.*, but probably '*sorts*' is a misprint.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT

November 26th, 1792

SENT to Miss Fontenelle in a complimentary letter:—'Your charms as a woman would secure applause to the most indifferent actress, and your theatrical talents would secure admiration to the plainest figure.' She is also the subject of a flattering *Epigram* (p. 254). Miss Fontenelle won some applause on the London boards. Her name appears in the obituary of *The Gentleman's Magazine* for September 1800:—'In Charles-town, South Carolina, a victim to the yellow fever, Miss Fontenelle, who made her *debût* many years ago at Covent Garden, and afterwards performed at the Haymarket. In America she played under the name of Mrs. Wilkinson.'

The Prologue appeared in Johnstone's Edinburgh *Gazetteer*, and was published by Currie (1800) in small type, as sent in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 6th December 1792. The MS.—MS. (A)—possibly that sent to Miss Fontenelle herself—in the Morrison Collection seems earlier than the version in Currie, which on the whole is the better of the two. The MS.—MS. (B)—sent to Mrs. Graham of Fintry [for a copy we are indebted to Mr. J. J. Graham, Cape Town], but for the omission of two lines, agrees substantially with Currie; but is of interest for the inscription:—'To Mrs. Graham of Fintry, this little poem—written in haste on the spur of the occasion, and therefore inaccurate, but a sincere compliment to that sex the most amiable of the works of God—is most respectfully presented by The Author.'

LINE 6. 'The rights of Woman *claim some small* attention,' MS. (A). 13. 'Our second Right—but *idle* here is caution,' MS. (A). 19. '*Get drunk, would swagger, swear*, kick up a riot,' MS. (A):—According to Currie, the reference is to the saturnalia of the Caledonian Hunt. 28. '*Must fall before*:

'tis dear, dear Admiration,' MS. (A). **29-30.** '*In that blest sphere*,' *etc.*, are omitted in MS. (B). **30.** '*And thence* that life of life: Immortal Love,' MS. (A). **31.** '*Sighs, tears, smiles, glances*, fits, flirtations, airs,' MS. (A). **35.** '*Then* truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,' MS. (A).

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN

ADDRESS

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT

December 4th, 1793

PUBLISHED by Currie (1800) together with the letter, 15th December 1793 [Currie dates it 1795], to Mrs. Dunlop, of which it formed a part. The first draft—MS. (A)—is in the Morrison Collection. It was sent in a letter of 2nd December:—'Enclosed is the Address such as it is, and may it be the prologue to an overflowing house,' *etc.* Another MS.—MS. (B)—is in the Kilmarnock Monument Musuem.

LINE 4. 'Twould vamp my bill, *thought* I, if nothing better,' MSS. (A and B). Of **5-6** there is in MS. (A) an alternative reading:—

> 'So sought a Poet *in his skyey dome*
> Told him { *in admiration* / *that to admire him* } I *was come*.'

Of **9**, *etc.*, there is also this alternative reading:—

> '"*O, Ma'am*," *replied the silly strutting creature,*
> *Screwing each self-important, awkward feature,*
> "*Flattery I detest, as I admire your taste,*
> *At once so just, correct, profound and chaste.*"'

22. '*Believe me, Gentles*, 'tis my fix'd belief,' MS. (A). **24-25** in MS. (A) read thus:—

> 'I also think: so *come my soul to bliss!*
> That so much laughter, so much *happiness*.'

26-27 are omitted in MS. (A), and instead **28** reads thus:—

> '*Thou man of care, whose task is to contrive*.'

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS

After 37 the following lines occur in MS. (B):—

'For shame! for shame! I tell thee thou art no man:
This for a giddy, vain, capricious woman?
A creature, though I say't, you know that should not;
Ridiculous with her idiot, "Would" and "Would not."'

39. 'Laugh at her *airs*—these frowns *no more* terrific,' MS. (A).

POLITICAL PIECES

ADDRESS OF BEELZEBUB

FIRST printed in *The Scots Magazine* for February 1818 (sent by one R. W. of Ayr, who stated that he had got it from Rankine), and included in an Edition published by Mackenzie and Dent, Newcastle 1819. The text adopted is that of the MS. in the Watson Collection, which gives the place [Hell] in addition to the date.

For the rhythmus, see Vol. i. p. 319, Prefatory Note to *The Twa Dogs*.

LINE 4. 'Wi' dirk, claymore *and* rusty trigger,' erroneous text. 6. 'She likes—as *butchers* like a knife':—So in *Scots Magazine* and the Editions which copied from it; probably a misprint. 36. 'An' tirl the *hallions* to the birses,' erroneous text. 39. 'But smash them! *crash* them a' to spails,' erroneous text.

BIRTHDAY ODE FOR 31ST DECEMBER 1787

PART printed by Currie (1800). Without giving his authority, he accounts for the piece thus:—'It appears that on the 31st December he (Burns) attended a meeting to celebrate the birthday of the lineal descendant of the Scottish race of kings, the late unfortunate Prince Charles Edward.' More he knew not; but he assumed the 'perfect loyalty to the reigning sovereign of

all who attended the meeting,' and he withheld a large portion of the *Ode* because it was 'a kind of rant, for which indeed precedent may be cited in various other odes, but with which it is impossible to go along.' BIRTHDAY ODE

The copy Currie used was that inscribed in the *Glenriddell Book*; and the piece was first printed in full in Scott Douglas's Edition (1877).

There is nothing worth noting of the rhythmus in which this piece is cast except that it is vaguely and loosely imitated from what must have seemed to Burns the lawless forms of Collins and Gray.

ODE TO THE DEPARTED REGENCY BILL

George III. began to show signs of mental derangement on 22nd October 1788; and on 5th December his physicians reported that, although he was not incurable, it was impossible to predict how long his illness might last. Fox and the 'Portland Band' (*i.e.* the Whigs), who hoped to return to power through the Prince of Wales, maintained that the Heir-Apparent must take up the Regency with plenary sovereign powers; but on 16th December Pitt brought in resolutions for appointing him Regent with restricted authority. The Bill passed the Commons on 11th February 1789, but its progress was suspended by the announcement of the Chancellor on the 19th that the King was convalescent; and on 10th March he resumed his state.

The piece was printed in Stuart's *Star* of April 17th, above the signature 'Agricola,' and the date 'Edinburgh, April 7th.' It was republished by Scott Douglas (1877) from the copy in the *Glenriddell Book*—ms. (D)—which, he stated, was the sole manuscript known; but besides that, unknown to Scott Douglas, the thing appeared in Stuart's *Star*, there are further: a ms. at Lochryan—ms. (A)—'this moment finished,' 3rd April 1789; another in

TO THE DEPARTED REGENCY BILL

Edinburgh University Library—MS. (B); and a third in the Clarke-Adam Collection—MS. (C).

For the rhythmus see *ante*, p. 389, Prefatory Note to the *Birthday Ode for December 31st*, 1787.

LINE **17.** 'With *lessen'd* step thou wander wide,' MS. (D). **26.** 'By a Senate's *strife* of tongues,' MS. (D), and deleted reading in MS. (C). After this line the two following occur in MSS. (A and C), and *Star*:—

> 'By opposition's eager hand
> Grasping at an airy wand.'

27-28. 'By dread Thurlow's,' *etc.*, were omitted from *The Star*. **44.** 'Where, Order exil'd from his *regal* sway,' MSS. (A, B, and C), and *Star*. **45.** 'Confusion *may* the Regent-sceptre wield,' MSS. (A, C and D), and *Star*. **48.** 'The story of thy *strange*, eventful fate,' MSS. (A, B and C), and *Star*. **51.** 'And tell the sore-*vex'd* sons of Care,' MSS. (A, B and C). **53.** 'Paint *P—t's keen flight* on wings of fire!' *Star*; '*with*,' MS. (B). **56.** 'Paint all the triumph of the *T—ry* Band,' *Star*:—To Lady Harriet Don when he sent her MS. (B), Burns states that 'the *Ode* was mangled in a Newspaper last winter.' The newspaper was *The Star*, while the 'mangling' chiefly consisted in the changes in this Line and Line **53**, and the exclusion of Lines **57-60**, 'Mark how,' *etc.*, which necessitated the changes in **53** and **56**, and *vice versâ*. In MS. (B) **57-8** are omitted; and MS. (C) ends with **60**. In MS. (A), instead of **57-58**, as in the text, the following lines—probably those sent to *The Star*, and omitted by Stuart—occur:—

> '*Mark* how *they seem to lift th' elated* voice!
> And *who are these that in their joy* rejoice?
> Jews, Gentiles, what a motley crew!
> Their iron tears of joy, their flinty cheeks bedew;
> See how unfurl'd their parchment ensigns fly,
> And Principal and Interest! all the cry.'

57. The authority for the reading 'Hark' in the text is MS. (C), which contains the same additional lines as MS. (A), with a few other variations: '*that equally*' and '*in their joy*' being deleted readings in the second line, and deletions making the fourth line read:—'The iron tears their flinty cheeks bedew.' **69-70.** 'How fallen that,' *etc.*, are omitted in MS. (B). **73.** 'Then

know *these truths*, ye Sons of Men,' MSS. (A and B), and *Star*. TO THE
74. 'Thus *end* thy moral tale,' MSS. (A and B), and *Star*. DEPARTED REGENCY BILL

A NEW PSALM FOR THE CHAPEL OF KILMARNOCK

'In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop of 4th April 1789 [probably for 4th May], now in the Morrison Collection, Burns wrote:—'The following are a few stanzas of new Psalmody for that "joyful solemnity" [the Thanksgiving for the King's recovery] which I sent to a London newspaper with the date and preface following:—"Kilmarnock, 25th April. Mr. Printer,—In a certain chapel, not fifty leagues from the market cross of this good town, the following stanzas of Psalmody, it is said, were composed for, and devoutly sung on the late joyful solemnity of the 23rd."' The paper was Stuart's *Morning Star*, where parody and letter, dated 'Kilmarnock, April 30th,' and signed 'Duncan M'Leerie'—the hero he of an old Kilmarnock song preserved in *The Merry Muses*—appeared on May 14th.

There are MSS. in the Morrison Collection and in the University Library, Edinburgh; and a transcript is inserted in the *Glenriddell Book*. The piece was first published in Hately Waddell (1867). All the versions nearly correspond.

STANZA III. LINE 3. 'On right, *on* left, and every hand,' Hately Waddell.

STANZA IV. LINE 3. 'That Young Man, great in Issachar':—William Pitt.

STANZA V. LINE 3. 'The judge that 's mighty in Thy Law':—Lord Thurlow. Cf. *Ode to the Departed Regency Bill*, p. 160:—

> 'By dread Thurlow's powers to awe—
> Rhetoric, blasphemy and law.'

STANZA VI. LINE 3. 'Even as two howling, *ravenous* wolves,' Scott Douglas.

FOR THE CHAPEL OF KILMARNOCK

STANZA IX. LINE 4. 'Even of that man M'Gill':—Dr. M'Gill of Ayr. See *ante*, p. 324, Prefatory Note to *The Kirk's Alarm*.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX

ENCLOSED to Mrs. Dunlop in the same letter as the preceding piece:—'I have another poetic whim in my head, which I at present dedicate, or rather inscribe, to the Hon. Charles J. Fox; but how long the fancy may hold I can't say. A few of the first lines I have just rough sketched as follows.'

Part published in Currie (1800) from the sketch—MS. (A)—sent to Mrs. Dunlop and now in the Morrison Collection. A later copy, with additional lines—MS. (B)—which was used by the Aldine Editor (1839), is now in the British Museum.

The rhythmus is roughly echoed from the smooth and finished anapests of Goldsmith's *Retaliation*.

LINE 10. 'Yet whose parts and acquirements seem *just* lucky hits,' MS. (B). 12. 'No man with the half of 'em e'er *went far* wrong,' MS. (A). 14. 'No man with the half of 'em e'er *went quite* right,' MS. (A). 23. '*Mankind are* his show-box—*a* friend would you know him,' MS. (A).

ON GLENRIDDELL'S FOX BREAKING HIS CHAIN

PRINTED in H. A. Bright's Catalogue of the MSS. in the *Glenriddell Book* (1874). Burns calls it a fragment; but though the versification is rough, the piece is complete.

ON THE COMMEMORATION OF RODNEY'S VICTORY

RODNEY'S action off Dominica, 12th April 1782, was for some time celebrated year by year. Our version is that which appeared in *The Edinburgh Advertiser* of 19th April

ON RODNEY'S VICTORY

1793. Probably sent by Burns, it has this heading: —'On the Occasion of the Anniversary of the Late Admiral Rodney's Glorious Victory: on Friday last [12th April], at King's Arms, Dumfries. Extempore by Burns.' Chambers assigned the verses to 1795, and Scott Douglas in his Kilmarnock Edition also conjectures that they were written that year. They were published in Duncan (Glasgow 1801), in *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns* (Stewart, Glasgow 1801), and in *Stewart's Edition of Burns's Poems* (Glasgow 1802). Scott Douglas made certain unauthorised changes, which are in no sense for the better.

For the rhythmus see *ante*, p. 392, Prefatory Note to *Inscribed to the Right Hon. C. J. Fox.*

LINE 2. 'Here's *to* the memory *of those we have* lost,' Scott Douglas. 3. '*That we* lost, did I say?—*nay*, by Heaven, that we found,' Duncan, Stewart, and Scott Douglas. 4. 'For their fame it shall *last* while the world goes round,' Duncan and Stewart; '*will last*,' Scott Douglas. 5. 'The next in succession I'll give *you's* the King,' Scott Douglas. 6. '*Whoe'er* would betray him, on high may he swing,' Duncan, Stewart, and Scott Douglas. 7. 'And here's the grand fabric, *the* free Constitution,' Scott Douglas. 8. 'As built on the base of *our* great Revolution,' Scott Douglas. 12. 'May his son be a hangman—and *himself* his first trial,' Scott Douglas.

ODE FOR GENERAL WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

'I AM just going to trouble your critical patience with the first sketch of a stanza I have been framing as I paced along the road. The subject is Liberty: you know, my honoured friend, how dear the theme is to me. I design it as an irregular ode for General Washington's birthday' (R. B. to Mrs. Dunlop, 25th June 1794).

The sketch was published in Cromek's *Reliques* (1808). The complete ode appeared in *Notes and Queries*, 5th

FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

series, vol. i. (March 1874), pp. 242-3, from a MS. now in the Clarke-Adam Collection. It was reprinted in Scott Douglas (iii. 1877). This was not—as Scott Douglas supposed—the *Ode* which Burns permitted the proprietors of *The Morning Chronicle* to insert 'as a thing they have met with by accident.' The MS. sent to Mrs. Dunlop contains only the closing lines beginning with 44, 'Thee, Caledonia,' *etc.*

For the rhythmus see *ante*, p. 389, Prefatory Note to the *Birthday Ode for December 31st*, 1787.

LINE 8. 'And *brave* him to his very beard,' deleted reading in MS. **21.** 'Canst laud the *hand* that struck th' insulting blow,' erroneous reading. **45.** '*Thee fam'd for* martial deed, *and sacred* song,' early sketch. The closing lines from **54** in the early sketch read as follows :—

> 'Is this the *power in freedom's war*
> *That wont to bid the battle rage?*
> *Behold* that eye which shot immortal hate
> *Crushing* the Despot's proudest bearing;
> *That* arm, which, nerv'd with thundering fate,
> *Brav'd* Usurpation's boldest daring!
> *One quench'd in darkness, like the sinking* star,
> *And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.*

55. 'Firm as *the* rock, resistless as *the* storm,' erroneous reading.

THE FÊTE CHAMPETRE

THIS is the earliest of a series of election ballads, all in some sort parodies of popular pieces. Regarding the genesis of this one, see Vol. i. p. 411, Prefatory Note to *When Guilford Good*, and Vol. iii., Prefatory Note to *The Battle of Sherramuir*. It celebrates an entertainment given by William Cunningham of Annbank in 1788 on attaining his majority, but intended (so men held) to serve a political end as well.

Printed in Gilbert Burns's Edition (1820) from a MS.

now in the possession of Mrs. J. G. Burns, Knockmaroon, Ireland. THE FÊTE CHAMPETRE

STANZA I. LINE 7. 'Or him wha led':—James Boswell, the biographer of Samuel Johnson, the 'Ursa-Major' of 8.

STANZA II. LINE 4. 'Glencaird's':—Sir John Whitefoord of Cloncaird.

STANZA VII. LINE 2. 'His ether-stane':—*i.e.* adder-stone. The adder-stone was used by the Druids as an amulet.

THE FIVE CARLINS

THE Five Carlins were of course the Dumfries Parliamentary Burghs. On 29th October 1789, soon after the beginning of the contest, Burns sent a copy of this brilliant *pastiche* of the folk-ballad to Mrs. Dunlop (Lochryan MSS.), prefacing it with a minute account of the state of parties, and indicating pretty plainly that his sympathies were with Sir James Johnstone of Westerhall, who had represented the Burghs in the previous parliament. The other candidate, Captain Patrick Miller—a young officer of twenty—the son of his landlord, he describes as the 'creature' of the Duke of Queensberry. To Graham of Fintry he wrote on 9th December that he was 'too little a man to have any political attachments'; that he had 'the warmest veneration for individuals of both parties'; but 'that a man who has it in his power to be the father of a country, and who is only known to that country by the mischiefs he does in it, is a character that one cannot speak of with patience.' Captain Miller won the election, and represented the Burghs till 1796. It was through him that Mr. Perry of *The Morning Chronicle* proposed that Burns should join his staff in 1794 (see *ante*, Bibliographical, p. 282).

The ballad appeared in Duncan (Glasgow 1801) and Stewart (Glasgow 1802), and slightly differing versions were published in Lockhart's *Life* and in Cunningham (1834). There are MSS. at Cape Town (Fintry MSS.),

THE FIVE CARLINS

Lochryan, and in the British Museum [the latter used by Cunningham]; and the piece is inscribed both in the *Glenriddell Book* and the *Afton Lodge Book*. The order of the Stanzas varies in the different MSS.

STANZA I. LINE 1. 'There *were* five Carlins in the South,' Stewart, Lockhart, Cunningham and others; but there is no MS. authority for this wanton rectification of folk-grammar. 4. 'To bring *us* tidings hame,' Stewart.

STANZA II. Line 1. '*Not* only bring *us* tidings hame,' Stewart; also in Line 2, '*our*,' Stewart.

STANZA III. LINE 1. 'There was Maggie by the banks o' Nith':—Dumfries. 3. 'And Marjorie o' the Monie Lochs':—Lochmaben, situate in the midst of six small lochs.

STANZA IV. LINE 1. 'And Blinkin Bess of Annandale':—Annan. 3. 'And *Whisky* Jean, that took her gill,' Stewart, Lockhart, and the earlier MSS.; but at this time Burns was not so well acquainted with Kirkcudbright as he afterwards became. Probably the epithet 'Brandy' was earned by smuggling.

STANZA V. LINE 1. 'And Black Joán, frae Crichton Peel':—'Sanquhar, near which is the old castle of the Crichtons' (R. B. in Lochryan MSS.).

STANZA VI. LINE 4. '*That* errand fain wad gae,' Stewart; '*Their*,' Fintry MS. and Lockhart.

STANZA VIII. LINES 1-2 in Lockhart read thus:—

'*The first he* was a belted knight
Bred *o'* a Border *clan*.'

STANZA IX. LINE 3. 'And ilka ane *about the* court,' all the MSS., the authority for the reading of the text being Stewart and Lockhart.

STANZA X. LINE 1. 'Then neist [or '*next*'] cam [or '*came*'] in a Soger [or '*Sodger*'] *youth*,' Stewart, Lockhart, and the earlier MSS. 2. '*Wha* spak wi' modest grace,' some MSS.

STANZA XII. LINE 1. '*Then* wham [or '*whom*'] to chuse, and wham [or '*whom*'] refuse,' some MSS. 2. 'At strife *thir* carlins fell,' Lockhart and some MSS.: '*To* strife thae,' Stewart.

STANZA XIII. LINE 3. 'And [or '*But*'] she wad send the soger [or '*Sodger*'] *youth*,' Stewart, Lockhart, and some MSS.; '*boy*,' Glenriddell MS. Similarly in Line 3 of STANZA XIV.

STANZA XV. LINES 2-4 in Stewart and Lockhart and some MSS. read thus :—

['And '] '*A deadly aith she 's taen*
That she wad [or '*would*'] *vote the Border* Knight
Tho' [or '*though*'] *she should vote her lane.*'

STANZA XVI. LINE 1. '*Your* far-off fowls hae feathers fair,' Lochryan and Fintry MSS.

STANZA XVIII. LINE 3. 'But it 's ne'er be *said o' Whisky* Jean,' Lockhart ; and the earlier MSS. have '*Whisky.*'

STANZA XIX. LINE 1. 'Says Black Joan *o'* Crichton Peel,' British Museum MS. In 3 '*and*' is substituted in some Editions for 'or.'

STANZA XX. LINES 2-4 in Stewart and Lockhart and some MSS. read thus :—

'While knaves laugh *them to scorn* ;
But *the Soger's* [or '*Sodger's*'] *friends hae blawn the best,*
So [or '*sae*'] *he shall bear the horn.*'

STANZA XXI. LINE 4. 'Her auld Scots *bluid* was true,' Lockhart only.

STANZA XXII. in the Lochryan MS. read thus :—

'*The London court* set light by me,
I set as light by them ;
The Sodger shall to London gang,
To show that court the same' ;

and the British Museum MS. has the same reading except in Line 3, which runs 'And I will send *the Sodger lad.*' 4. 'Wham I *like* best at hame,' Lockhart ; '*Wha,*' Stewart.

STANZA XXIII. LINE 1. '*So* [or 'Sae,' or '*Then*'] how this *weighty plea* may [or '*will*'] end,' Stewart, Lockhart, and some MSS., which also have in 2 '*Nae mortal wight* can tell' ; and in 4, '*himsel*' for 'themsel.'

ELECTION BALLAD FOR WESTERHA'

WRITTEN on behalf of Sir James Johnstone, and modelled on the Jacobite ballad *Up and Waur them A', Willie.* In the letter to Mrs. Dunlop enclosing the preceding ballad Burns wrote of the Duke of Queensberry :—'His Grace

BALLAD FOR WESTERHA'

is keenly attached to the Buff and Blue party; renegades and Apostates are, you know, always keen.'

The *Ballad* was printed in *The Spirit of British Song* (Glasgow 1826) and in Cunningham (1834).

CHORUS. LINE 1. 'Up and waur them a'':—In a note to *Up and Waur Them A'*, *Willie* (interleaved copy of Johnson's *Museum*), Burns says:—'The proper expression is "Up and warn a', Willie," alluding to the Crantara or warning of a Highland clan to arms. Notwithstanding this, the Lowlanders in the west and south say "Up and *waur* them a', Willie."' 'Waur' is Scots for 'worst.' 'War' (='fight') occurs in this same set in Herd and other books; in a set in a *Collection of Loyal Songs*, 1749 (*Now Tune your Pipes*, etc.); and in a third set entitled *Song Made in the Year* 1745 (Grosart, *English Jacobite Ballads. . . in the Townely MSS.*, 1877).

STANZA I. LINE 2. 'His Grace,' William Douglas, fourth Duke of Queensberry (1724-1810), the notorious 'Old Q.' In the following ballad, not hitherto printed, he is satirised by Burns in similar strains (*Glenriddell Collections*, in possession of the Earl of Rosebery):—

'As I cam doon the banks o' Nith
And by Glenriddell's ha', man,
There I heard a piper play
Turn-coat Whigs awa, man.

'Drumlanrig's towers hae tint the powers
That kept the lands in awe, man:
The eagle's dead, and in his stead
We 've gotten a hoodie-craw, man.

'The turn-coat Duke his King forsook.
When his back was at the wa', man:
The rattan ran wi' a' his clan
For fear the house should fa', man

'The lads about the banks o' Nith,
They trust his Grace for a', man:
But he 'll sair them as he sair't his King.
Turn tail and rin awa, man.'

Queensberry supported the proposal that the Prince of Wales should assume the government, with full royal prerogatives

during the King's illness. In a MS. letter to the King in the same volume he justifies himself in the matter at great length. BALLAD FOR WESTERHA'

STANZA IV. LINE 1. 'Whistlebirk':—Alexander Birtwhistle, Provost of Kirkcudbright.

ELECTION BALLAD

ADDRESSED TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ. OF FINTRY

FOR Graham of Fintry see *ante*, p. 371, Prefatory Note to *To Robert Graham of Fintry, Esq.* Stanza ii.-vii. occur in an early draft in the possession of Mr. Greenshiels of Kerse, and were published—but incorrectly—in Scott Douglas's Edinburgh Edition (ii. 1877). The Sketch also includes Stanza viii.—which, however, is inserted after Stanza v.—and ends after Stanza vii. with the following lines:—

> 'Great was the drinking, dancing, singing,
> Bonfiring, racketing and ringing.'

The ballad sent to Graham (Fintry MSS.)—MS. (B)—is dated 10th June 1790. It lacks the special Kerse stanzas. A MS.—MS. (C)—in Dumfries Observatory includes only Stanzas i. viii.-xvi. of the text. The piece was also inscribed in the *Glenriddell Book*—MS. (D)—and the *Afton Lodge Book*—MS. (E). It appeared in *The Scots Magazine* for April 1811, and was republished in Cunningham and in Motherwell (1834). For the stave, see *ante*, p. 341, Prefatory Note to *On Dining with Lord Daer.*

STANZA II. LINE 1. 'But where shall I *go* rin *a* ride,' erroneous reading in Scott Douglas. 4. 'In *manhood's* various paths and ways,' erroneous reading in Scott Douglas. 6. 'And I ride like *the* devil,' erroneous reading in Scott Douglas.

STANZA V. LINE 3. '*Elector* and elected,' erroneous reading in Scott Douglas.

STANZA VI. LINE 1. 'All hail! Drumlanrig's haughty

ELECTION BALLAD

Grace' :—Drumlanrig was the residence of the Duke of Queensberry. See *ante*, p. 398, Note to *Election Ballad for Westerha'*, Stanza I. Line 2.

STANZA VIII. LINE 3. 'Of *Princes and their darlings*,' MS. (C) and *Scots Magazine*. 4. 'And bent on *winning* Borough Towns,' MSS. (C and D) and *Scots Magazine*. 6. 'And kissing barefit *carlins*,' MS. (C) and *Scots Magazine*.

STANZA IX. LINE 1. '*Confusion* thro' our boroughs rode' MS. (C). 5. 'And Westerha' and Hopeton' :—Sir James Johnstone, the Tory candidate, and the Earl of Hopetoun, his principal supporter.

STANZA XI. LINE 1. 'O for a throat like huge Mons-Meg' : —The old historic cannon which then stood, and does so still, on the ramparts of Edinburgh Castle. 3. 'Beneath Drumlanrig's *banners*,' MSS. (C and D); similarly '*honors*' or '*honours*' in 4.

STANZA XII. LINE 1. 'M'Murdo and his lovely spouse' : —See *ante*, p. 375, Prefatory Note to *To John M'Murdo, Esq.* 5. 'While he *all-conquering* played his part,' MS. (C) and *Scots Magazine*; '*in ambush*,' MS. (C).

STANZA XIII. LINE 1. 'Craigdarroch' :—Fergusson of Craigdarroch, the hero of the *Whistle* (see Vol. i. p. 453). 4. 'Glenriddell' :—Captain Robert Riddell of Glenriddell (see *ante*, p. 374, Prefatory Note to *Impromptu to Captain Riddell*).

STANZA XIV. LINE 2. 'Redoubted Staig' :—Burns's friend, Provost Staig of Dumfries. See *ante*, p. 385, Prefatory Note to *Scots Prologue for Mrs. Sutherland's Benefit*). 4. '*While* Welsh, who ne'er yet flinch'd his ground,' MSS. (D and E): —Then Sheriff of the County.

STANZA XV. LINE 1. 'Miller' :—Patrick Miller of Dalswinton, Burns's landlord and the father of the Whig candidate, Captain Miller. 4. 'While Maxwelton' :—'Sir Robert Lawrie or Lowrie of Maxwelton, of whom Craigdarroch won the whistle (see Vol. i. p. 453). 5. ''Mid Lawson's port' :— 'The famous wine merchant' (R. B. in MS. [B]).

STANZA XIX. LINE 6. 'The Buchan Bullers' :—Caves on the Buchan littoral.

STANZA XX. LINE 4. 'The muffled murtherer of Charles' : —'Charles 1st was executed by a man in a mask' (R. B.).

STANZA XXI. LINE 2. 'Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant

Graham' : —Burns gives 'Dundee' for 'Bold Scrimgeour' : 'Gallant Graham' he explains as 'Montrose.' Apparently he supposed that Claverhouse was a Scrimgeour. ELECTION BALLAD

STANZA XXIII. LINE 6. '*And* furious Whigs pursuing,' MS. (E) and *Scots Magazine*.

STANZA XXIV. LINE 1. 'What Whig but *wails the* good Sir James,' *Scots Magazine*. 6. 'And Stewart, bold as Hector': —'Stewart of Hillside' (R. B.).

STANZA XXV. LINE 5. 'And Burke shall *shout* :—"O Prince arise,"' MS. (B).

STANZA XXVI. LINE 2. 'He *only sees and hears* the war,' MS. (E) and *Scots Magazine*. 6. 'And, *sober* chirps securely,' MS. (D).

STANZA XXVII. did not appear in the *Scots Magazine*. 2. 'And for my *native* Land o' Cakes,' MS. (D).

HERON ELECTION BALLADS, 1795

BALLAD FIRST

IN this Election for the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, Heron of Kerroughtrie, the Whig candidate, was opposed by Thomas Gordon of Balmaghie. Burns, who had visited Heron in June 1794, warmly supported him, not merely for friendship's sake but, out of a special dislike to the more conspicuous among Balmaghie's supporters. This ballad and the next he enclosed in a letter to Mr. Heron, stating that he had distributed them 'among friends all over the country.'

The piece was published in Cunningham (1834), and in Motherwell (Part III. 1834). A copy is in the University Library, Edinburgh; and one of the original ballads—that sent to Maria Riddell—is in the possession of Dr. de Noè Walker, London. The last version is adopted as our text.

For the stave see *ante*, Prefatory Note to *The Jolly Beggars*, p. 304, and *Is there for Honest Poverty*, Vol. iii.

FIRST HERON ELECTION BALLAD

STANZA I. LINE 1. '*Whom* will *ye* [or 'you'] send to London town,' Cunningham and Motherwell; '*shall*,' Edinburgh University copy. 2. '*For* Parliament and a' that,' Edinburgh University copy.

STANZA II. LINE 8. 'The honest man *for* a' that,' Edinburgh University copy.

STANZA III. LINE 3. 'Wi' *Dukes and Lords* let Selkirk mix,' Motherwell and Cunningham; '*Earls* and Dukes,' Edinburgh University copy. 7. '*The* independent commoner,' Cunningham and Motherwell; 'independent *patriot*,' Edinburgh University copy.

STANZA IV. LINE 2. 'And *it's* against the law that,' Cunningham and Motherwell. 3. '*For why?* a Lord may be a gowk,' Cunningham and Motherwell.

STANZA V. LINE 4. 'A *lad* we ken, and a' that,' Edinburgh University copy. 7. *For we're not* to be bought and sold,' University copy, Motherwell, and Cunningham.

BALLAD SECOND: THE ELECTION DAY

A PARODY of *The Blythsome Wedding*, the classic, in Watson's First Part (1706), attributed to Francis Semple:—

'Fy, let us All to the Briddel,
For there will be Lilting there,
For *Jockie's* to be marry'd to *Maggie*,
The Lass with the Gauden Hair:
And there will be Lang-kail and Pottage,
And Bannocks of Barley-Meal;
And there will be good Salt-herring
To relish a kog of good Ale.'

There are several sets, but that in the text is probably what was circulated during the contest. It is from a broadside in the British Museum:—'Printed for private distribution by James Hill, Esq., W.S., 1795.' Motherwell and Cunningham in their Editions (1834) printed this set with a few minor changes, probably inadvertent.

Chambers adopted an entirely different arrangement—one for the worse—and gave an additional half stanza; and Scott Douglas compiled from several sources a kind of version of his own, completely changing the structure of several stanzas. There are copies in the University Library, Edinburgh, and at Abbotsford. The following are three half-stanzas additional to those in the text:—

In a copy in the University of Edinburgh:

'And there will be Ingleton's Heron
Whase face does his merits disclose;
He fell on the temple of Venus
And broke in the bridge of his nose;'

In Chambers:

'And strong an' respectfu 's his backing,
The maist o' the lairds wi' him stand:
Nae gipsy-like nominal barons,
Whase property 's paper but lands';

In Scott Douglas from the fragment of a MS. then in the possession of his publisher:

'But where is the Doggerbank hero,
That made "Hogan Mogan" to skulk?
Poor Keith 's gane to Hell to be fuel,
The auld rotten wreck of a Hulk.'

STANZA I. LINE 5-6. 'Murray Commander and Gordon': —Murray of Broughton was uncle of Gordon, the Tory candidate. Murray had left his wife and eloped with another lady (see *post*, p. 406). Therefore 6-8 in one set runs:—

'And Gordon *that keenly will start;*
Why shameless her lane is the lassie?
E'en let her kind kin tak a part';

and for the same reason in 8 'kin' of the text in another set reads '*sin.*'

STANZA II. LINE 1. 'And there 'll be black-*lippit* Johnie,' Chambers: John Bushby, see *post*, p. 457, Prefatory Note to *Epitaph on John Bushby*. 5. 'And there 'll be Kempleton's

THE ELECTION DAY

birkie':—William Bushby, John's brother, who had made a fortune in the East Indies. 5-8 in one set read thus :—

'And there 'll be *bubblie-jock Will,*
A Bushby sae black at the bane:
Whate'er they may say o' his failins,
Sure gamin and reavin are nane.'

7-8 in another set read thus :—

'*For now what he wan in the Indies*
Has scour'd up the laddie fu' clean.'

STANZA III. LINE 1. 'An' there 'll be Wigton's new sheriff':—Mr. Maitland Bushby, son of John Bushby. See *ante*, p. 355, Note to *Esopus to Maria*. 5. 'An' there 'll be Cardoness, Esquire':—David Maxwell of Cardoness. See *post*, p. 456, Prefatory Note to *Epitaph on a Galloway Laird*.

STANZA IV. LINE 1. 'Douglasses doughty':—Sir William and Mr. James Douglas. The former got the name of Carlinwark changed to Castle Douglas by royal warrant. 5. 'Kenmure sae generous':—John Gordon of Kenmure.

STANZA V. LINE 1. 'Redcastle':—Walter Sloan Lawrie of Redcastle. 5. 'Our King's Lord Lieutenant':—Lord Garlies, who was called to answer for keeping the writ. 7. 'The billie':—'Billie' in some sets reads '*birkie.*'

STANZA VI. LINE 2. 'Muirhead':—Minister of Urr, author of an epigram on Burns, *To Vacerras*. 3. 'Buittle's Apostle':—Maxwell of Buittle. 5-8. One set reads thus :—

'An' there *will the Isle o'* Saint Mary's
Exult in the worth of her youth;
Alas for the Isle of St. Mary's
In trusting to reason and truth!'

The reference is to the Earl of Selkirk's family.

STANZA VII. LINE 1. 'Wealthy young Richard':—Richard Oswald of Auchencruive, who inherited Mrs. Oswald's fortune. See Vol. i. p. 422. 5. 'Rich brother nabobs':—D. and J. Anderson of St. Germains. 7. 'Collieston's whiskers':—Mr. Copeland of Collieston. 8. 'An' Quinton':—The son of Mr. M'Adam of Craigen-gillan. See *ante*, p. 359, Prefatory Note to *To Mr. M'Adam*.

STANZA VIII. LINE 1. 'Stamp-Office Johnie':—Mr. John Syme, Writer, Dumfries, an especial friend of Burns. See *post*, p. 446, Prefatory Note to *To John Syme*. 3. 'Cassencarry':—Colonel M'Kenzie of Cassencarry. 4. In some sets '*gleg*' is inserted before 'Colonel Tam.' He was Colonel Heron, according to the Museum copy; but Colonel Goldie of Goldielea is given elsewhere. 5. 'Trusty Kerroughtree':—Mr. Heron of Kerroughtrie, the Whig candidate.

STANZA IX. LINE 1 reads, in some sets, 'An' *there will be Heron the* Major :—He was brother of the Whig candidate. 5. 'Maiden Kilkerran' :—Sir Adam Fergusson of Kilkerran. See Vol. i. p. 325, Note to *The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer*, Stanza XIII. Line 3. 6. 'Barskimming's guid Knight': —Sir William Miller of Barskimming, son of Sir Thomas Miller, Lord Barskimming. See Vol. i. p. 354, Note to *The Vision*, Duan I. Stanza XX. Line 1. 7. 'Roaring Birtwhistle': Alexander Birtwhistle, Provost of Kirkcudbright.

STANZA X. LINE 2–3 in some sets read thus :—

> '*The Maxwells will gather* in droves':
> Teuch Johnie, staunch Geordie, *an' Wellwood.*'

'Teuch Johnie' was John Maxwell of Terraughtie. See *ante*, p. 378, Prefatory Note to *To John Maxwell, Esq.* 5. 'Logan's M'Doual' :—Colonel M'Doual of Logan. See Vol. iii. Prefatory Note to *Young Peggy*. 8. 'Gunpowther Blair' :—Major Blair of Dunskey.

BALLAD THIRD: JOHN BUSHBY'S LAMENTATION

For John Bushby see *post*, p. 457, Prefatory Note to *Epitaph on John Bushby*; and for the personages referred to in the ballad, except those denoted below, see *ante*, pp. 402-5, Notes to *Ballad Second*.

STANZA I. This Stanza is modelled after the old ballad, *The Age and Life of Man* (see Vol. i. p. 372).

STANZA III. LINE 1. 'Yerl Galloway' :—See *post*, p. 440,

JOHN BUSHBY'S LAMENTATION

Prefatory Note to *Epigrams against the Earl of Galloway.* 2–4 in some sets read thus :—

'Made me the judge o' strife;
But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,
And eke my hangman's knife.'

3–4 in some sets read thus :—

'And thereto was his kinsmen join'd
The Murray's noble name.'

STANZA VII. LINE 2. 'Wi' wingèd spurs' :—The reference is to Murray's elopement : a winged spur being the crest of the house of Johnstone, to which the lady—'the auld grey yaud,' a 'Nidsdale rade,' as Burns genteelly describes her—belonged.

BALLAD FOURTH : THE TROGGER

WRITTEN for Heron's election for Kirkcudbright in '96. Burns died before the result was known. On this occasion Heron was opposed by the Hon. Montgomery Stewart, son of the Earl of Galloway. A trogger is a travelling hawker or packman.

The Ballad was published in Cunningham (1834). There is a copy in the University Library, Edinburgh ; and one of the original broadsides is at Abbotsford. For the persons, see Notes to *Ballad Second.*

STANZA VIII. LINE 4. 'Sprawlin *as* a taed,' Abbotsford copy.

THE DEAN OF THE FACULTY

WRITTEN to the tune of *The Dragon of Wantley,* an old, gross, humorous ballad, entitled 'An Excellent Ballad of a most Dreadful Combat fought between Moore of Moore-hall and the Dragon of Wantley. To a pleasant tune much in request.' It begins :—

DEAN OF THE FACULTY

'Old stories tell how Hercules
A Dragon slew at Lerna,
With seven heads and fourteen eyes
To see and well discern-a;
But he had a club this Dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'er don't, I warrant you;
But Moore of Moore-hall with nothing at all
He slew the Dragon of Wantley.'

Old broadside copies are in the Roxburghe and Pepys Collections. *'A Burlesque Opera'* was 'modernised from the Old Ballad after the Italian manner by Sig. Carini' [*i.e.* Henry Carey], *c.* 1710.

Burns charged the squib on learning that Robert Dundas of Arniston—against whom he had a grudge—(see *post*, p. 414, Prefatory Note to *On the Death of Lord President Dundas*)—had, on 12th January 1796, been elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates by a large majority over Henry Erskine. Dundas, the son of the Lord President, was born 6th June 1758; appointed Lord Advocate in 1789; from 1790 to 1796 sat for Edinburgh; in 1801 was made Baron of the Exchequer; and died 17th June 1819. For Erskine, see Vol. i. p. 326, *The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer*, Stanza xiv. Line 1; and also *post*, p. 430, Prefatory Note to *In the Court of Session*.

The piece was printed in Cromek's *Reliques*, all but the last stanza, omitted for the reference to the King, and first set forth by Peter Cunningham in 1842. The MS. is in the British Museum, and a few minor errors are here corrected from it.

MISCELLANIES

THE TARBOLTON LASSES

PUBLISHED in Chambers (1851). A poor thing enough; but no doubt genuine.

THE RONALDS OF THE BENNALS

Published in Chambers (1851). The Bennals was a farm in Tarbolton parish. Miss Jean refused Gilbert Burns. The father, supposed to have 'Braid money to tocher them a', man,' went bankrupt in 1789, when Robert wrote to his brother William:—'You will easily guess that from his insolent vanity in his sunshine of life, he will now feel a little retaliation from those who thought themselves eclipsed by him.'

Stanza xiii. Line 2. 'Twal' hundred':—Linen woven in a reed of twelve hundred divisions.

I'LL GO AND BE A SODGER

Published in Currie (1800)—(dated April 1782)—but not reprinted in Edition 1801. Inspired, it may be, by the destruction of the shop at Irvine, when the writer was 'left, like a true poet, not worth sixpence.' Also, it may be, suggested by an old ballad, *The Valiant Soldier's Courtship*, of which there is an early broadside copy, 'to an Excellent New Tune,' in the British Museum:—

'A soldier and a bonny lass,
As they walked forth one day,
With kisses and with compliments
He unto her did say:—
"Sweet, let me kiss thy ruddy lips,
'Twill make me somewhat bolder."
"Indeed, kind sir, my mother said,
I may not kiss a soldier."'

APOSTROPHE TO FERGUSSON

The copy of Fergusson bearing this passionate but Anglified and imitative protest was given by Burns, while in Edinburgh in 1787, to a young woman, herself a writer of verse:—'This copy of Ferguson's Poems is

presented as a mark of esteem, friendship and regard to Miss R. Carmichael, poetess, by ROBERT BURNS.
'EDINBURGH, 19*th March* 1787.' APOSTROPHE TO FERGUSSON

A volume of verse by Rebekah Carmichael, printed and sold by Peter Hill, appeared in 1790 ; and in 1806, under the name of Rebekah Hay, the same person enclosed a printed poem, *On Seeing the Funeral of Sir William Forbes,* in a letter (now in the British Museum) presumably to some of Forbes's relations, in which she stated that she 'was weak and ill,' and begged for assistance. Her copy of Fergusson now belongs to Lord Rosebery.

The *Apostrophe* was published (incorrectly) in *The Scots Magazine* for November 1803, and (still more incorrectly) in Cromek's *Reliques* (1808). Cromek and other Editors have taken for granted that it was written in 1787 : none of them having inspected the holograph. But the *Apostrophe* itself, together with a *Tragic Fragment* and a *Prayer under the Pressure of Bitter Anguish,* inscribed in the book, is written with another pen, in another ink, and at an earlier date than the prose inscription. It seems clear, in fact, that what is now Lord Rosebery's was Burns's own private copy of Fergusson, and not one bought for the occasion ; and it may well have been that one which came into his hands soon after publication in 1782, and caused him to string anew his 'wildly sounding rustic lyre with emulating vigour.' These verses are inscribed at the end :—

'At midnight with a wakeful eye,
I read thy works, I think and sigh :
My restless mind unfit for sleep,
I listless turn the leaves and weep.'

LINE 4. 'By far my elder brother in the *Muses,*' wrong reading of Cromek and the other Editors. 6. 'Why is the bard *unpitied* for the world,' misprint in *The Scots Magazine.* Cromek, correcting by guess-work the wrong word, inserted '*by*' for 'for,' leaving 'unpitied' alone ; and the other Editors passed on his blunder.

THE BELLES OF MAUCHLINE

Inscribed in the *Glenriddell Book*, and published by Currie (1800). Miss Miller is the 'Nell' of *A Mauchline Wedding* (see p. 43); Miss Markland married Mr. James Findlay (see Prefatory Note to *Wha is That at My Bower Door*, Vol. iii.); Miss Smith, the witty sister of the witty James Smith (see Vol. i. p. 347), became the wife of another of Burns's especial friends, James Candlish, and the mother of a famous Free Church leader, the Rev. Dr. Candlish of Edinburgh; Miss Betty was the 'Eliza' of Burns's song (see Vol. i. p. 183) and the 'Bess' of *A Mauchline Wedding* aforesaid; Mr. Paterson, a Mauchline merchant, got Miss Morton; and of the other Burns noted in the *Glenriddell Book*:—'Miss Armour is now known by the designation of Mrs. Burns.'

AH, WOE IS ME, MY MOTHER DEAR!

Quoted very incorrectly by James Hogg in his Memoir of Burns in Hogg and Motherwell's Edition (Part xi. 1835). The lines were inscribed by Burns in a copy of Fergusson (Ed. 1785) now in the Free Library, Edinburgh, and in the *Glenriddell Book*; and a ms. is in the Clarke-Adam Collection. Hogg—a most fanciful Editor—states that Burns made them 'when sitting between the stilts of the plough.' For no apparent reason they are generally assigned to a very early date; but their insertion in a 1785 Edition of Fergusson is almost proof positive of a date comparatively late. They may very well have been written while the Armour scandal was fresh. Each of the three copies extant is in substantial agreement with the others.

INSCRIBED ON A WORK OF HANNAH MORE'S

Published in Cunningham (1834). 'I received your kind letter with double pleasure on account of the second flattering instance of Mrs. C.'s notice and approbation. I assure you I

"Turn out the brunt side o' my shin,"

as the famous Ramsay, of jingling memory, says, of such a patroness. Present her my most grateful acknowledgments in your very best manner of telling the truth. I have inscribed the following stanza on the blank leaf of Miss More's works:'—(R. B. to Robert Aiken, 3rd April 1786). Mrs. C. is not identified. Scott Douglas suggested Mrs. Cunninghame of Enterkine, but discovered that she was not married until 1794. He then bethought him of the wife of Sir William Cunningham of Robertland, forgetting that she had a handle to her name. Mrs. Cunninghame of Lainshaw subscribed for two copies of the First Edinburgh.

For the stave see Prefatory Note to *The Epistle to Davie*, Vol. i. p. 366.

LINES WRITTEN ON A BANK NOTE

Printed in *The Morning Chronicle* of 27th May 1814, and republished in *The Scots Magazine* for September of that year. The verses were written on a Bank of Scotland one-pound note of the date 1st March 1780; which in 1814 was in the possession of Mr. J. F. Gracie, Dumfries.

THE FAREWELL

Published in Hamilton Paul (1819). The piece may contain the germ of *The Gloomy Night is Gathering Fast*; but it is so conventional and commonplace withal that one is tempted to doubt its genuineness, despite the fact that Paul's authority is of some account.

THE FAREWELL

For the stave see Prefatory Note to *The Epistle to Davie*, Vol. i. p. 366.

STANZA I. LINE 7. 'Farewell, my Bess':—The poet's child by Elizabeth Paton, born in November 1784. See *ante*, p. 334, Prefatory Note to *The Poet's Welcome*. 12. 'My Smith':—See Prefatory Note to *Epistle to James Smith*, Vol. i. p. 347.

STANZA II. LINE 7. 'Thee Hamilton and Aiken dear':—For Gavin Hamilton see Prefatory Note to *Dedication to Gavin Hamilton*, Vol. i. p. 378; for Aiken see Vol. i. p. 363, Note to *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, Stanza I. Line 1.

ELEGY ON ROBERT RUISSEAUX

PUBLISHED in Cromek's *Reliques*, 1808, and inscribed in the *Second Common Place Book*, from which it had, however, been torn before the volume came into the possession of Mr. Alexander Macmillan. 'Ruisseaux'—French for 'brooks' (*i.e.* 'burns')—is an innocent play on the writer's name.

INTENDED TO BE WRITTEN BELOW A NOBLE EARL'S PICTURE

A SPECIAL compliment (and a gross) to the writer's patron, the Earl of Glencairn (see Vol. i. p. 431, Prefatory Note to *Lament for James Earl of Glencairn*), who declined, being a person of taste, to have it included in Edition '87. It was produced in Cunningham's *Life of Burns* (1839). An MS. is in the Laing Collection, and another in the City Chambers, Edinburgh.

STANZA I. LINE 4. '*E'en* rooted foes admire,' erroneous reading.

STANZA II. LINE 4. 'His other works *inspire*,' Cunningham's amendment. It has been supposed that the second 'admire' was a slip of the pen, but the occurrence in both MSS. seems to show that it was not. The sense is faulty whichever word is adopted; and the Stanza—and indeed the whole performance—is strangely flatulent and tame.

ELEGY ON SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR

Sir James Hunter Blair, son of John Hunter, bailie in Ayr, was born 2nd February 1741; was apprenticed in the banking house of the brothers Coutts, Edinburgh; became, with Sir William Forbes, joint partner in the bank; assumed the name of Blair when his wife—a daughter of John Blair of Dunskey, Wigtonshire—succeeded to her estates in 1777; greatly improved the estates in agriculture and trade; partly rebuilt Portpatrick, and started a packet service to Ireland; was also an active citizen of Edinburgh, for which he was chosen M.P. in 1781 and 1784, and in 1784 Lord Provost; was created a baronet, 1786; and died of putrid fever 1st July 1787.

To Robert Aiken Burns wrote:—'The melancholy occasion of the foregoing poem affects not only individuals but a country. That I have lost a friend is but repeating after Caledonia.' Further, in the *Glenriddell Book* he thus prefaces his *Elegy*:—'This performance is but mediocre, but my grief was sincere. The last time I saw the worthy, public-spirited man—a man he was! how few of the two-legged breed that pass for such deserve the designation!—he pressed my hand, and asked me with the most friendly warmth if it was in his power to serve me; and if so, that I would oblige him by telling him how. I had nothing to ask of him; but if ever a child of his should be so unfortunate as to be under the necessity of asking anything of so poor a man as I am it may not be in my power to grant it, but by God I shall try.'

The piece (which is quite generously described by its author) was published in Currie (1800), but was not reprinted in Edition 1801. Crawford Tait Ramage, in *Notes and Queries*, 4th series, vol. v. pp. 593-4, gave certain variations from a MS. inscribed on a copy of the Kilmarnock Edition—MS. (A). A copy in a boyish hand, corrected and signed by Burns, is in the Watson Collection

ELEGY ON HUNTER BLAIR

—MS. (B). The *Elegy* is also inscribed in a book to which we have had access through Mr. Brown, Princes Street, Edinburgh—MS. (C)—and in the *Glenriddell Book*—MS. (D).

STANZA I. LINE 2. 'Dim, cloudy, sank *beyond* the western wave,' MS. (C).

STANZA II. LINE 2. 'Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train':—'The King's Park, at Holyrood House' (R. B.). 3. 'Or mused where *erst the saint's reverèd* well,' MS. (A); '*erst reverèd waters* well,' MS. (B), and deleted in MS. (C):—'Saint Anthony's Well (R. B.). 4. 'Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred Fane':—'St. Anthony's Chapel' (R. B.). The well and ruins are situated on the heights a little to the south-east of Holyrood House.

STANZA III. LINE 2. '*The wingèd clouds*, flew o'er the starry sky,' MSS. (A and B), and deleted in MS. (C).

STANZA IV. LINE 2. 'And 'mong the cliffs *display'd* a stately form,' MS. (A). 3. 'In weeds of woe that *pensive* beat her breast,' deleted reading in MS. (C).

STANZA V. LINE 1. 'Wild to my heart the filial pulses *flow*,' MS. (A). 4. 'The lightning of her eye in tears *embrued*,' MS. (A).

STANZA VII. LINE 2. 'With accent wild and lifted *hands*, she cried,' deleted reading in MS. (A). 4. 'Low lies the heart that swell'd with *honest* pride,' Currie.

STANZA IX. LINE 1. 'I saw my sons resume their *wonted* fire,' MS. (A). 3. 'But ah! *now* hope is born but to expire,' MS. (A).

STANZA X. LINE 1. 'My patriot falls, but shall he *fall in vain*,' MSS. (A and D); with '*strain*' in 3.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD PRESIDENT DUNDAS

ROBERT DUNDAS of Arniston, descended from an old Scottish family, and eldest son of Robert Dundas, who also was Lord President of the Court of Session, was born 18th July 1713. He was appointed Lord Advocate

ON THE DEATH OF DUNDAS

in 1754, and in 1760 became Lord President, in which capacity he acquired a high repute for courtesy, fairness, and ability. He died 13th December 1787. In a letter to Alexander Cunningham, 11th March 1791, Burns states that he wrote the verses at the suggestion of Alexander Wood, Surgeon, and that Wood left them, together with a letter from the author, in the house of the Lord President's son (see *ante*, p. 407, Prefatory Note to *The Dean of Faculty*); that Mr. Dundas 'never took the smallest notice of the letter, the poem, or the poet'; and that since then he (Burns) never saw the name of Dundas in a newspaper but his 'heart felt straitened' in his 'bosom.' He makes a similar statement in an interleaved copy of his *Poems* presented to Bishop Geddes, but adds:—'Did the fellow—the gentleman—think I looked for any dirty gratuity?' No doubt Dundas *did* think so: none, either, that Burns, by this time a person of importance, was hopeful of—not a present in money but—a place. In a letter to Charles Hay, Advocate, published in *The Scots Magazine* (June 1818), where the piece appeared, Burns gives a different account of its origin:—'The enclosed poem was written in consequence of your suggestion, last time I had the pleasure of seeing you. It cost me an hour or two of next morning's sleep, but did not please me; so it lay by, an ill-digested effort, till the other day that I gave it a critic brush. These kind of subjects are much hackneyed; and besides, the wailings of the rhyming tribe over the ashes of the great are . . . out of all character for sincerity': which well enough describes both the quality and the effect of a performance meriting no better reception than it got.

From *The Scots Magazine* the piece was reprinted in Mackenzie and Dent's Edition, Newcastle 1819; and in Hogg and Motherwell, Part III. 1834. It was printed in the Aldine Edition, 1839, from a MS. It is inscribed in the *Glenriddell Book*, and a MS. is in the Wisbech Museum.

ON THE DEATH OF DUNDAS

LINE 3. 'Down *from* the rivulets,' the common reading, but the Wisbech MS. and the *Scots Magazine* have 'foam.' 10. 'Sad to your sympathetic *scenes* I fly,' Aldine Edition. 33. 'Ye dark waste hills *and* brown unsightly plains,' *Scots Magazine* and Aldine Edition. 34. '*Inspire and soothe my melancholy* strains;' *Scots Magazine*; '*To you I sing my grief-inspirèd* strains,' Wisbech MS. and Aldine Edition.

ELEGY ON WILLIE NICOL'S MARE

PROBABLY William Nicol (see *post*, p. 452, *Epitaph for William Nicol*) bought the nag for use in his holidays at Moffat. She got into poor condition, and Burns offered to take her to Ellisland to recruit. When, however, he had got her into good enough condition for Dumfries Fair, she suddenly died of an unsuspected affection of the spine. In the letter, 9th February 1790, enclosing the *Elegy* he wrote:—'I have likewise strung four or five barbarous stanzas to the tune of *Chevy Chase*, by way of Elegy on your poor unfortunate mare, beginning (the name she got here was Peg Nicholson):—"Peg Nicholson,"' *etc.* No doubt, the mare was named after Margaret Nicholson, who, being insane, tried to stab George III. on 2nd August 1786.

The *Elegy* was published in Cromek's *Reliques* (1808). For an opportunity to inspect both letter and stanzas we are indebted to Sir Robert Jardine of Castlemilk.

STANZA I. LINE 2. 'As ever trod on *iron*,' erroneous reading.

LINES ON FERGUSSON

PUBLISHED in Chambers (1852). Chambers does not say in whose possession was the copy of *The World* whereon he found the verses inscribed.

ELEGY ON THE LATE MISS BURNET OF MONBODDO

ELIZABETH BURNET, the 'fair Burnet' of the *Address to Edinburgh* (Vol. i. p. 240), was the younger daughter of James Burnet, Lord Monboddo. Burns was a frequent visitor to Monboddo's house in 1786-7; and kind of worshipped the fair hostess. 'His favourite for looks and manners,' wrote Mrs. Alison Cockburn, 'is Bess Burnet—no bad judge indeed.' In a letter to William Chalmers (27th December 1786) he describes her as 'the heavenly Miss Burnet,' and declares that 'there has not been anything nearly like her in all the combinations of beauty, grace and goodness the great Creator has formed, since Milton's Eve on the first day of her existence.' Being asked, after his first visit to the house, by Father Geddes, if he admired the young lady, 'I admired God Almighty more than ever,' he replied; 'Miss Burnet is the most heavenly of all His works.' This fair and gracious creature died (of consumption) 17th June 1790, in her twenty-fifth year. In the *Elegy* Burns once more 'falls to his English'; and with the wonted result. Yet it was long on the anvil. In enclosing a copy to Alexander Cunningham, 23rd January 1791, he states that he had been hammering at it for months; and so dissatisfied is he with the result that he still calls it a fragment. He was wise enough not to include it in Edition '93.

The copy, as sent to Cunningham, was printed in small type in Currie (1800). It lacked the closing stanza, which Currie printed on another page from a letter to Mrs. Dunlop. A MS. wanting the introduction belongs to Mr. Adam, Buffalo, U.S.A. Our text is from the *Afton Lodge Book*.

STANZA II. LINE 4. '*As* by His noblest work the Godhead best is known,' Currie.

STANZA V. LINE 4. 'And not a muse *in* honest grief bewail,' Currie, and Adam MS.

ON MISS BURNET

STANZA VI. LINE 4. 'Thou *left'st* us darkling in a world of tears,' Currie, and Adam MS.

STANZA VII. LINE 4. 'So *from it ravish'd leaves* it bleak and bare,' Currie.

PEGASUS AT WANLOCKHEAD

PUBLISHED in Cunningham (1835). Written in Ramage's Inn while the maker's horse's shoes were frosting. On arriving at the village with a companion, John Sloan, he found the smith too busy to attend immediately to his wants. Sloan thereupon applied to Mr. John Taylor, a person of influence, to speak to the smith :—'Sloan's best compliments to Mr. Taylor, and it would be doing him and the Ayrshire Bard a particular favour if he would oblige them *instanter* with his agreeable company. The road has been so slippery that the riders and the brutes were equally in danger of getting some of their bones broken. For the Poet his life and limbs are of some consequence to the world ; but for poor Sloan it matters very little what may become of him. The whole of this business is to ask the favour of getting the horses' shoes sharpened.' Burns presented the verses—which, to be sure, are poor enough—to Taylor before he left the inn.

ON SOME COMMEMORATIONS OF THOMSON

PUBLISHED in Chambers (1856). A trifle—produced extempore—which Burns, as he acknowledged to Graham of Fintry, 5th January 1793, had sent to Captain Johnstone's 'extremist sheet,' *The Edinburgh Gazetteer*. To publish it was almost to stultify himself; for had he not made the verses recited at the Earl of Buchan's ceremony (see Vol. i. p. 288)? Still, on reading an account of the proceedings, he may have recognised that the ridiculous Earl had simply utilised him for his own glorification. Verse ii. was characteristically ignored by Chambers, and is here printed for the first time from the Fintry MSS.

ON GENERAL DUMOURIER'S DESERTION

Charles François Dumouriez, being recalled by the Convention after Neerwinden (January 1793), and menaced with a charge of treason, took refuge in the Austrian camp. After many wanderings he settled in England, (1804) at Turville Park, near Henley-on-Thames, and died there 14th March 1823.

Published in Cromek's *Select Scotish Songs*, 1810, the piece is a rough but spirited and characteristic parody of the old bacchanalian set of *Robin Adair*.

ON JOHN M'MURDO

Published in Cunningham (1834), and, in small type, in Hogg and Motherwell (Part III. 1834). Cunningham states that the verses [such as they are] 'accompanied a present of books or verse'; and that afterwards Burns, being on a visit to the house, took out a diamond, and wrote them, as he was fond of doing, on a pane of glass.

ON HEARING A THRUSH IN JANUARY

Published in Currie (1800). Enclosed in a letter to Alexander Cunningham, 20th February 1793:—'I made the following sonnet the other day, which has been so fortunate as to obtain the approbation of no ordinary judge, our friend Sime.' It was also sent to Maria Riddell as 'a small but sincere mark of esteem.' Currie heads it: 'Written on 25th January 1796, the birthday of the Author'; but the year is clearly a mistake. There is perhaps a vague reference to the poet's birthday in Quatrain iii.; but it is not noted in either MS. Both agree with Currie's text.

For the rhythmus, see *ante*, p. 376, Prefatory Note to *Sonnet*. etc.

IMPROMPTU ON MRS. WALTER RIDDELL'S BIRTHDAY

Published in Currie (1800). Mrs. Walter Riddell, whose maiden name was Maria Woodley, was the daughter of William Woodley, Commander and Governor of St. Kitts and the Leeward Islands. She married in the West Indies Walter Riddell, younger brother of Captain Robert Riddell, who had an estate in Antigua. In 1791 the couple settled at Goldielea, near Dumfries, which Riddell bought, and which he named Woodley Park in honour of his wife. Burns became a favoured visitor and a warm friend and admirer of the lady, who was handsome, clever, and highly accomplished. In April 1793 he made a song in her honour, *The Last Time I Came O'er the Muir* (see Vol. iii.). It reads like a reckless avowal of passion; but he disarmed the lady's criticism and resentment—a fact not hitherto set forth—by describing it as 'cold and inanimate,' and protesting that 'to write a line worth reading on the subject,' it 'would be absolutely necessary' for him 'to get in love.' Then, at a party at Woodley Park, in January 1794, he and the men got drunk in the dining-room. The talk ran on the Rape of the Sabines, and they seem to have gone to the drawing-room with the design of giving a friendly imitation of the Romans. This, so far as can be divined, they did: Burns—who was in liquor, and may well have lost his head in other ways—laying rude hands on his hostess. On the morrow he sent her a desperate apology 'from the regions of hell, amid the horrors of the damned.' 'To the men of the company,' he added, 'I will make no apology:—Your husband, who insisted on my drinking more than I chose, has no right to blame me; and the other gentlemen were partakers of my guilt.' But the indignant lady disregarded this and other overtures, and Woodley Park was for some time shut to him. Also, when Mrs. Riddell disliked or disdained, she was apt

(as Burns had noted in a letter to Smellie, 22nd January 1792) 'to make no more secret of it' than when she respected and esteemed; and he was rewarded for his too-too practical proof of admiration, not only with the loss of Captain Riddell's friendship but, with estrangement also from Maria's intimates. This roused the cad in him, and he perpetrated the ignoble *Esopus to Maria* (p. 66), and a number of 'epigrams' on her husband and herself (pp. 259, 271, 272), which have neither wit nor decent feeling. These notwithstanding, by the February of 1795 Mrs. Riddell's anger had begun to cool. She sent her Bard a book, together with a song of her own inditing:— ON MRS. RIDDELL'S BIRTHDAY

> 'For there he rov'd that broke my heart,
> Yet to that heart, ah! still how dear!'—

and the old, broken friendship, howbeit in a more chastened strain, was gradually renewed. While he was at Brow, Mrs. Riddell, who was staying in the neighbourhood, invited the dying man to dinner. His greeting was:—'Well, madam, have you any commands for the other world?' He expressed to her 'great concern about the care of his literary fame'; regretted the existence of 'letters and verses written with unguarded and improper freedom'; and lamented 'that he had written many epigrams on persons against whom he entertained no enmity, and whose characters he should be sorry to wound.' After his death she wrote a sketch of his character so admirable in tone, and withal so discerning and impartial in understanding, that it remains the best thing written of him by contemporary critic. Being left a widow—(Walter Riddell, who was something of a wastrel, had got rid of Woodley Park)—Maria married (1807) Philipps Lloyd Fletcher, a Welsh gentleman; but died on the 15th December 1808. She published (1) *Voyages to the Madeira and Leeward and Caribbean Isles, with Sketches of the Natural History of these Islands* (Edinburgh 1792), printed by William Smellie, to whom she dedicated

ON MRS. RIDDELL'S BIRTHDAY

the book; and (2) *The Metrical Miscellany* (1802), with eighteen songs of her own.

Our text is from the MS. sent to Mrs. Riddell, and now in the possession of her descendant, Dr. de Noè Walker.

SONNET ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDELL

FOR Captain Riddell, who died 20th April 1794, see *ante*, p. 374, Prefatory Note to *Impromptu to Captain Riddell*. Published in *The Dumfries Journal*, 22nd April 1794, immediately below the announcement of Captain Riddell's death on the 20th, this 'sonnet' appeared in *The London Morning Chronicle* of 5th May 1794, in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for May, and in *The Scottish Register* for April-June. The first two quatrains were reprinted in Currie (1800); the whole sonnet—(it really is in fourteen lines)—appeared in 1801.

LINE 6. 'Ye blow upon the *soil* that wraps my friend,' periodicals. 11. 'The man of worth, *who* hath not left his peer,' periodicals.

A SONNET UPON SONNETS

HERE first printed from the MS. in the possession of Mrs. Andrews, Newcastle. On the opposite side of the leaf is inscribed *The Cares o' Love* (p. 239). The MS. was sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson in 1861. For ourselves, we have done our utmost to determine whether this copy of verses—(one of the crowd of pieces produced in imitation of Lope de Vega on the Sonnet:—

'Un soneto me manda hacer Violante,' *etc.*;

or of Voiture on the Rondeau:—

'Ma foy! C'est fait de moi. Car Isabeau,' *etc.*)—

be very Burns or merely a copy in Burns's handwriting; and we have also taken counsel with such experts as Dr. Garnett and Mr. Austin Dobson. It seems to be unknown; and we have assumed that it is one of his few metrical experiments (see *ante*, p. 376, Prefatory Note to *Sonnet*, etc.)

FRAGMENTS

TRAGIC FRAGMENT

Published in *The Scots Magazine* for November 1803, from the MS.—MS. (B)—inscribed on a copy of Fergusson's *Poems*, now in the possession of Lord Rosebery. It is headed *A Tragic Fragment.* A MS. copy with the same title in the British Museum—MS. (A)—is thus prefaced:—'In my early years, nothing less would serve me than courting the Tragic Muse. I was, I think, about eighteen or nineteen when I sketched the outlines of a tragedy, forsooth; but the bursting of a cloud of family misfortunes, which had for some time threatened us, prevented my further progress. In those days I never wrote down anything; so, except a speech or two, the whole has escaped my memory. The following, which I most distinctly remember, was an exclamation from a great character—great in occasional instances of generosity and daring at times in villainies. He is supposed to meet with a child of misery, and exclaims to himself:—"All villain,"' *etc.* In the *First Common Place Book*—MS. (C)—it is entered in 1784 with this heading:—'A Penitential Thought in the Hour of Remorse—intended for a Tragedy'; while a copy in the Edinburgh Monument—MS. (D)—has the title:—'A Fragment in the Hour of Remorse on Seeing a Fellow-creature in Misery whom I had once known in Better Days.'

From the MS. now in the British Museum the fragment was published by Cromek (1808)—all but the last five lines: not published, either, in *The Scots Magazine.* Scott Douglas, not having seen either *The Scots Magazine* or Cromek's MS., infers that these 'were added by the Poet in 1784.' But they occur both in MS. (A) and MS. (B); and, moreover, since they were omitted by the editor of *The Scots Magazine* as being 'proper to be heard by the

TRAGIC FRAGMENT

Great Being only to whom they are addressed,' we may conclude that Cromek omitted them for a similar reason. Scott Douglas, too, refers this 'prentice exercise—*he* calls it a 'pathetic address'—to family misfortunes and the study of Shakespeare. Burns's own description is preferable as regards the intention of the thing, which, technically considered, is the experiment of one to whom the A-B-C of blank verse is all but unknown.

LINES 1–2 in MSS. (A and C) read thus :—

> 'All *Devil* as I am—a damnèd wretch,
> A hardened, stubborn, unrepenting *villain*.'

LINE 1. In MS. (B) '*harden'd*' is deleted for damnèd.' 4. 'And with sincere *but* unavailing sighs,' MS. (D). 9. 'Ev'n you, ye *helpless* crew ! I pity you,' MS. (A). 13. 'Oh ! but for *kind, though ill-requited friends*,' MSS. (A and C) ; '*heaven and* interposing *friends*,' MS. (B). 20. 'As Thou in natural parts *had'st* given me more,' MS. (A) ; '*hast*,' MSS. (B and C).

REMORSE

PUBLISHED in Currie (1800). Inscribed in the *First Common Place Book*, September 1783, and copied verbatim into the *Glenriddell Book*. In the *First Common Place Book* the verses are thus prefaced :—'I entirely agree with that judicious Philosopher, Mr. Smith, in his excellent *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, that Remorse is the most painful sentiment that can embitter the human bosom. Any ordinary pitch of fortitude may bear up tolerably well, under those calamities, in the procurement of which we ourselves have had no hand ; but when our own follies or crimes have made us miserable and wretched, to bear it up with manly firmness, and at the same time have a proper penitential sense of our misconduct, is a glorious effort of self-command.'

LINE 4. '*That to our folly or our guilt we owe*,' Currie :—An attempt (apparently) at improvement.

RUSTICITY'S UNGAINLY FORM

Published in Blackie's *Land of Burns* (1840). Enclosed in a volume of songs sent to Mrs. Lawrie of Newmilns. Chambers states that it was intended as a justification of the writer's defence of Miss Peggy Kennedy (see *Young Peggy Blooms*, Vol. iii.), when he touched on the topic of her 'fall' in such a fashion as to make Mrs. Lawrie forbid discussion. But Miss Kennedy's 'fall' was still to come.

ON WILLIAM CREECH

Sent to Mrs. Dunlop, 23rd October 1788, with the fragment on William Smellie:—'These,' he wrote, 'are embryotic fragments of what may one day be a poem' (Lochryan mss.). Another instalment, sent on the 29th, he afterwards incorporated in *To Robert Graham of Fintry* (Vol. i. p. 271). His subject was his publisher (see *ante*, p. 344, Prefatory Note to *Lament*, etc.); and the verses appeared in Cromek (1808). A version slightly differing from both the Lochryan and the Cromek sets was published in Scott Douglas (1877) as part of *The Poet's Progress*.

Line 2. 'And still his precious self his *vast* delight,' Lochryan ms.

Lines 5–12:—In Cromek a transition occurs in these lines, 9-12 preceding 5-8. 6. '*Fineering* oft outshines the solid wood,' Cromek and Lochryan ms. 7-8:—These lines do not occur in the ms. used by Scott Douglas, who supplied them from another source. 8. 'But mete his cunning *by the old Scots* ell,' Cromek; 'by *the Scottish ell*,' Scott Douglas.

ON WILLIAM SMELLIE

William Smellie was, says Burns (undated letter to Peter Hill), 'a man positively of the first abilities and greatest strength of mind, as well as one of the best

ON WILLIAM SMELLIE

hearts and keenest wits' that he had 'ever met with.' The son of Alexander Smellie, an Edinburgh architect, he was born in the Pleasance (Edinburgh) in 1740. Being apprenticed to a firm of printers, he yet contrived to attend the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew classes at the University, and to achieve distinction in them all. His love of knowledge once awakened, he was not content till he had completed the round of literary and scientific study, including the full Medical Course. In 1765 be became partner in a firm which some years later, as Balfour and Smellie, was appointed Printers to the University; and on its dissolution in 1782 he took in Creech, engaging himself the while in literature and—especially—science. He was credited with at least the preparation for the press of Buchan's *Domestic Medicine*, 1770; he supervised and in great part compiled the first *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 1777; he edited *The Edinburgh Magazine and Review*, 1773-1776; he translated Buffon's *Natural History*, 9 vols. 1780-1781; he wrote the *Philosophy of Natural History*, 2 vols. 1790-1799—to name but these. He died 24th June 1795. He was the life and soul of the club known as 'The Crochallan Fencibles,' for whose 'use' the collection called *The Merry Muses of Caledonia* is stated (on the title-page) to have been 'selected,' and which met in an historic tavern kept by the Highlander David Douglas. This same Douglas occasionally entertained his guests by singing the Gaelic song *Chro Challin* = 'Cattle of Colin'; and in a whimsical spirit Smellie appropriated the song's name to the brotherhood.

The fragment was printed in Currie (1800). It was sent with the companion portrait of Creech to Mrs. Dunlop, 23rd October 1788—MS. (A). A facsimile of another copy —MS. (B)—is given in Scott Douglas's Edinburgh Edition (1877).

LINE 1. '*To* Crochallan came,' Currie; but in neither MS. does '*To*' occur. Divers Editors took upon them to fill what they thought a gap by inserting in the line, 'Shrewd Willie

Smellie,' 'Rare old Smellie,' or some such invention; but, notwithstanding that William Dunbar was 'Colonel of the Crochallan Fencibles,' Burns seems to have intended that here 'Crochallan' should stand for Smellie. 2. 'The old cock'd hat, the *grey* surtout the same,' Currie. 3. 'His *bristling* beard just *rising* in its might,' Currie; '*rising* beard just bristling,' MS. (A). 4. 'Twas *five* long nights and days to shaving night,' MS. (A); '*from* shaving night,' MS. (B). 5. '*His grisly, uncomb'd hair*, wild-staring, thatch'd,' MS. (A); '*uncomb'd grisly* locks,' Currie.

SKETCH FOR AN ELEGY

HERE first published from the MS. in the possession of Mrs. Andrews, Newcastle. Probably the original form of the elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson, although his name is not mentioned.

STANZA I. LINE 1. 'Craigdarroch':—Alexander Fergusson of Craigdarroch, the hero of *The Whistle*, Vol. i. p. 304.

STANZA II. LINE 1. 'Black James':—Possibly James Boswell.

STANZA III. LINE 1. 'Philosophic Smellie':—William Smellie. See *ante*, p. 425, Prefatory Note to *On William Smellie*.

PASSION'S CRY

THE earlier written part, beginning Line 19, 'I burn, I burn,' *etc.*, was produced in 1787, after hearing the end of a divorce case in which, on March 7th, the Court of Session decided that the husband might proceed against the lover without divorcing his wife. (The oratorical methods of the leading counsel are quizzed in *In the Court of Session*, p. 240). The lady, who was heiress of Skerrington, Ayrshire, bore a child to Captain Montgomerie in November 1784; and the husband chose not to interfere with the marriage settlements, but punished the lover, and maintained the

PASSION'S CRY

matrimony as of old. Burns's sympathies were strongly with the lover and the lady. 'O all ye powers of love unfortunate, and friendless woe,' he writes to Gavin Hamilton, 'pour the balm of sympathising pity on the grief-worn, tender heart of the hapless fair one!'

This earlier portion was sent from Edinburgh to Mrs. Dunlop in an undated letter (Lochryan MSS.), in which Burns mentions that he has that day corrected the last proof-sheet of his poems—MS. (A). An exact copy—MS. (B)—is in the British Museum, and from this the lines were published in the Aldine Edition (1839), as addressed to Clarinda in 1788. Before this, however, they were printed, from a different MS., by Stewart in the *Clarinda Correspondence* appended to his Edition 1802; but, with the *Correspondence*, they were suppressed at the instance of the publishers of Currie and of Burns's relatives (see *ante*, Bibliographical, p. 287). Stewart introduces the piece thus:—'At what period of the *Correspondence* the following Poem was sent is uncertain.' It was probably sent in 1787, about the same time as to Mrs. Dunlop. On 5th February 1789 Burns informed Mrs. Dunlop that he had altered the verses in order to use them 'in an Epistle from an unfortunate lady whom you know,' and he enclosed an improved version of them beginning:—'Now maddening,' *etc.*—MS. (C). On the 24th July, having written an introduction, he sent the whole thing—MS. (D)—to Alexander Cunningham, 1789:—'I shall ask your opinion of some verses I have lately begun, on a theme of which you are the best judge I ever saw. It is love, too, though not just warranted by the law of nations. A married lady of my acquaintance, whose *crim. con.* amour with a certain Captain has made some noise in the world, is supposed to write to him now in the West Indies,' *etc.* A copy similar to this one is in the University Library, Edinburgh—MS. (E). Another, forty-two lines long, is referred to in E. C. Bigmore's *Descriptive List of Original*

Manuscript Poems (1861), where the first and last six lines are printed. The first six were published by Hately Waddell (1867; Appendix, p. lxxxiii.), who got them from Mr. George Manners, Croydon. Scott Douglas, who had seen only four lines of the copy sent to Alexander Cunningham, and had not seen that in the Edinburgh University Library at all, inserted his four in the body of the piece, following six quoted in a letter to Clarinda of 1794 (see below, Prefatory Note to *In Vain Would Prudence*). The confusion is still further confounded by Mr. G. A. Aitken in the Aldine Edition of 1893. The truth is, there is no evidence that the verses, though sent to Clarinda, were ever addressed to her: the sole ones so addressed being those of the fragment next printed, which, except the two in inverted commas, are not known to have formed part of *Passion's Cry*. PASSION'S CRY

LINES **1-6** were published in E. C. Bigmore's *Descriptive List*, 1861, and in an Appendix to Hately Waddell's Edition, 1867. **8.** 'No friendly face ere lights my *lonely* cot,' MS. (E). **7-18** are from MSS. (D and E), and form the introduction written probably in 1789. **19-20.** Quoted from Pope's *Sappho*. **21-22** in MSS. (A, B and D) read thus:—

> 'Now *raving-wild*, I curse that fatal night,
> *Then* bless the hour that charm'd my guilty sight.'

24. 'Chain'd at *Love's* feet they groan, *his* vanquish'd foes,' MSS. (A, B, and D). **28.** 'Love grasps *her* scorpions,' MSS. **29.** 'Reason drops headlong from *her* sacred throne,' MS. (C). Instead of **35-8**, these lines are found in MSS. (A and B), and in Stewart:—

> 'By your dear self!—the last great oath I swear,
> Not life, nor soul, were ever half so dear.'

38. 'Thine and thine only I *shall* live and die,' MS. (D).

IN VAIN WOULD PRUDENCE

SENT to Clarinda in a letter (25th June 1794). There is no warrant for including these verses in the preceding

IN VAIN WOULD PRUDENCE

fragment, as was done in Scott Douglas (1877): the fact that lines 5-6 are in inverted commas, and originally formed lines 2-4 of an earlier fragment, making rather against than for the Scott Douglas theory.

THE CARES O' LOVE

HERE printed for the first time from the MS. in the possession of Mrs. Andrews, Newcastle.

EPIGRAMS

IN THE COURT OF SESSION

PUBLISHED in Cromek (*Reliques*, 1808). A MS. identical with Cromek's text is in the British Museum. The oratorical duel thus cleverly thumb-nailed was between Islay Campbell, Lord Advocate (for Islay Campbell, see Vol. i. p. 326, Note to *The Earnest Cry and Prayer*, Stanza XIV. Line 2), and Henry Erskine, Dean of Faculty (for Erskine, see *ib.* Line 1), in a certain divorce case (1787), as to which see *ante*, p. 427, Prefatory Note to *Passion's Cry*.

AT ROSLIN INN

PUBLISHED in Hogg and Motherwell (Part III. 1834). A slightly different version appeared in Chambers (1852). Chambers states that Burns breakfasted at the inn after a ramble in the Pentlands with Alexander Nasmyth, the painter. He further relates that the ramble was taken after transgressing 'the rules of sobriety' in Edinburgh, and sitting 'till an early hour in the morning.' Part of this on the authority of a gossip who 'lived at Roslin at the time.'

LINE 1. 'My blessings on ye, *sonsie* wife,' Hogg and Motherwell. 3-4 in Hogg and Motherwell read thus:—

> '*You 've gien us wealth for horn* and knife,
> *Nae heart could* wish for more.'

7. 'And *while I toddle on thro'* life,' Hogg and Motherwell.

TO AN ARTIST

PUBLISHED in Chambers (1852). Chambers states that Burns, entering a studio in Edinburgh, found the occupant engaged on a *Jacob's Dream*, and wrote the lines on the back of a little sketch. A similar account is given by a correspondent who, not knowing that the epigram had appeared in Chambers, sent it to *Notes and Queries*, vol. ii. 1856.

LINE 3. 'You shouldna paint at angels *mair*,' Chambers, but possibly a misprint, as '*man*,' the reading in *Notes and Queries*, is preferable.

THE BOOK-WORMS

PUBLISHED in Cunningham (1834). Said to have been written on a splendidly bound but worm-eaten volume of Shakespeare in a nobleman's library.

ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATION OF MARTIAL

JAMES ELPHINSTONE—born 1721, died 1809—published his egregious translation of Martial's *Epigrams* in 1782. 'A Mr. Elphinstone,' wrote Burns to Clarinda, 'has given a translation of Martial, a famous Latin poet. The poetry of Elphinstone can only equal his prose notes. I was sitting in a merchant's shop of my acquaintance waiting somebody; he put Elphinstone into my hand, and asked my opinion of it. I begged leave to write it on a blank leaf, which I did.' A facsimile of the inscription—below Elphinstone's 'Rhymed Address to the Subscribers'—was published in *The Burns Chronicle* for 1894. The epigram was doubtless suggested by the old one quoted in the Prefatory Note to *Thanksgiving for a National Victory* (see *post*, p. 442).

The MS. sent to Clarinda is in the Watson Collection; and a M'Murdo MS. (that, it may be, now in the

ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATION OF MARTIAL

possession of Mr. T. G. Arthur, Ayr), is referred to in an annotated copy of Allan Cunningham's Edition (1834), in the British Museum.

The epigram was published in the series of tracts printed by Chapman and Lang for Stewart and Meikle, and in Stewart's *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns* (1801).

LINE 1. 'O thou whom *Poetry* abhors,' Stewart and many Editors. 3. 'Heard'st thou *that* groan?—proceed no further,' Stewart, *etc.* 4. ''Twas *laurell'd* Martial *roaring murder*,' Stewart, *etc.*

ON JOHNSON'S OPINION OF HAMPDEN

INSCRIBED on a copy of Johnson's *Lives*, presented by Burns to Alexander Cunningham. A comment on Johnson's remark :—'His mother was the daughter of John Hampden of Hampden, in the same county, and sister to Hampden, the *zealot of rebellion*.'

Published in *The Scotsman* in a communication dated Haddington, 22nd November 1882, the verses were reprinted thence in Rogers' *Book of Robert Burns* (1889).

UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF MISS BURNS

PUBLISHED in Duncan (Glasgow 1801) and Stewart's Edition (Glasgow 1802). A MS. (not Burns's holograph) is in the Townshend Collection, Wisbech Museum.

Miss Burns was a professional harlot, the lawful daughter of a Durham merchant of the name of Matthews. She was in Edinburgh while Burns resided there in 1786-87. Some time afterwards she left the place, but returned again in 1789, and, with another young lady, set up a brothel in Rose Street. Being complained against, they were sentenced by Bailie William Creech to be banished the city; but, on 22nd December, the Court of Session passed a bill of suspension in their favour. Miss Burns died of consumption at Roslin in 1792. She appears

twice in Kay's *Edinburgh Portraits*—the second time as one of a group. Kay's original portrait of the lady, a full-length, has this inscription :— UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF MISS BURNS

'Burns, whose Beauty warms the age,
And fills our youth with love and rage.'

The Bard declaims against her persecutors in a letter to Peter Hill, 2nd February 1790.

LINE 1. '*Ye envious prudes, cease, cease your* railing,' Wisbech MS. 3. 'True it is she had *one* failing,' Duncan, and Stewart. 4. 'Had *a* woman ever less,' erroneous reading.

ON MISS AINSLIE AT CHURCH

PUBLISHED—not as Chambers and, after him, Scott Douglas state, by Cromek (1808), but—by Cunningham (1834).

Miss Ainslie was sister to Burns's friend, Robert Ainslie. Burns, on his Border Tour, arrived at Berrywell, Berwickshire, the farm of Ainslie's father, on 5th May 1787. On the Sunday, as related in his *Journal*, he accompanied the family to church at Duns, and, being seated next Miss Ainslie, wrote the lines in her Bible, apropos of her search for a text against the impenitent denoted by the preacher. In his *Journal* he sketches the young lady thus :—'Her person a little *embonpoint*, but handsome ; her face, particularly her eyes, full of sweetness and good humour ; she unites three qualities rarely to be found together: keen, solid penetration ; sly, witty observation and remark ; and the gentlest, most unaffected female modesty.'

AT INVERARAY

PUBLISHED in Stewart's *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns* (1801) : with the explanation that Burns found 'himself and his companion entirely neglected by the innkeeper, whose whole attention seemed to be occupied' by 'some company' on a visit to the Duke of Argyll. (Burns

AT INVERARAY

slept at Inveraray on 26th June 1787.) In the Stewart and Meikle tracts another set was printed: 'said to have been inscribed by Burns on a pane of glass in a Highland Inn':—

> 'Highland pride, Highland scab, Highland hunger:
> If God Almighty sent me here 'twas surely in his anger.'

It may be that these were the lines inscribed at Inveraray, and that the version in the text has been elaborated from them. Hately Waddell printed a third set from the recollection of a Dr. Grierson, whose variations are probably the effect of a bad memory.

AT CARRON IRONWORKS

Published in *The Edinburgh Evening Courant*, 5th October 1789, with the title:—'*Written on the Window of the Inn at Carron*'; dated 'August 26th 1787'; and signed, 'R. B., Ayrshire.' Republished in No. 1 of the Gray Tracts, Edinburgh 1799; and included in Stewart's *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns* (Glasgow 1801).

Burns's only reference to Carron in his *Journal* is [Sunday, 26th August]—'Cross the Grand Canal at Carron. Breakfast.'

Line 6. 'Your porter dought na *hear* us,' Gray, Stewart, and all Editors; but the *Courant* has 'bear,' which rhymes with 'sair,' and in the sense of 'suffer,' or 'allow,' is the better reading.

ON SEEING THE ROYAL PALACE AT STIRLING IN RUINS

Burns reached Stirling on the afternoon of the Sunday (26th August) which saw him 'tirling' at the door of Carron Ironworks. Visiting Harvieston on the Monday, he returned to Stirling that evening. Not improbably these lines were written after the jolly supper mentioned in his *Journal*. The inscription was published, with the inten-

tion of showing Burns up, in James Maxwell's rhymed *Animadversions on Some Poets and Poetasters* (1788), and it appears in Cunningham (1834). As we learn from a letter to Clarinda, January 1788, Burns, on applying for a place in the Excise, was severely questioned about it. ON SEEING STIRLING PALACE IN RUINS

For the copy of a MS.—MS. (A)—at one time in the possession of Mr. B. Nightingale, we are indebted to Mr. Davey, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. The inscription is found in the *Glenriddell Book*—MS. (B).

LINE 1. 'Here Stewarts once in *triumph* reign'd,' Maxwell and MS. (A) 4. 'Their *sceptre's sway'd by* other hands,' Maxwell, Cunningham, and MS. (A): an absurd reading if followed by 5-6, which, however, do not occur in Maxwell, Cunningham, or MS. (A). 9-10 do not occur in Cunningham.

ADDITIONAL LINES AT STIRLING

PUBLISHED by Cunningham (1834), who states, but, as usual, without giving his authority, that Burns wrote the preceding inscription on the Monday morning, and, being remonstrated with by Nicol on his return from Harviestoun, added this mock 'reproof to the author.'

REPLY TO THE THREAT OF A CENSORIOUS CRITIC

'THESE impudent lines,' wrote Burns, in the *Glenriddell Book* [he referred to the inscription *On Seeing the Royal Palace, etc.*] 'were answered very petulantly by somebody, I believe a Rev. Mr. Hamilton. In a MS. where I met with the answer I wrote below,' *etc.* Hamilton's answer (he was minister of Gladsmuir, East Lothian), was published in James Maxwell's *Animadversions* (Paisley 1788). It is not so galling as Muirhead's *To Vacerras* (*sic*); but, for all that, it is by no means pointless, *e.g.* :—

> 'But can a mind which fame inspires,
> Where genius lights her brightest fires?
> Can Burns, disdaining truth and law,
> Faction's envenomed dagger draw?'

TO A CENSORIOUS CRITIC

The Bard's *Reply* was first published in Cunningham (1834), where it reads thus :—

> '*Like* Esop's lion, Burns says sore I feel
> *All other scorn*, but damn that Ass's heel!'

A HIGHLAND WELCOME

Published in *The Edinburgh Courant* (2nd July 1792) under the title, *Written at Dalnacardoch in the Highlands*, and signed 'R. B.'; reprinted in No. 1. of the Gray Tracts, 1799; and included in Currie (1800): with the remark that the lines were 'composed and repeated by Burns to the master of the house, on taking leave at a place in the Highlands where he had been hospitably entertained.'

AT WHIGHAM'S INN, SANQUHAR

Inscribed on a window-pane of the inn, and also in a copy of the Kilmarnock Edition which the Poet presented to the innkeeper. Whigham, who was Burns's particular friend (see Vol. i. p. 420), became Provost of the burgh, and died October 3rd, 1823. The lines appeared in *The Burns Chronicle* for 1896.

VERSICLES ON SIGN-POSTS

Inscribed in the *Second Common Place Book*, and included in Alexander Smith's Edition (1868). 'The everlasting surliness of a lion and Saracen's head,' *etc.*—thus does Burns preface them—'or the unchanging blandness of the landlord welcoming a traveller, on some sign-posts, would be no bad similes of the constant affected fierceness of a Bully, or the eternal simper of a Frenchman or a Fiddler.'

No. 2. Line 2. '*Strong* on the sign-post stands the stupid ox,' alternative reading.

No. 4. Line 3. '*It* shews a human face, and wears a wig,' erroneous reading. 4. 'And looks, when well *preserved*, amazing big,' erroneous reading.

ON MISS JEAN SCOTT

PUBLISHED in Stewart's *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns* (Glasgow 1801). Nothing is known of the lady.

ON CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE

PUBLISHED in *The Scots Magazine* for June 1797, and included in one of the tracts 'printed for and sold by Stewart and Meikle' (1799) and in Stewart's *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns* (Glasgow 1801). Inscribed in the *Glenriddell Book*, but ignored by Currie (decent man!), it is thus prefaced in *The Scots Magazine*:—'Mr. Grose was exceedingly corpulent, and used to rally himself with the greatest good humour on the singular rotundity of his figure. The following epigram, written in a moment of festivity by the celebrated Burns, the Scottish poet, was so much relished by Grose, that he made it serve as an excuse for prolonging the convivial occasion to a very late hour.'

LINE 6. '*I'll* want him ere *I* take such a damnable load,' Stewart.

ON BEING APPOINTED TO AN EXCISE DIVISION

PUBLISHED in Cromek's *Reliques* (1808). The appointment was made in August 1789.

ON MISS DAVIES

PUBLISHED in the series of tracts 'printed by Chapman and Lang for Stewart and Meikle,' and included in Stewart's *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns* (Glasgow 1801). Stewart states that the *mot* was graven on a pane of glass in the Inn at Moffat. Cunningham gives more details, on the authority (no doubt) of his own imagination. The

ON MISS DAVIES

epigram was submitted to Mrs. Dunlop in an undated letter (Lochryan MSS.); it was likewise sent to Creech (Creech MSS.); and it is inscribed in the *Glenriddell Book*. The correspondence between question and answer is imperfect; but additional confusion has been created by inserting, without MS. warrant, the note of interrogation at the end of both first and second lines.

For Miss Davies, see Prefatory Note to *Bonie Wee Thing*, Vol. iii. The other lady, it is noted on a copy of Allan Cunningham's Edition in the British Museum, was 'the Hon. Mrs. Stewart, and Burns did not like her.' To Mrs. Dunlop Burns quotes her (Lochryan MSS.) as 'Mrs. S.,' and opines (after a more or less humorous description of her charms), that she would have made a fitting bride for 'Og, King of Bashan, or Goliath of Gath.'

ON A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY SEAT

SENT to Creech, and first published in Scott Douglas (Edinburgh 1877). For Maxwell of Cardoness, see EPITAPHS, *post*, p. 456, Prefatory Note to *On a Galloway Laird*.

THE TYRANT WIFE

PUBLISHED under the title of *The Henpecked Husband*, in the series of tracts 'printed by Chapman and Lang for Stewart and Meikle,' and included in Stewart's *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns* (Glasgow 1801).

AT BROWNHILL INN

THIS play on a name [the landlord's] was published by Chambers (1838), on the authority of a commercial traveller. See *ante*, p. 379, Prefatory Note to *To William Stewart*.

THE TOADEATER

PUBLISHED in Lockhart's *Life of Burns*, 1828. Variations in the sets of Motherwell, Cunningham, Chambers, and other Editors are due to tradition or to Editorial fancy. The popular version (oral) is vigorous but unfit for print.

IN LAMINGTON KIRK

ALSO published in Lockhart, and altered by different Editors. There is no record as to when Burns attended service at Lamington. The minister was Thomas Mitchell. He was presented (1772) to Kinglassie by the Earl of Rothes; but, as the parishioners were unanimously against him, it was arranged that he should exchange with the original presentee to Lamington. He is described as 'an accomplished scholar.' He died 12th March 1811.

THE KEEKIN GLASS

PUBLISHED in Chambers (1852). Written extempore at Dalswinton, and handed by Burns to Miss Miller, his landlord's daughter, on her informing him that one of the Lords of Justiciary had got so drunk the night before that, coming into the drawing-room, he pointed at her, and asked her father:—'Wha 's yon hoolet-faced thing i' the corner?'

AT THE GLOBE TAVERN, DUMFRIES

PUBLISHED in Duncan (Glasgow 1801), and Stewart (Glasgow 1802). Inscribed—with the exception of the second stanza of No. 2 (added in the *Glenriddell Book*)—on window-panes now in the possession of Mr. J. P. Brunton, Galashiels.

YE TRUE LOYAL NATIVES

PUBLISHED in Cromek's *Reliques* (1808). The 'Loyal Natives Club' of Dumfries was formed in January 1793. It celebrated the King's birthday on 4th June with a dinner and a ball. Burns's lines were in reply to these :—

THE LOYAL NATIVES' VERSES

'Ye Sons of Sedition, give ear to my song,
Let Syme, Burns, and Maxwell pervade every throng,
With Cracken, the attorney, and Mundell, the quack,
Send Willie, the monger, to hell with a smack.'

ON COMMISSARY GOLDIE'S BRAINS

PUBLISHED in Cunningham (1834). Commissary Goldie was President of the Loyal Natives.

IN A LADY'S POCKET BOOK

PUBLISHED in Stewart's *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns* (Glasgow 1801).

AGAINST THE EARL OF GALLOWAY

PUBLISHED in Cromek's *Reliques* (1808) from the Creech MSS. We give the headings as in the MSS.

Burns went a jaunt through Galloway, with John Syme, in the last week of July 1793. Between Kenmure and Gatehouse the pair got 'utterly wet,' and, coming to Gatehouse, Burns insisted on getting 'utterly drunk.' Next morning, in attempting to get his boots on, he tore them to shreds. 'Mercy on us,' wrote Syme, 'how he did fume and rage! Nothing could reinstate him in temper. I tried various expedients, and at last hit on one that succeeded. I showed him the house of Garlieston, across the bay of Wigton. Against the Earl of Galloway, with whom he was offended, he expectorated his spleen, and regained a most agreeable temper.'

AGAINST THE EARL OF GALLOWAY

John Stewart, seventh Earl of Galloway, born 13th March 1736, succeeded to the peerage 24th September 1773; was a representative Scottish Peer from 1774 to 1790; supported Pitt, and in 1784 was chosen a Lord of the Bedchamber; was created a Peer of Great Britain 6th June 1796; and died 13th November 1806. Being 'of puritan repute and habit, he was a *persona ingrata* to Burns, who satirised him in *The Heron Election Ballads.* See *ante,* p. 401.

ON THE LAIRD OF LAGGAN

Published in Cromek's *Reliques* (1808). Included in the Creech mss., and inscribed in the *Glenriddell Book.*

Written during the same tour as the Epigrams preceding. Having settled Lord Galloway, he afterwards, wrote Syme, 'fell on humbler game. There is one Morine whom he does not love. He had a passing blow at him.' Morine had bought the farm of Ellisland.

ON MARIA RIDDELL

Inscribed on the back of a draft copy of *Scots Wha Hae,* now in the possession of Mrs. Locker-Lampson. The heading is, 'On my Lord Buchan's vociferating in an argument that "Women must always be flattered grossly or not spoken to at all."' Printed in E. C. Bigmore's *Descriptive List,* 1861, and included in Scott Douglas (1877). For Maria Riddell see *ante,* p. 420, Prefatory Note to *Impromptu on Mrs. Riddell's Birthday.*

ON MISS FONTENELLE

Published in Cunningham (1834). Editors have been accustomed to explain that the Poet added in prose:—'This, Madam, is not the unmeaning or insidious compliment of the frivolous or interested,' *etc.*; but, as matter of fact, the compliment thus described immediately preceded the addition in this very letter, and was in prose.

ON MISS FONTENELLE

The epigram was sent at a later date, and is referred to in a letter in Mr. Alfred Morrison's Collection. 'If Miss Fontenelle,' wrote Burns, 'will accept this honest compliment to her personal charms, amiable manners, and gentle heart from a man too proud to flatter, though too poor to have his compliment of any consequence, it will sincerely oblige her anxious friend and most devoted humble servant.

KIRK AND STATE EXCISEMEN

WRITTEN on a window in the King's Arms, Dumfries. Published in Duncan (Glasgow 1801) and in Stewart (Glasgow 1802).

ON THANKSGIVING FOR A NATIONAL VICTORY

PUBLISHED in Cunningham (1834). The victory was probably Howe's, off Ushant, 1st June 1794. The thing itself is artlessly adapted either from a pasquinade on Thanksgiving Day after the Ryehouse Plot, 1683; or from its derivative, 'Four Lines Put into the Basin of the Tron Church on the Thanksgiving Day for Perth and Preston, 17th June 1716' (Maidment's *Scotish Pasquils*, 1868):—

'Did ever men play such pranks
As for murder to give thanks:
Hold, damned preachers: goe no furder,
God accepts not thanks for murder.'

PINNED TO MRS. WALTER RIDDELL'S CARRIAGE

PUBLISHED in Cunningham (1834). A copy, now in the Watson Collection, was sent to Mrs. M'Lehose with this explanation:—'The following epigram struck me the other day as I passed her carriage.' Burns—who, being offended, knew not good work from bad, nor decent anger from

common spite—also sent the rubbish to Captain Miller, M.P., in May 1794, with a view to printing in *The Morning Chronicle*, under the signature 'Nith'; but it was treated as it deserved. It was inscribed in the *Glenriddell Book*, presumably after Captain Riddell, as a result of the estrangement (see *ante*, p. 420, Prefatory Note to *Impromptu on Mrs. Riddell's Birthday*), had returned that volume to its author. PINNED TO MRS. RIDDELL'S CARRIAGE

TO DR. MAXWELL

PUBLISHED in Currie (1800). A copy, sent to George Thomson in September 1794, is at Brechin Castle; another, sent to Mrs. Dunlop, at Lochryan. To Thomson Burns wrote:—'Dr. Maxwell—the identical Dr. Maxwell whom Burke mentioned in the House of Commons—was the physician who seemingly saved her [Miss Staig] from the grave.' To Mrs. Dunlop he gave a fuller description, both of Dr. Maxwell and of the circumstances of the lady's illness and recovery (Lochryan MSS.). For Miss Staig, see Prefatory Note to *Young Jessie Blooms* (Vol. iii.).

Dr. William Maxwell, son of a noted Jacobite, James Maxwell of Kirkconnell, was born in 1760. He was educated at the Jesuits' College at Dinant, and afterwards studied medicine at Paris. In 1792 he started a London subscription for the French Jacobins, and he is the Englishman said in Burke's speech (28th December 1792) to have ordered three thousand daggers at Birmingham. As a National Guard he was present at the execution of Louis XVI., and is reported to have dipped his handkerchief in the King's blood. When Burns wrote, he had just returned to Scotland and started a practice in Dumfries. Burns and he became fast friends. He attended Burns during the last illness, when the dying man presented him with his pistols. He died 13th October 1834.

LINE 1. 'Maxwell, if *here* you *merit* crave,' erroneous reading.

TO THE BEAUTIFUL MISS ELIZA J——N

PUBLISHED in Scott Douglas (1877). A copy is included in the Creech MSS.

ON CHLORIS

PUBLISHED in *The Edinburgh Advertiser* of 8th August 1800, and included in Oliver (Edinburgh 1801), Duncan (Glasgow 1801), and Stewart (Glasgow 1802). With an additional stanza, a change in the heroine's name, and a change in one of the lines, it was set to music by William Shield, and sung—as *The Thorn*—by Incledon at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, in his entertainment called *Variety*; and as *The Thorn* it has been popular with English tenors ever since. For the opportunity to inspect a copy with Burns's name to it we are indebted to Mr. Walter Steven, Montrose.

The song was presently attributed to Charles Dibdin, who no doubt wrote the second stanza; and several Editors, knowing nothing of the earlier copies, have held that the original quatrain was ascribed to Burns by mistake. But it was sent by Burns to Creech (Creech MSS.). It is included in Scott Douglas (Edinburgh 1877).

LINE 1. 'From the white-blossom'd sloe my dear *Chloe* requested,' Newspapers and early Editions. 3. '*Nay*, by heaven, *said I, may I perish, if ever*,' Newspapers and early Editions; '*if ever*,' Scott Douglas. 4. '*I* plant in *your* bosom a thorn,' newspapers and early Editions; '*I* plant,' Scott Douglas.

TO THE HON. WM. R. MAULE OF PANMURE

HERE published for the first time. Sent to Mrs. Dunlop in a letter of 24th October 1794. After telling her that the Caledonians had been at Dumfries for the last fortnight, Burns adds:—'One of the corps provoked my ire the other day, which burst out as follows.'

TO MAULE OF PANMURE

The Hon. William Ramsay Maule, the second son of George Ramsay, Earl of Dalhousie, was born 27th October 1771. He succeeded to Panmure on the death of his uncle, William Earl of Panmure, in 1787, when he assumed the surname of Maule; served for some time in the 11th Dragoons; was chosen M.P. for Forfar in 1796 as a supporter of Fox; on 9th September 1831 was raised to the British Peerage as Baron Panmure; and died 13th April 1852. He appears (with his horse) in Kay's *Edinburgh Portraits* as 'a generous sportsman.' In effect, he was ardent in racing and cocking, much given to obstreperous practical jokes, and not too exemplary in his general habits: at the same time that he was generous to his dependants, and liberal in regard to schemes for the public welfare. He bestowed an annuity of £50 on Burns's widow.

ON SEEING MRS. KEMBLE IN YARICO

PUBLISHED in Stewart's *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns* (1801). A copy was sent to Mrs. Dunlop in the same letter as the preceding epigram, and another about the same time to Peter Hill.

The lady was Mrs. Stephen Kemble, who appeared at the Dumfries Theatre in October 1794.

LINE 3. 'At Yarico's sweet *note* of grief,' erroneous reading.

ON DR. BABINGTON'S LOOKS

PUBLISHED in Cromek's *Reliques* (1808). There is a copy at Lochryan, sent in an undated letter; another is included in the Creech MSS.; a third is in the *Glenriddell Book*.

Burns, in his letter to Mrs. Dunlop, refers to the subject of his satire 'as a well-known character here'—that is, presumably, Dumfries. He explains that it was in answer to one who said 'there was falsehood in his looks.' The initials were long supposed to stand for

ON DR. BABINGTON'S LOOKS

Dr. Blair, but the name is given in full in the *Glenriddell Book*. Dr. Babington may have been a physician.

LINE 3. 'They *tell* their master is a knave,' Scott Douglas and others. Scott Douglas, who gives no authority for '*tell*,' remarks that 'Cromek has "*say*"'; but so have all the MSS.

ON ANDREW TURNER

PUBLISHED in Cunningham (1834). The Epigram was written at Turner's own suggestion; but the information set forth in it is wholly the writer's own, except the date of Andrew's birth in Line 1.

THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT

PUBLISHED in Cunningham (1834) as follows:—

'The Solemn League and Covenant,
Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears,
But it sealed Freedom's sacred cause,
If thou'rt a slave indulge thy *sneers.*'

The original, by no means so unconditional as this, was inscribed by Burns in the Dumfriesshire volume of Sir John Sinclair's *Statistical Account of Scotland*, in a footnote to a narrative of the Persecution in Balmaghie parish. The volume is in the library of the Dumfries and Maxwelltown Mechanics' Institution, and the inscription was published, correctly, in M'Dowell's *Burns in Dumfriesshire* (1870).

TO JOHN SYME OF RYEDALE

PUBLISHED in Currie (1800). John Syme, son of a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, was born in 1755. He entered the army in his nineteenth year, but after his father's death resided on the little estate of Barncailzie, Kirkcudbrightshire. Constrained to sell by the failure of the Ayr Bank, he obtained the office of Dis-

tributor of Stamps in Dumfries in 1791. Burns inhabited the floor immediately above his office, and presently got to regard him as his 'supreme court of critical judicature' in literary matters. Syme's rather glowing description of a passage between him and Burns—(when, being rebuked for his excesses, the Bard half drew on him)—was made the matter of a piece of criticism by Walter Scott in a review of Cromek's *Reliques*. In July 1793 Burns and Syme went touring in Galloway (see *ante*, pp. 440-1, Prefatory Note to *Against the Earl of Galloway*, and Prefatory Note to *On the Laird of Laggan*) and after Burns's death Syme was Alexander Cunningham's chief co-operator in the work of starting a subscription for his friend's family and projecting the publication of his posthumous poems and letters. It is much to be regretted that he did not undertake the editorship, as at one time it was thought he might, instead of Currie. He died 24th November 1831. TO JOHN SYME

ON A GOBLET

PUBLISHED in Cunningham (1834). The goblet belonged to Syme.

APOLOGY TO JOHN SYME

PUBLISHED in Currie (1800), with the explanation :—'On refusing to dine with him, after having been promised the first of company, and the first of cookery, 17th December 1795.'

ON MR. JAMES GRACIE

PUBLISHED in M'Dowell's *Burns in Dumfriesshire* (1870).

AT FRIARS CARSE HERMITAGE

PUBLISHED in Cunningham (1834). Cunningham states that it was inscribed on a pane in the Hermitage after Riddell's death.

FOR AN ALTAR OF INDEPENDENCE

PUBLISHED in Currie (1800) with the sub-title:—'At Kerrouchty, the seat of Mr. Heron—written in Summer 1795.' For Heron see *ante*, p. 401, Prefatory Note to the *Heron Election Ballads*.

VERSICLES TO JESSIE LEWARS

PUBLISHED in Cunningham (1834). For Jessie Lewars see Prefatory Note to *Here's a Health to Ane I Lo'e Dear*.

THE TOAST

Inscribed on a crystal goblet presented to Miss Lewars.

THE MENAGERIE

Written on the advertisement of a travelling show, which in May 1796 was handed to Burns by Mr. Brown, Surgeon, in Jessie's presence. Mr. Howat, Castle View, Stirling, has favoured us with a copy of the bill.

STANZA I. LINE 3. 'No savage e'er *could* rend my heart,' erroneous reading of Cunningham and other Editors.

ON MARRIAGE

HERE printed for the first time, from a MS. in possession of the Publishers.

LINE 7. Originally Burns wrote, '*Ye* married men, how oft *ye* find.' He changed the capital Y into a W, but neglected to alter '*ye* find' into '*we* find.' 8. 'The best of things':—The nickname: 'the Best,' or 'the Best in Christendom': is classic slang. *Cf.* Dorset, Song, *Methinks the Poor Town*:—'I know what I mean when I drink to the Best'; and Rochester, *The Rehearsal* (*Works*, 1718, i. 131):—'Mine Host drinks to the Best in Christendom, And decently my Lady quits the Room.'

GRACES

A POET'S GRACE

BEFORE AND AFTER MEAT

These trifles appeared in *The Edinburgh Evening Courant*, August 27th, 1789. The *Grace Before Meat* was inscribed in the *Glenriddell Book*, and is printed in Currie (1800). Both were published in Oliver (Edinburgh 1801), Duncan (Glasgow 1801), and Stewart (Glasgow 1802).

AT THE GLOBE TAVERN

BEFORE MEAT

Published in Chambers (1852).

AFTER MEAT

The first version of this Grace was published in Oliver (Edinburgh 1801), Duncan (Glasgow 1801), and Stewart (Glasgow 1802); the second—a very incorrect one: Meg and Jock being pure inventions—in Chambers (1852). The third, recovered by Miss Spencer (who visited Dumfries in 1822 and had interviews with Mrs. Burns), appeared in *The Literary Magnet*, Vol. i. New Series, p. 12 (January 1826). William Hislop [*i.e.* Hyslop] was the name of the taverner. One or two 'graces,' of questionable authenticity and no individual interest, we make bold to omit.

EPITAPHS

ON JAMES GRIEVE

Inscribed in the *First Common Place Book*, under date April 1784, and published in Scott Douglas (1877). The Epitaph is a sort of reversal of that on Gavin Hamilton, Vol. i. p. 188.

ON WILLIAM MUIR

INSCRIBED in the *First Common Place Book* in April 1784, and also in the *Glenriddell Book*, whence it was published by Currie (1800).

William Muir, described in the *First Common Place Book* as 'my own friend and my father's friend,' was born in 1745. His mill at Tarbolton is mentioned in *Death and Dr. Hornbook* (Vol. i. p. 192, Stanza v. Line 2). Jean Armour, being expelled her father's home, found shelter for a time with the miller's wife (1787-8). Muir died in 1793; and Burns, recalling this piece of kindness, wrote to Gavin Hamilton that, hearing that Mrs. Muir was likely to be 'involved in great difficulties' in regard to the settlements, he was ready to 'move heaven and earth on her behalf,' and would undertake, through his friends in Edinburgh, to get her the best legal assistance free of charge.

LINE 1. '*Here lies a cheerful honest breast*,' *First Common Place Book*.

ON JOHN RANKINE

PUBLISHED in Appendix to Stewart's *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns* (Glasgow 1801). For Rankine, see Prefatory Note to *Epistle to John Rankine*, Vol. i. p. 384.

LINE 15. 'By Adamhill':—Rankine's farm. In Scotland it is still the custom among farmers to call each other by their territorial names.

ON TAM THE CHAPMAN

PUBLISHED in *Cobbet's Register*, and included in the Aldine Edition, 1839. Cobbet stated that he got it from its subject, one Thomas Kennedy, a schoolfellow of Burns, who turned commercial traveller.

ON HOLY WILLIE

Published in Stewart's *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns* (Glasgow 1801), and included in the tracts 'printed by Chapman and Lang for Thomas Stewart' [No. 2]. Not in the earlier series. For William Fisher see *ante*, p. 320, Prefatory Note to *Holy Willie's Prayer*.

ON JOHN DOVE

Published, with *The Kirk's Alarm*, in the series of tracts 'printed for and sold by Stewart and Meikle' (1799); and included in Stewart's *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns* (Glasgow 1801). Dove was landlord of the Whitefoord Arms, Mauchline.

ON A WAG IN MAUCHLINE

Published in the series of tracts 'printed by Chapman and Lang for Stewart and Meikle,' and included in Stewart's *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns* (Glasgow 1801). The wag was James Smith (see Vol. i. p. 347, Prefatory Note to *Epistle to James Smith*).

Stanza i. A ms. copy (not holograph) in the Townshend Collection, Wisbech Museum, reads thus:—

> '*Mourn Mauchline husbands ane and a'*,
> He *muckle* did assist ye;
> For had ye staid hale weeks awa',
> Your wives *wad* ne'er *hae* miss'd ye.'

Stanza ii. Line 1. 'Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye *press*,' erroneous reading of many Editors. 3. 'O tread ye lightly *o'er* his grass,' Wisbech ms.

ON ROBERT FERGUSSON

On the 6th February 1787, Burns applied to the Kirk Managers of the Canongate parish, Edinburgh, for permission to 'lay a small stone' over the 'revered ashes' of

ON ROBERT FERGUSSON

Fergusson, to 'remain an inalienable property to his deathless fame'; and his request was unanimously granted on the 22nd of the same month. But the mason, whom Robert Burn the architect employed, was so dilatory that the commission was not executed until August 1789. To be quits with his architect, Burns did not pay the account (£5, 10s.) until February 1792. On the 11th August 1789 the following notice appeared in *The Edinburgh Advertiser*, and on the 13th in *The Evening Courant*:—'The Ayrshire Bard, Mr. Burns, has at his own expense erected a monument or headstone in the Canongate Church, over the grave of the late Mr. Fergusson with the following inscription,' *etc.* On the reverse of the stone is the declaration:—'By special grant of the Managers to Robert Burns, who erected this stone, this Burial Place is to remain for ever sacred to the memory of Robert Fergusson.' The poetical tribute, with additional lines, is inscribed in the *Second Common Place Book*.

LINE 1. '*No pageant bearings* here, nor pompous lay,' *Second Common Place Book*. 3. 'This simple stone directs *old* Scotia's way,' *Second Common Place Book*. 4. 'To pour her *sorrows o'er her* Poet's dust,' newspapers.

ADDITIONAL STANZAS

PUBLISHED in Alexander Smith (Macmillan, London 1865).

STANZA II. LINE 1. '*This tribute* with a tear *now* gives,' erroneous reading.

FOR WILLIAM NICOL

'Now first published' in Richards (London 1821).

William Nicol was born in 1744 at Dumbretton, in the parish of Annan. In early childhood he lost his father; while still a mere youth opened a school in his mother's

house ; studied, at the University of Edinburgh, first theology and then medicine ; took up teaching again ; and in 1774 was appointed a classical master in the High School of Edinburgh. Burns met him in that city as a Crochallan Club man, and in the autumn took him on his Highland tour. His visit to Nicol at Moffat in 1789 is celebrated in *O, Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut* (Vol. iii.). After Nicol bought the little property of Laggan, in Glencairn parish (1790), he and Burns met often in the holidays, Burns counting him his 'dearest friend' after his own brother. In 1795 Nicol, having assaulted the Rector of the High School, resigned his mastership, and started on his own account ; but late hours and liquor had already undermined his health, and he died 21st April 1797.

FOR WILLIAM NICOL

A MS. copy (not holograph) is in the Wisbech Museum.

LINE 1. 'Ye maggots feed on *Willie's brains*,' Wisbech MS. 3. '*Ye've got a prize o' Willie's* [or '*Willy's*'] heart,' Hogg and Motherwell, and Wisbech MS. 4. 'For *fient* a bit o't 's rotten,' Wisbech MS.

FOR MR. WILLIAM MICHIE

PUBLISHED in Cromek's *Reliques* (1808). How or when Burns became acquainted with Michie is unknown.

FOR WILLIAM CRUICKSHANK, A.M.

PUBLISHED—most probably with alterations by Hogg—in Hogg and Motherwell's Edition, Part III. 1834. Our text is that of the MS. in the Watson Collection, here first utilised.

William Cruickshank was appointed master of the Canongate High School, Edinburgh, in 1770 ; was promoted to a classical mastership in the Edinburgh High School in 1772 ; and died 8th March 1795. His only

FOR WILLIAM CRUICKSHANK

daughter, Jenny Cruickshank, was a prime favourite with the Poet. See Prefatory Note to *To Miss Cruickshank*, Vol. i. p. 447.

LINES 1-2 in Hogg and Motherwell read thus :—

'Honest Will's to Heaven gane
And many shall lament him.'

Some later editors substitute '*awa*' for '*gane*' in Line 1. 3. '*His faults they a*' in Latin lay,' Hogg and Motherwell; and some editors substitute 'fauts' for '*faults.*' 4. '*In English nane e'er* kent them,' Hogg and Motherwell.

ON ROBERT MUIR

PUBLISHED in the Aldine Edition (1893). Sent to Mrs. Dunlop, 13th December 1789 (MS. in Mr. Alfred Morrison's Collection) :—'Muir, thy weaknesses were the aberrations of human nature, but thy heart glowed with everything generous, manly, and noble; and, if ever emanations from the all-good Being animated a human form, it was thine.'

Robert Muir, son of William Muir, who had the little estate of Loanfoot, near Kilmarnock, was born 8th August 1758, and became a wine merchant at Kilmarnock. He subscribed with great liberality to both the Kilmarnock and the Edinburgh Editions, and letters to him are included in Burns's *Correspondence*. He died of consumption 22nd April 1788.

ON A LAP-DOG NAMED 'ECHO'

PUBLISHED in Currie (1800). The lap-dog belonged to Mrs. Gordon of Kenmore. The little beast had died just before Burns visited her during his Galloway tour, and she was importunate that he should write its epitaph.

MONODY AND EPITAPH ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE

The lady was Maria Riddell (see *ante*, p. 420, Prefatory Note to *Impromptu on Mrs. Riddell's Birthday*). Published in Currie (1800), with the substitution of Eliza for Maria. Burns sent a copy—*minus* Stanzas ii. and v.—to Mrs. Dunlop, which is now at Lochryan—MS. (A); and he enclosed another in a letter to Clarinda, 25th June 1794, now in the Watson Collection—MS. (B). 'The subject of the foregoing,' he wrote to Clarinda, 'is a woman of fashion in this country, with whom at one period I was well acquainted. By some scandalous conduct to me, and two or three other gentlemen here as well as me, she steered so far to the north of my good opinion, that I have made her the theme of several ill-natured things.' For a fairer statement of the case, see as above, the Prefatory Note to *Impromptu*.

STANZA I. LINES 1-3 in MS. (A) read thus :—

> 'How cold is that *breast now* which Folly once fired;
> How pale is that *face* where the rouge lately glisten'd;
> How *mute is* that tongue which the echoes oft tired.'

STANZA IV. LINE 2. 'We'll *search* thro' the forest for each idle weed,' MS. (A).

STANZA V. LINE 2. 'Her idiot lyre' :—'The lady affects to be a poetess' (R. B.). He had carefully fostered the illusion.

FOR WALTER RIDDELL

PUBLISHED in Oliver (Edinburgh 1801), Duncan (Glasgow 1801), and Stewart's *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns* (Glasgow 1801), as *On Walter S——*. Enclosed in a letter to Peter Hill, probably of October 1794, and also in an undated letter to Mrs. Dunlop. Both MSS. agree; and the version they set forth—which differs considerably from that derived from the early Editions—is adopted in the text.

FOR WALTER RIDDELL

For Walter Riddell, see *ante*, p. 420, Prefatory Note to *Impromptu on Mrs. Riddell's Birthday*.

LINE 1. '*Sic a reptile was* Wat, *sic* a miscreant slave,' Oliver, *etc.* 2-3 in Oliver, *etc.*, read thus :—

'"In his *flesh* there 's a famine," a starved reptile cries ;
"And his heart *is rank* poison," another replies.'

ON A NOTED COXCOMB

ALDINE Edition (1839). Copies were sent to Creech and to Mrs. Walter Riddell; and the rubbish is also inscribed in the *Glenriddell Book*.

ON CAPTAIN LASCELLES

INSCRIBED in the *Glenriddell Book*, and published in Scott Douglas (1877).

LINE 1. This line is borrowed from Prior :—

'When Bibo thought fit from this world to retreat.'

2. 'Some friends warmly *thought* of embalming his heart,' erroneous reading. 3. 'Pray don't make so much *on't*,' MS.

ON A GALLOWAY LAIRD

MORISON (Edinburgh 1811). The piece was sent to Mrs. Dunlop in an undated letter (Lochryan MSS.), and also to Creech (Creech MSS.); and it is inscribed in the *Glenriddell Book*. There is a copy in the University Library, Edinburgh.

David Maxwell of Cardoness—described to Mrs. Dunlop as a 'stupid, money-loving dunderpate,' and alluded to with great contempt in an *Epigram* (see p. 248) and in the *Heron Election Ballads* (*q.v.*), was created a baronet in 1804, and died in 1825.

ON A GALLOWAY LAIRD

LINE 1. '*Praise* Jesus Christ, O Cardoness,' Edinburgh University MS. 2. 'With grateful *uplift* eyes,' Edinburgh University MS. 3. 'Who *said* that not the soul alone,' Edinburgh University MS. and Morison. 4. 'The body too *must* rise,' Morison. 8. 'Then had'st thou *slept* for ever,' Edinburgh University MS. and Morison.

ON WILLIAM GRAHAM OF MOSSKNOWE

CUNNINGHAM (1840). Sent to Creech, and inscribed in the *Glenriddell Book*.

ON JOHN BUSHBY

DUNCAN (Glasgow 1801), and Stewart (Glasgow 1802). Inscribed on a window in the Globe Tavern, Dumfries, and in the *Glenriddell Book*. A copy, sent to Syme, is quoted by Alexander Young (MS. recollections in the Edinburgh University Library).

Bushby, the son of a spirit-dealer in Dumfries, became a lawyer and afterwards a private banker in the same town. Business capacity and a good marriage enabled him to purchase Tinwald Downs. He is severely satirised in several of the *Heron Election Ballads*, more particularly *John Bushby's Lamentation*. Chambers relates that Burns quarrelled with Bushby over a hot pudding, with a piece of which he burned his mouth at the latter's table; but the silly story remains unverified.

LINE 2. '*Catch* him, Devil, if you can,' Young MS.

ON A SUICIDE

PUBLISHED in Oliver (Edinburgh 1801), Duncan (Glasgow 1801), and Stewart (Glasgow 1802). It is there given as on 'D. C.' In Dick (London 1809), the subject is said to be a miser; in Cunningham (1834), a suicide. A MS. (not holograph) is in the Wisbech Museum.

ON A SUICIDE

Cunningham says that Burns was seen to write the trash on a piece of paper, and 'thrust it with his fingers into the red mould of the grave.'

LINES 1-3 in Cunningham, read thus :—

'*Earth'd up, here lies an imp* of Hell,
Planted by Satan's dibble ;
Poor silly wretch, he's damned himsel.'

LINE 1. '*Here earth tap* lies a *lim' o'* Hell,' Dick's Edition ; 'Here *rests* in earth a root *o'* Hell,' Wisbech MS. 3. '*He, whan alive, did damn himself*,' Dick's Edition. 4. 'To save *his* Lord the trouble,' Wisbech MS. and Dick's Edition.

ON A SWEARING COXCOMB

CUNNINGHAM (1834).

ON AN INNKEEPER NICKNAMED 'THE MARQUIS'

PUBLISHED in Duncan (Glasgow 1801), and in Stewart (Glasgow 1802). The inn was in a Dumfries close.

ON GRIZZEL GRIMME

HOGG and Motherwell, Part III. (1834). Mrs. Grizzel Young was the widow of Thomas Young of Lincluden. The ancient nunnery of Lincluden was converted into a college by Archibald the Grim, Earl of Douglas. A copy, quoted by Alexander Young, is in the University Library, Edinburgh.

Our text is taken from the copy inscribed by Burns in a volume of *Glenriddell Collections*, now in the possession of Lord Rosebery, who has kindly permitted us to make use of certain pieces not hitherto published, excepting very partially in *The Dumfries Standard* (it is to Mr. Thomas Watson, the editor, that we are indebted for their dis-

covery). The epitaph is thus prefaced :—'Passing lately through Dunblane, while I stopped to refresh my horse, the following ludicrous epitaph, which I pickt up from an old tombstone among the ruins of the ancient Abbey, struck me particularly, being myself a native of Dumfriesshire.' The common version of the last two lines is this :— ON GRIZZEL GRIMME

'O Death, *thou surely art not nice* [or '*how horrid is thy taste*'] *To lie with sic a bitch.*'

It is preceded by a pleasant pasquil—also in Burns's holograph—on the same lady. This piece came into our hands too late for insertion among the Miscellanies. But it is plainly Burns the artist in folk-song, and—save for a false (eighteenth-century) note or two in the first half of Stanza III.—that Burns by no means at his worst; it is racy, rank even, of the rustic earth; and we have pleasure in giving it in this Note :—

Grim Grizzel was a mighty Dame
  Weel kend on Cluden-side :
Grim Grizzel was a mighty Dame
  O' meikle fame and pride. — much

When gentles met in gentle bowers
  And nobles in the ha',
Grim Grizzel was a mighty Dame,
  The loudest o' them a'.

Where lawless Riot rag'd the night
  And Beauty durst na gang, — not go
Grim Grizzel was a mighty Dame
  Wham nae man e'er wad wrang.

Nor had Grim Grizzel skill alane
  What bower and ha' require ;
But she had skill, and meikle skill,
  In barn and eke in byre. — cowhouse

Ae day Grim Grizzel walkèd forth, — One
  As she was wont to do,
Alang the banks o' Cluden fair,
  Her cattle for to view.

The cattle sh . . . o'er hill and dale
As cattle will incline,
And sair it grieved Grim Grizzel's heart
lose Sae muckle muck to tine.

And she has ca'd on John o' Clods,
Of her herdsmén the chief,
And she has ca'd on John o' Clods,
And tell'd him a' her grief:—

'Now wae betide thee, John o' Clods!
food and wages I gie thee meal and fee,
And yet sae meikle muck ye tine
wealth Might a' be gear to me!

'Ye claut my byre, ye sweep my byre,
The like was never seen;
The very chamber I lie in
Was never half sae clean.

drive; kine; grassy road 'Ye ca' my kye adown the loan
And there they a' discharge:
My Tammie's hat, wig, head and a'
Was never half sae large!

'But mind my words now, John o' Clods,
heed And tent me what I say:
My kye shall sh . . . ere they gae out,
every That shall they ilka day.

'And mind my words now, John o' Clods,
And tent now wha ye serve;
ye'll Or back ye'se to the Colonel gang,
Either to steal or starve.'

Then John o' Clods he lookèd up
next And syne he lookèd down;
He lookèd east, he lookèd west,
He lookèd roun' and roun'.

His bonnet and his rowantree club
Frae either hand did fa';
eyes Wi' lifted een and open mouth
He naething said at a'.

At length he found his trembling tongue,
Within his mouth was fauld:— folded
'Ae silly word frae me, madám,
Gin I daur be sae bauld. If; bold

'Your kye will at nae bidding sh . . .,
Let me do what I can;
Your kye will at nae bidding sh . . .
Of onie earthly man.

'Tho' ye are great Lady Glaur-hole, Mire-
For a' your power and art
Tho' ye are great Lady Glaur-hole,
They winna let a fart.'

'Now wae betide thee, John o' Clods!
An ill death may ye die!
My kye shall at my bidding sh . . .,
And that ye soon shall see.'

Then she 's ta'en Hawkie by the tail, the cow
And wrung wi' might and main,
Till Hawkie rowted through the woods bellowed
Wi' agonising pain.

'Sh . . ., sh . . ., ye bitch,' Grim Grizzel roar'd,
Till hill and valley rang;
'And sh . . ., ye bitch,' the echoes roar'd
Lincluden wa's amang.

FOR GABRIEL RICHARDSON

Inscribed on a crystal goblet. Published in Cunningham (1834).

Gabriel Richardson was the chief brewer of Dumfries, and Provost of the burgh in 1802-3. He was the father of Sir John Richardson, naturalist and traveller.

Line 4. 'In upright, *honest* morals,' erroneous reading.

ON THE AUTHOR

Published in Stewart's *Poems Ascribed to Robert Burns* (Glasgow 1801), as 'Wrote by Burns, while on his deathbed, to John Rankine, Ayrshire, and forwarded to him immediately after the Poet's death.'

INDEX OF TITLES

	TEXT	NOTES
Adam Armour's Prayer	44	339
Additional Lines at Stirling	244	435
Address of Beelzebub	154	388
Spoken by Miss Fontenelle	152	387
to the Toothache	51	342
Against the Earl of Galloway	252	440
A Highland Welcome	245	436
Ah ! Woe is Me, My Mother Dear	212	410
Ainslie in Church, On Miss	243	433
Alarm, The Kirk's	30	324
Altar of Independence, For An	259	448
A Mauchline Wedding	42	338
A New Psalm for the Chapel of Kilmarnock	162	391
A Poet's Grace	262	449
Welcome to his Love-Begotten Daughter	37	334
Apology, Remorseful	137	380
Apology to John Syme	259	447
Apostrophe to Fergusson	211	408
Armour's Prayer, Adam	44	339
Artist, To an	241	431
A Sonnet upon Sonnets	232	422
At Brownhill Inn	249	438

	TEXT	NOTES
At Carron Ironworks	243	434
At Friars Carse Hermitage	259	447
At Inveraray	243	433
At Roslin Inn	241	430
At the Globe Tavern, Dumfries	250 263	439 449
At Whigham's Inn, Sanquhar	245	436
Author, Epitaph on the	275	461
Babington's Looks, On Dr.	257	445
Bank Note, Lines Written on a	214	411
Beelzebub, Address of	154	388
Beggars, The Jolly	1	291
Belles of Mauchline, The	212	410
Bennals, The Ronalds of the	207	408
Birthday, Ode for General Washington's	171	393
Birthday Ode for 31st December 1787	157	388
Blacklock, Epistle to Dr.	128	377
Blair, Elegy on the Death of Sir James Hunter	218	413
Book-Worms, The	241	431
Brownhill Inn, At	249	438
Burnet of Monboddo, Elegy on the late Miss	224	417
Burns, Under the Portrait of Miss	242	432
Bushby of Tinwald Downs, Epitaph on John	274	457
Bushby's Lamentation, John	197	405
Cares o' Love, The	239	430
Carlins, The Five	177	395
Carron Ironworks, At	243	434
Castle Gordon	60	349
Chalmers' Sweetheart, To Willie	90	361

	TEXT	NOTES
Champetre, The Fête,	174	394
Chapman, On Tam the	265	450
Chloris, Inscription to	142	381
On	256	444
Clarinda, To	115	370
Sylvander to	112	368
Country Seat, On a Beautiful	248	438
Court of Session, Extempore in the	240	430
Covenant, The Solemn League and	258	446
Coxcomb, Epitaph on a Noted	273	456
Coxcomb, Epitaph on a Swearing	274	458
Craigen-Gillan, To Mr. M'Adam of	87	359
Creech, Lament for the Absence of William	53	344
On William	235	425
Critic, Reply to the Threat of a Censorious	245	435
Cruickshank, A.M., Epistle for William	270	453
Cunningham, To Alexander	118	371
Daer, Lines on Meeting with Lord	49	340
Daughter, A Poet's Welcome to his Love-Begotten	37	334
Davie, Second Epistle to	81	358
Davies, On Miss	248	437
Dean of the Faculty, The	204	406
Death of Lord President Dundas, On the	221	414
Sir James Hunter Blair, On the	218	413
De Peyster, To Colonel	193	380
Dove, Epitaph on John	267	451
Duchess of Gordon's Reel-Dancing, On the	61	350
Dumfries, Prologue Spoken at the Theatre of	146	383
Dumourier's Desertion, On General	228	419
Dundas, On the Death of Lord President	221	414

	TEXT	NOTES
Election, The	193	402
Election Ballad addressed to Robert Graham, Esq., of Fintry	183	399
Election Ballad for Westerha'	182	397
Election, Mr. Heron's, Ballads on, First	191	401
Second	193	402
Third	197	405
Fourth	201	406
Elegy on the Death of Robert Ruisseaux	216	412
Sir James Hunter Blair	218	413
Departed Year 1788	58	348
late Miss Burnet of Monboddo	224	417
Elegy on Willie Nicol's Mare	223	416
Sketch for an	236	427
Elphinstone's Translation of Martial, On	242	431
Esopus to Maria, From	66	353
Excise Division, On being Appointed to an	247	437
Excisemen, Kirk and State	254	442
Extempore in the Court of Session	240	430
to Gavin Hamilton	93	362
Faculty, The Dean of the	204	406
Farewell, The	215	411
Fergusson, Additional Stanzas to	269	452
Apostrophe to	211	408
Epitaph on	268	451
Lines on	224	416
Ferrier, To Miss	111	367
Fête Champetre, The	174	394
Fintry, Election Ballad addressed to Robert Graham, Esq. of	183	399
Fintry, Inscription to Miss Graham of	136	379

	TEXT	NOTES
Fintry, Sonnet to Robert Graham, Esq. of	127	376
To Robert Graham, Esq. of	119	371
Fontenelle, Address Spoken by Miss	152	387
On Miss	254	441
Fox, On Glenriddell's	168	392
Fox, Inscribed to the Right Hon. C. J.	165	392
Friars Carse Hermitage, At	259	447
Verses in	57	347
From Esopus to Maria	66	353
Galloway, Against the Earl of	252, 253	440
Galloway Laird, Epitaph on a	273	456
Glenconner, To James Tennant of	124	375
Glenriddell's Fox, On	168	392
Globe Tavern, At the	250, 263	439, 449
Goblet, On a	258	447
Goldie, To John	70	355
Goldie's Brains, On Commissary	251	440
Gordon, Castle	60	349
Gordon's Reel-Dancing, On the Duchess of	61	350
Grace, A Poet's	262	449
Graces at the Globe Tavern,	263	449
Gracie, On Mr. James	259	447
Graham, Esq., of Fintry, Election Ballad addressed to Robert	183	399
Graham, Esq., of Fintry, Sonnet to Robert	127	376
To Robert	119	371
Graham of Fintry, Inscription to Miss	136	379
Mossknowe, Epitaph on William	274	457
Gray, To Symon	110	367

	TEXT	NOTES
Grieve, James, Epitaph on	264	449
Grizzel Grimme	459	
Epitaph on	275	458
Grose, On Captain Francis	62	352
	247	437
Guidwife of Wauchope House, To the	104	364
Hamilton, To Gavin, Esq.	85	359
	93	362
Hampden, On Johnson's Opinion of	242	432
Herds, The Twa	20	314
Hermitage, At Friars Carse	259	447
Verses in Friars Carse	57	347
Heron's Election, First Ballad on	191	401
Second	193	402
Third	197	405
Fourth	201	406
Highland Welcome, A	245	436
Holy Tulyie, The	20	314
Willie, Epitaph on	266	451
Willie's Prayer	25	320
I'll Go and be a Sodger	211	403
Impromptu on Mrs. Riddell's Birthday	230	420
to Captain Riddell	123	374
In a Lady's Pocket-Book	252	440
Independence, For an Altar of	259	448
In Lamington Kirk	249	439
Innkeeper nicknamed 'The Marquis,' Epitaph on an	275	458
Inscribed on a Work of Hannah More's	213	411
to the Right Hon. C. J. Fox	165	392

	TEXT	NOTES
Inscription to Chloris	142	381
Miss Graham of Fintry	136	379
In Vain would Prudence	239	429
Inventory, The	39	336
Inveraray, At	243	433
Invitation, Reply to an	88	359
Jolly Beggars, The	1	291
J——n, To the Beautiful Miss Eliza	256	444
Johnson's Opinion of Hampden, On	242	432
Keekin Glass, The	249	439
Kemble in Yarico, On seeing Mrs.	257	445
Kennedy, To John	83 90	358 360
Kilmarnock, A New Psalm for the Chapel of	162	391
Kirk and State Excisemen	264	442
Kirk's Alarm, The	30	324
Lady famed for her Caprice, Monody on a	271	455
Lady's Pocket Book, In a	252	440
Laggan, On the Laird of	253	441
Lament for the Absence of William Creech, Publisher	53	344
Lamentation, John Bushby's	197	405
Lamerton, To Mr. Renton of	109	367
Lamington Kirk, In	249	439
Lapdog, Epitaph on a	270	454
Lapraik, Third Epistle to J.	73	357
Lascelles, Epitaph on Captain	273	456
Lewars, To Miss Jessie	141	380
Versicles to Jessie	260	448

	TEXT	NOTES
Lines on Fergusson	224	416
Meeting with Lord Daer	49	340
Lines Written on a Bank Note	214	411
Logan, To Major	99	363
Love, The Cares o'	239	430
M'Adam of Craigen-Gillan, To Mr.	87	359
Mackenzie, To Dr.	89	360
Macleod, To Miss Isabella	109	367
M'Math, To the Rev. John	76	357
M'Murdo, On John	229	419
To John	127	375
Mare, Elegy on Willie Nicol's	223	416
Maria, From Esopus to	66	353
Marriage, On	261	448
Martial, On Elphinstone's Translation of	242	431
Mauchline, The Belles of	212	410
On a Wag in	268	451
Mauchline Wedding, A	42	338
Maule of Panmure, To the Hon. Wm. R.	256	444
Maxwell, To Dr.	255	443
To John, Esq. of Terraughtie	133	378
Michie, Epitaph for Mr. William	269	453
Mitchell, To Collector	137	380
Monody on a Lady famed for her Caprice	271	455
More's, Inscribed on a Work of Hannah	213	411
Muir in Tarbolton Mill, Epitaph on Wm.	264	450
Muir, Epitaph on Robert	270	454
Naething, Stanzas on	93	362
Natives, Ye True Loyal	251	440
Nature's Law	47	340

	TEXT	NOTES
Newspaper, To a Gentleman who had sent a	131	378
New Year's Day, 1791	64	352
Nicol, Epitaph for William	269	452
Nicol's Mare, Elegy on Willie	223	416
Ode for General Washington's Birthday	171	393
31st December 1787, Birthday	157	388
Ode to the Departed Regency Bill	159	389
Panmure, To the Hon. Wm. R. Maule of	256	444
Parker, To Hugh	116	370
Passion's Cry	237	427
Pegasus at Wanlockhead	226	418
Peyster, To Colonel de	139	380
Picture, Verses intended to be Written below a Noble Earl's	217	412
Pinned to Mrs. Walter Riddell's Carriage	255	442
Pocket-Book, In a Lady's	252	440
Poet's Grace, A	262	449
Poet's Welcome to his Love-begotten Daughter, A	37	334
Portrait of Miss Burns, Under the	242	432
Prayer, Adam Armour's	44	339
Holy Willie's	25	320
Prologue for Mrs. Sutherland, Scots	147	384
Spoken at the Theatre, Dumfries	146	383
by Mr. Woods	144	381
Prudence, In Vain Would	239	429
Psalm for the Chapel of Kilmarnock, A New	162	391
Rankine, Epitaph on John	264	450
Reply to an Announcement by John	70	355
Reel-Dancing, On the Duchess of Gordon's	61	350

	TEXT	NOTES
Regency Bill, Ode to the Departed	159	389
Remorse	234	424
Remorseful Apology	137	380
Renton, To Mr., of Lamerton	109	367
Reply to a Note from Captain Riddell	124	374
a Trimming Epistle from a Tailor	96	362
an Invitation	88	359
the Threat of a Censorious Critic	245	435
Richardson, Epitaph for Gabriel	275	461
Riddell, Epitaph for Mr. Walter	272	455
Riddell, Impromptu to Captain	123	374
Riddell of Glenriddell, Sonnet on the Death of	231	422
On Maria	253	441
Reply to a Note from Captain	124	375
Riddell's Birthday, Impromptu on Mrs.	230	420
Carriage, Pinned to Mrs. Walter	255	442
Rights of Woman, The	150	386
Rodney's Victory, On the Commemoration of	170	392
Ronalds of the Bennals, The	207	408
Roslin Inn, At	241	430
Ruisseaux, Elegy on the Death of Robert	216	412
Rusticity's Ungainly Form	235	425
Sanquhar, At Whigham's Inn,	245	436
Scots Prologue for Mrs. Sutherland	147	384
Scott, On Miss Jean	247	437
Sign-Posts, Versicles on	246	436
Sketch for an Elegy	236	427
Smellie, On William	236	425
Sodger, I 'll Go and be a	211	408
Sonnet on the Death of Robert Riddell of Glenriddell	231	422

	TEXT	NOTES
Sonnet to Robert Graham, Esq. of Fintry	127	376
upon Sonnets, A	232	422
Staig's Recovery, On Miss Jessie	255	443
Stanzas on Naething	93	362
Stewart, to William	135	379
Stirling, Additional Lines at	244	435
On seeing the Royal Palace at, in Ruins	244	434
Stuart, To Peter	133	378
Suicide, Epitaph on a	274	457
Sutherland, Scots Prologue for Mrs.	147	384
Sylvander to Clarinda	112	368
Syme, Apology to John	259	447
of Ryedale, To John	258	446
Symon Gray, To	110	367
Sweetheart, To an Old	92	361
To Willie Chalmers'	90	361
Tailor, Reply to a Trimming Epistle from a	96	362
Tam the Chapman, Epitaph on	265	450
Tarbolton Lasses, The	206	407
Tennant of Glenconner, To James	124	375
Terraughtie, To John Maxwell, Esq. of	133	378
Thanksgiving for a National Victory	255	442
The Belles of Mauchline	212	410
The Book-Worms	241	431
The Cares o' Love	239	430
The Dean of the Faculty	204	406
The Farewell	215	411
The Fête Champetre	174	394
The Five Carlins	177	395
The Holy Tulyie	20	314
The Inventory	39	336

	TEXT	NOTES
The Jolly Beggars	1	291
The Keekin Glass	249	439
The Kirk's Alarm	30	324
The Rights of Woman	150	386
The Ronalds of the Bennals	207	408
The Solemn League and Covenant	258	446
The Tarbolton Lasses	206	407
The Toadeater	249	439
The Twa Herds	20	314
The Tyrant Wife	248	438
Thomson, On some Commemorations of	227	418
Thrush Sing in a Morning Walk, On Hearing a	229	419
Toadeater, The	249	439
Toothache, Address to the	51	342
Tragic Fragment	233	423
Trimming Epistle from a Tailor, Reply to a	96	362
Trogger, The	201	406
Tulyie, The Holy	20	314
Turner, On Andrew	257	446
Tytler, Esq. of Woodhouselee, To William	107	365
Under the Portrait of Miss Burns	242	432
Verses in Friars Carse Hermitage	57	347
Intended to be Written below a Noble Earl's Picture	217	412
Versicles on Sign-Posts	246	436
to Jessie Lewars	260	448
Victory, On Thanksgiving for a National	255	442
On the Commemoration of Rodney's	170	392
Wag in Mauchline, On a	268	451

	TEXT	NOTES
Wanlockhead, Pegasus at	226	418
Washington's Birthday, Ode for General	171	393
Wauchope House, To the Guidwife of	104	364
Wedding, A Mauchline	42	338
Welcome to his Love-Begotten Daughter, A Poet's	37	334
Westerha', Election Ballad for	182	397
Whigham's Inn, Sanquhar, At	245	436
Wife, The Tyrant	248	438
Wine-Glasses, To Clarinda with a Pair of	115	370
Woe is me, my Mother dear, Ah	212	410
Woman, The Rights of	150	386
Woodhouselee, To William Tytler, Esq., of	107	365
Woods, Prologue Spoken by Mr.	144	381
Yarico, On Seeing Mrs. Kemble in	257	445
Year 1788, Elegy on the Departed	58	348
Ye True Loyal Natives	251	440

Printed by T. and A. CONSTABLE, Printers to Her Majesty
at the Edinburgh University Press